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ORPHAN

MONIMIA — WHAT ? — SPEAK ?
ART THOU NOT WOMAN, THAT FAIL ?
ACT V. — SCENE

Drawn by C.Heath. — Published by Longman & Rees March 1810. — Engraved by C.Heath.

THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

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VOL. XII.

ORPHAN.
VENICE PRESERVED.
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.
REVENGE.
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1808

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THE ORPHAN;

OR

THE UNHAPPY MARRIAGE;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By THOMAS OTWAY,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballan[illegible]

REMARKS.

This tragedy was first acted in the year 1680, and for a hundred years had possession of the stage, and the hearts of the public.

There is a domestic interest in the fable, characters, and occurrences of this play, which for attention and admiration; whilst it partakes of certain horror, not perfectly consonant with delicacy, which forbids its final effect to be gratifying.

Dr Johnson had just observed of Otway's "Orphan," "That it had pleased for near a century, through all the vicissitudes of dramatic fashion," when fashion cast it aside. But there appears to be such a degree of good taste, and even good manners, in no longer giving countenance to its representation, that it is to be hoped, its present mode of treatment will never change.—Yet, some wholesome lessons will infallibly be learned in the perusal of this faulty work.

It is uncivil to say to a whole dramatis personæ, that "they are all guilty of speaking falsehood;" and yet, excepting old Acasto, and his young daughter, Serina, this may be said to every personage in the tragedy—therefore, it is proper it should be a tragedy, as such despicable conduct deserves exemplary punishment.

But the guilt alio's falsehood is so wonder-

ous, that the offences against truth, committed by his associates, are light in the balance with his duplicity —the wicked origin from whence came all subsequent deceit.

Otway borrowed his plot from the history of Brandon, in a novel, called "English Adventures." After having chosen such a hazardous subject, few poets could have treated it even with his decorum—none could have rendered it so pathetic.

In those parts of the drama, where the peculiar tendency of the story has not beguiled him into licentiousness, he is chiefly to blame, in having made Chamont so exactly that which Acasto calls him, "an ungrateful ruffian"—and for having made Serina so sudden in her love, and so unabashed in the repeated declaration of it, before all her friends. She appears ev more amorous than idiots are generally supposed to b She wants capacity for a foil, and must not be nam with the charming Monimia.

Many objections have been made by the critics, t the improbability of that mistake of one brother for the other, which produces the most fatal event of the whole play—but amongst the mistakes of the self-same kind, which Shakspeare, and a number of other dramatists, have introduced in their works, this, by Otway, is far the most natural of any that has yet been invented.

The author's disappointment, both as a soldier, and a courtier, may be traced in most of his dramas. He servilely flattered the court in his dedications, prologues, and epilogues; but when he spoke by the lips of his characters, then he spoke from his heart—And

in the person of Pierre, in "Venice Preserved," as in Acasto here, he has breathed the spirit and the sufferings of poor Thomas Otway.

He had been a cornet of horse, before he was an author, and had served with the army in Flanders; but, on some account, was cashiered. That his offence was not of a disgraceful nature, may be conceived by the following lines in an epilogue to one of his plays, wherein he treats the circumstance of his dismission too boldly, and too lightly, to admit the suspicion that any humiliating imputation was in consequence attached to his character:

"But which amongst ye is there to be found,
Will take his three days' pawn, for fifty pound?
Or, now he is cashier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready money for's debenture?
Therefore, when he received the fatal doom,
This play came forth, in hopes his friends would come,
To help a poor, disbanded soldier home."

Dr Johnson throws some doubt on the received opinion, that Otway was starved, or, rather, choked to death, by hastily devouring food, after long deprivation. But if this admirable poet did not perish from the immediate want, or eager swallowing of nourishment, it is certain, that his health and strength were wasted through poverty, and the difficulty of obtaining even the ordinary subsistence which cherishes life.

The author of "The Orphan"—a drama which melted every bosom with compassion for the sufferings of human nature, however deservedly inflicted—was driven to the lowest haunts of the poor, to shield him from the contempt, to which his necessitous state would have reduced him, from the rich.—Near the close of his days, it is allowed by all his biographers, he took shelter from this threatened scorn, in a little public-house on Tower Hill, where he expired—if not with hunger, or too violent an appetite in devouring a piece of bread which charity had bestowed,—with grief and pining abstinence.

This man, who is acknowledged to have painted the passions, especially the passion of love, more powerfully than any other dramatic author, was never in high esteem with his contemporary writers. But Addison, who lived after him, and felt no prejudice from jealousy of a rival brother, has said of Otway—.

"He has followed nature in the language of his tragedies, and, therefore, shines in the passionate parts more than any of our English poets."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CASTALIO	*Mr Pope.*
ACASTO	*Mr Murray.*
POLYDORE	*Mr Clarke.*
CHAPLAIN	*Mr Powell.*
ERNESTO	*Mr Thompson.*
PAGE	*Master Standen.*
CHAMONT	*Mr Holman.*
SERINA	*Miss Mansell.*
FLORELLA	*Miss Leserve.*
MONIMIA	*Mrs Pope.*

SCENE,—*Bohemia.*

THE ORPHAN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Garden.

Enter CASTALIO, POLYDORE, *and* PAGE.

Cast. Polydore, our sport
Has been to-day much better for the danger:
When on the brink the foaming boar I met,
And in his side thought to have lodged my spear,
The desperate savage rush'd within my force,
And bore me headlong with him down the rock.
Pol. But then——
Cast. Ay, then, my brother, my friend, Polydore,
Like Perseus mounted on his winged steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous precipice leap'd
To save Castalio.—'Twas a godlike act!
Pol. But when I came, I found you conqueror.
Oh! my heart danced, to see your danger past!

The heat and fury of the chase was cold,
And I had nothing in my mind but joy.
Cast. So, Polydore, methinks, we might in war
Rush on together; thou shouldst be my guard,
And I be thine. What is't could hurt us then?
Now half the youth of Europe are in arms,
How fulsome must it be to stay behind,
And die of rank diseases here at home!
Pol. No, let me purchase in my youth renown,
To make me loved and valued when I'm old;
I would be busy in the world, and learn,
Not like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
Fix'd to one spot, and rot just as I grow.
Cast. Our father
Has ta'en himself a surfeit of the world,
And cries, it is not safe that we should take it.
I own, I have duty very pow'rful in me:
And though I'd hazard all, to raise my name,
Yet he's so tender, and so good a father,
I could not do a thing to cross his will.
Pol. Castalio, I have doubts within my heart,
Which you, and only you, can satisfy.
Will you be free and candid to your friend?
Cast. Have I a thought my Polydore should not know?
What can this mean?
Pol. Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the strictest bonds of faithful friendship,
To show your heart as naked in this point,
As you would purge you of your sins to Heaven.
Cast. I will.
Pol. And should I chance to touch it near, bear it
With all the suff'rance of a tender friend.
Cast. As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand, that ministers his cure.
Pol. That's kindly said.——You know our father's ward,

The fair Monimia:—is your heart at peace?
Is it so guarded that you could not love her?
Cast. Suppose I should?
Pol. Suppose you should not, brother?
Cast. You'd say, I must not.
Pol. That would sound too roughly,
'Twixt friends and brothers, as we two are.
Cast. Is love a fault?
Pol. In one of us it may be——
What, if I love her?
Cast. Then I must inform you,
I loved her first and cannot quit the claim,
But will preserve the birthright of my passion.
Pol. You will?
Cast. I will.
Pol. No more; I've done.
Cast. Why not?
Pol. I told you, I had done.
But you, Castalio, would dispute it.
Cast. No;
Not with my Polydore:—though I must own,
My nature's obstinate and void of suff'rance;
Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guards
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.
I could not bear a rival in my friendship,
I am so much in love, and fond of thee.
Pol. Yet, you will break this friendship!
Cast. Not for crowns.
Pol. But for a toy, you would, a woman's toy.
Unjust Castalio!
Cast. Pr'ythee, where's my fault?
Pol. You love Monimia.
Cast. Yes.
Pol. And you would kill me,
If I'm your rival?
Cast. No;—sure we are such friends,

So much one man, that our affections too
Must be united, and the same as we are.
Pol. I dote upon Monimia.
Cast. Love her still;
Win, and enjoy her.
Pol. Both of us cannot.
Cast. No matter
Whose chance it prove; but let's not quarrel for't.
Pol. You would not wed Monimia, would you?
Cast. Wed her!
No—were she all desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,
With wealth beyond what woman's pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my freedom.—Marry!
When I am old and weary of the world,
I may grow desperate,
And take a wife to mortify withal.
Pol. It is an elder brother's duty so
To propagate his family and name.
You would not have yours die, and buried with you?
Cast. Mere vanity, and silly dotage, all:—
No, let me live at large, and, when I die—
Pol. Who shall possess th' estate you leave?
Cast. My friend,
If he survives me; if not, my king,
Who may bestow 't again on some brave man,
Whose honesty and services deserve one.
Pol. 'Tis kindly offer'd.
Cast. By yon Heaven, I love
My Polydore beyond all worldly joys,
And would not shock his quiet, to be blest
With greater happiness than man e'er tasted.
Pol. And, by that Heaven, eternally I swear,
To keep the kind Castalio in my heart.
Whose shall Monimia be?
Cast. No matter whose.

Pol. Were you not with her privately last night?
Cast. I was; and should have met her here again;
But th' opportunity shall now be thine;
Myself will bring thee to the scene of love:
But have a care, by friendship I conjure thee,
That no false play be offer'd to thy brother.
Urge all thy powers, to make thy passion prosper;
But wrong not mine.
Pol. By Heaven, I will not.
Cast. If't prove thy fortune, Polydore, to conquer,
(For thou hast all the arts of soft persuasion)
Trust me, and let me know thy love's success,
That I may ever after stifle mine.
Pol. Though she be dearer to my soul than rest
To weary pilgrims, or to miser's gold,
To great men pow'r, or wealthy cities pride;
Rather than wrong Castalio, I'd forget her.

For if ye pow'rs have happiness in store,
When ye would shower down joys on Polydore,
In one great blessing all your bounty send,
That I may never lose so dear a friend.

[*Exeunt* CASTALIO *and* POLYDORE.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. So soon return'd from hunting? This fair day
Seems as if sent to invite the world abroad.
Pass'd not Castalio and Polydore this way?
Page. Madam, just now.
Mon. Sure, my ill fate's upon me:
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.
Why was not I laid in my peaceful grave
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?
Instead of that, I'm wandering into cares.—
Castalio! O Castalio! thou hast caught
My foolish heart; and, like a tender child,

That trusts his plaything to another hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, Cordelio; I must chide you, sir.
Page. Why, madam, have I done you any wrong?
Mon. I never see you now; you have been kinder;
Sat by my bed, and sung me pretty songs:
Perhaps I've been ungrateful. Here's money for you:
Will you oblige me? shall I see you oft'ner?
Page. Madam, I'd serve you with my soul.
Mon. Tell me, Cordelio, (for thou oft hast heard
Their friendly converse, and their bosom secrets)
Sometimes, at least, have they not talked of me?
Page. O, madam! very wickedly they have talk'd!
But I am afraid to name it; for, they say,
Boys must be whipp'd that tell their masters' secrets.
Mon. Fear not, Cordelio; it shall ne'er be known;
For I'll preserve the secret as 'twere mine.
Polydore cannot be so kind as I.
I'll furnish thee with all thy harmless sports,
With pretty toys, and thou shalt be my page.
Page. And truly, madam, I had rather be so.
Methinks you love me better than my lord;
For he was never half so kind as you are.
What must I do?
Mon. Inform me how thou'st heard
Castalio and his brother use my name.
Page. With all the tenderness of love;
You were the object of their last discourse.
At first I thought it would have fatal proved;
But as the one grew hot, the other cool'd,
And yielded to the frailty of his friend:
At last, after much struggling, 'twas resolved——
Mon. What, good Cordelio?
Page. Not to quarrel for you.
Mon. I would not have 'em, by my dearest hopes;
I would not be the argument of strife.

But surely my Castalio won't forsake me,
And make a mock'ry of my easy love!
Went they together?

Page. Yes, to see you, madam.
Castalio promised Polydore to bring him,
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the fortune of his wishes.

Mon. Am I then grown so cheap, just to be made
A common stake, a prize for love in jest?
Was not Castalio very loth to yield it?
Or was it Polydore's unruly passion,
That heighten'd the debate?

Page. The fault was Polydore's.
Castalio play'd with love, and smiling show'd
The pleasure, not the pangs, of his desire.
He said, no woman's smiles should buy his freedom;
And marriage is a mortifying thing. [*Exit.*

Mon. Then I am ruin'd! if Castalio's false,
Where is there faith and honour to be found?
Ye gods, that guard the innocent, and guide
The weak, protect and take me to your care.
O, but I love him! There's the rock will wreck me!
Why was I made with all my sex's softness,
Yet want the cunning to conceal its follies?
I'll see Castalio, tax him with his falsehoods,
Be a true woman, rail, protest my wrongs;
Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Enter CASTALIO *and* POLYDORE.

He comes, the conqueror comes: lie still, my heart,
And learn to bear thy injuries with scorn.

Cast. Madam, my brother begs he may have leave
To tell you something that concerns you nearly:
I leave you, as becomes me, and withdraw.

Mon. My Lord Castalio!

Cast. Madam?
Mon. Have you purposed
To abuse me palpably? What means this usage?
Why am I left with Polydore alone?
Cast. He best can tell you. Business of importance
Calls me away: I must attend my father.
Mon. Will you then leave me thus?
Cast. But for a moment.
Mon. It has been otherwise: the time has been,
When business might have stay'd, and I been heard.
Cast. I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of such odd circumstances press me,
That I must go—— [*Exit.*
Mon. Then go, and, if't be possible, for ever.
Well, my Lord Polydore, I guess your business,
And read th' ill-natured purpose in your eyes.
Pol. If to desire you more than misers wealth,
Or dying men an hour of added life;
If softest wishes, and a heart more true
Than ever suffer'd yet for love disdain'd,
Speak an ill-nature, you accuse me justly.
Mon. Talk not of love, my lord, I must not hear it.
Pol. Who can behold such beauty, and be silent?
Desire first taught us words: Man, when created,
At first alone long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal beasts:
But when a heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange pleasure fill'd his eyes, and fired his heart,
Unloosed his tongue, and his first talk was love.
Mon. The first-created pair indeed were bless'd;
They were the only objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her, and her alone;
But in this peopled world of beauty, where
There's roving room, where you may court, and ruin
A thousand more, why need you talk to me?
Pol. Oh! I could talk to thee for ever: Thus
Eternally admiring, fix, and gaze

On those dear eyes; for every glance they send
Darts through my soul, and almost gives enjoyment.
Mon. How can you labour thus for my undoing?
I must confess indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope, or think, to pay.
There always was a friendship 'twixt our families;
And therefore, when my tender parents died,
Whose ruin'd fortunes too expired with them,
Your father's pity and his bounty took me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, to his care.
Pol. 'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it so, to make me happy.
Hence with this peevish virtue, 'tis a cheat;
Come, these soft, tender limbs were made for yielding.
Mon. Here on my knees, by Heav'n's blest pow'r I swear, [*Kneels.*
If you persist, I ne'er henceforth will see you,
But rather wander through the world a beggar,
And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;
For though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit
My mother's virtues, and my father's honour.
Pol. Intolerable vanity! your sex
Was never in the right! y'are always false,
Or silly; ev'n your dresses are not more
Fantastic than your appetites; you think
Of nothing twice; opinion you have none.
To-day y'are nice, to-morrow none so free;
Now smile, then frown; now sorrowful, then glad;
Now pleased, now not: and all, you know not why!
Virtue you affect, inconstancy's your practice;
And when your loose desires once get dominion,
No hungry churl feeds coarser at a feast;
Ev'ry rank fool goes down.
Mon. Indeed, my lord,
I own my sex's follies; I have 'em all;
And, to avoid its fault, must fly from you.
Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high

As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,
And lay all Nature's riches at my feet,
I'd rather run a savage in the woods,
Amongst brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my honour safe,
From the destroying wiles of faithless men.— [*Exit.*

Pol. Who'd be that sordid thing call'd man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,
Which beasts enjoy so very much above him?
It shall be so: I'll yet possess my love,
Wait on, and watch her loose, unguarded hours;
Then, when her roving thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton wishes to her heart,
I' th' the very minute when her virtue nods,
I'll rush upon her in a storm of love,
Beat down her guard of honour all before me,
Surfeit on joys, till even desire grows sick;

Then, by long absence, liberty regain,
And quite forget the pleasure and the pain.
[*Exeunt* POLYDORE *and* PAGE.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Saloon.

Enter ACASTO, CASTALIO, POLYDORE, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Acast. To-day has been a day of glorious sport:
When you, Castalio, and your brother left me,
Forth from the thickets rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
Whetting his huge large tusks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his prey!
Till brandishing my well-poised javelin high,
I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

Cast. The actions of your life were always wondrous.

Acast. No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by't;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

Cast. Your lordship's wrongs have been
So great, that you with justice may complain;
But suffer us, whose younger minds ne'er felt
Fortune's deceits, to court her, as she's fair:
Were she a common mistress, kind to all,
Her worth would cease, and half the world grow idle.

Acast. Go to, y' are fools, and know me not; I've learnt
Long since to bear revenge, or scorn my wrongs,
According to the value of the doer.
You both would fain be great, and to that end
Desire to do things worthy your ambition.
Go to the camp, preferment's noblest mart,
Where honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find
Corruption, envy, discontent, and faction,
Almost in ever band. How many men
Have spent their blood in their dear country's service,
Yet now pine under want; while selfish slaves,
That e'en would cut their throats whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly locusts, eat the honey up,
Which those industrious bees so hardly toil'd for!

Cast. These precepts suit not with my active mind,
Methinks I would be busy.

Pol. So would I,
Not loiter out my life at home, and know
No farther than one prospect gives me leave.

Acast. Busy your minds then, study arts and men;
Learn how to value merit, though in rags,
And scorn a proud, ill-manner'd knave in office.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My lord, my father!

Acast. Blessings on my child!
My little cherub, what hast thou to ask me?

Ser. I bring you, sir, most glad and welcome news;
The young Chamont, whom you've so often wish'd for,
Is just arrived, and entering.

Acast. By my soul,
And all my honours, he's most dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his father's friend.

Enter CHAMONT.

Welcome, thou relict of the best loved man!
Welcome from all the turmoils, and the hazards
Of certain danger and uncertain fortune!
Welcome as happy tidings after fears.

Cham. Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you!
Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. My brother!

Cham. O, my sister, let me hold thee
Long in my arms. I've not beheld thy face
These many days; by night I've often seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfy'd my soul
With fancied joys, till morning cares awaked me.
Another sister! sure it must be so;
Though I remember well I had but one:
But I feel something in my heart that prompts,
And tells me, she has claim and interest there.

Acast. Young soldier, you've not only studied war,
Courtship, I see, has been your practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my daughter.

Cham. Is she your daughter! then my heart told true,
And I'm at least her brother by adoption,
For you have made yourself to me a father,
And by that patent, I have leave to love her.

Ser. Monimia, thou hast told me, men are false,
Will flatter, feign, and make an art of love;

Is Chamont so? no, sure, he's more than man;
Something that's near divine, and truth dwells in him.
Acast. Thus happy, who would envy pompous pow'r,
The luxury of courts, or wealth of cities?
Let there be joy through all the house this day!
In every room let plenty flow at large!
It is the birth-day of my royal master!
You have not visited the court, Chamont,
Since your return?
Cham. I have no bus'ness there;
I have not slavish temperance enough
T' attend a favourite's heels, and watch his smiles,
Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord, that wrong'd me, for his favour.
Acast. This you could do. [*To his Sons.*
Cast I'd serve my prince.
Acast. Who'd serve him?
Cast. I would, my lord.
Pol. And I; both would.
Acast. Away!
He needs not any servants such as you;
Serve him! he merits more than man can do!
He is so good, praise cannot speak his worth;
So merciful, sure he ne'er slept in wrath!
So just, that, were he but a private man,
He could not do a wrong! How would you serve him?
Cast. I'd serve him with my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in his wars:
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.
Pol. Die for him,
As every true-born, loyal subject ought.
Acast. Let me embrace ye both! now by the souls
Of my brave ancestors, I'm truly happy!
For this, be ever blest my marriage day!

Blest be your mother's memory, that bore you;
And doubly blest be that auspicious hour
That gave ye birth! Yes, my aspiring boys!
Ye shall have business, when your master wants you:
You cannot serve a nobler; I have served him!
In this old body, yet the marks remain
Of many wounds. I've with this tongue proclaim'd
His right, e'en in the face of rank rebellion:
And when the foul-mouth'd traitor once profaned
His sacred name, with my good sabre drawn,
E'en at the head of all his giddy rout,
I rushed, and clove the rebel to the chine.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord, th' expected guests are just arrived.

Acast. Go you, and give 'em welcome and reception. [*Exeunt* CASTALIO *and* POLYDORE.

Cham. My lord, I stand in need of your assistance,
In something that concerns my peace and honour.

Acast. Spoke like the son of that brave man I loved!
So freely, friendly, we conversed together.
What'er it be, with confidence impart it;
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.

Cham. I dare not doubt your friendship, nor your justice;
Your bounty shown to what I hold most dear,
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten!

Acast. Pr'ythee no more of that, it grates my nature.

Cham. When our dear parents died, they died together;
One fate surprised 'em, and one grave received 'em
My father, with his dying breath bequeathed
Her to my love; my mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,

Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embraced me:
Then press'd me close, and as she observed my tears,
Kiss'd them away; said she, Chamont, my son,
By this, and all the love I ever show'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia: watch her youth;
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour;
Perhaps kind Heav'n may raise some friend. Then sigh'd,
Kiss'd me again; so bless'd us, and expired.
Pardon my grief.

Acast. It speaks an honest nature.

Cham. The friend Heav'n raised was you; you took her up,
An infant, to the desert world exposed,
And proved another parent.

Acast. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my fears.

Acast. Then why this argument?

Cham. My lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

Acast. Go on.

Cham Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly;
Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
Where pow'r is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behindhand)
Pay over price.

Acast. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?

Cham. No, but I fear her weakness
May make her pay her debt at any rate:
And, to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.

Acast. Then first charge her; and if th' offence be found
Within my reach, though it should touch my nature,
In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoiced in,
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [*Exit.*

Cham. I thank you, from my soul.
Mon. Alas, my brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
My heart quakes in me; in your settled face,
And clouded brow, methinks I see my fate;
You will not kill me?
Cham. Pr'ythee, why dost thou talk so?
Mon. Look kindly on me, then; I cannot bear
Severity;
My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough,
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing;
But use me gently, like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.
Cham. Fear nothing, I will show myself a brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving brother:
You've not forgot our father?
Mon. I never shall.
Cham. Then you'll remember too, he was a man
That lived up to the standard of his honour,
And prized that jewel more than mines of wealth;
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once:
Though kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiv'n it to himself.
This was the only portion that he left us;
And I more glory in't than if possess'd
Of all that ever fortune threw on fools.
'Twas a large trust, and must be managed nicely;
Now if, by any chance, Monimia,
You have soil'd this gem, and taken from its value,
How will you account with me?
Mon. I challenge envy,
Malice, and all the practices of hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!
Cham. I'll tell thee, then. Three nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,

A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my face, and trembling seized my limbs:
My bed shook under me, the curtains started,
And to my tortured fancy there appear'd
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art;
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, which by turns caress'd thee
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure:
I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment
Darted it at the phantom; straight it left me;
Then rose and call'd for lights, when, O dire omen!
I found my weapon had the arras pierced,
Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.

Mon. And for this cause my virtue is suspected!
Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortured waking!

Cham. Have a care;
Labour not to be justify'd too fast:
Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.
What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me.
Through a close lane, as I pursued my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red:
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulder had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcase from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
I ask'd her of the way, which she inform'd me;
Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister! at that word I started!

Mon. The common cheat of beggars; every day
They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.
Cham. Oh! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,
As in it bore great circumstance of truth;
Castalio and Polydore, my sister.
Mon. Hah!
Cham. What, alter'd! does your courage fail?
Now by my father's soul, the witch was honest:
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour at a sordid game?
Mon. I will;
I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me.
That both have offer'd me their loves, most true.
Cham. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.
Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have press'd my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio——
Cham. But Castalio!
Mon. Still will you cross the line of my discourse.
Yes, I confess, that he has won my soul
By generous love, and honourable vows,
Which he this day appointed to complete,
And make himself by holy marriage mine.
Cham. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserved
Thy virtue white, without a blot, untainted?
Mon. When I'm unchaste, may Heaven reject my prayers;
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!
Cham. On, then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me
Than all the comforts ever yet blest man.
But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.
Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtile, cruel, and inconstant;
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;

But, if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.
I charge thee, let no more Castalio sooth thee;
Avoid it, as thou would'st preserve the peace
Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.

Mon. I will.

Cham. Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great ones,
When merit begs; then shalt thou see how soon
His heart will cool, and all his pains grow easy.
[*Exit.*

Mon. Yes, I will try him; torture him severely;
For, O Castalio, thou too much hast wrong'd me,
In leaving me to Polydore's ill usage.
He comes! and now for once, O love, stand neuter,
Whilst a hard part's perform'd; for I must 'tempt
Wound his soft nature, though my heart aches for't.
[*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Monimia! Monimia!——She's gone;
And seem'd to part with anger in her eyes;
I am a fool, and she has found my weakness;
She uses me already like a slave
Fast bound in chains, to be chastised at will.
'Twas not well done to trifle with my brother.
I might have trusted him with all the secret,
Open'd my silly heart, and shown it bare.
But then, he loves her too; but not like me:
I am a doting honest slave, design'd
For bondage, marriage bonds, which I have sworn
To wear. It is the only thing I e'er
Hid from his knowledge, and he'll sure forgive
The first transgression of a wretched friend,
Betray'd to love, and all its little follies.

Enter POLYDORE *and* PAGE, *at the Door.*

Pol. Here place yourself, and watch my brother thoroughly.
If he should chance to meet Monimia, make
Just observation of each word and action,
Pass not one circumstance without remark:
Sir, 'tis your office, do't, and bring me word.
[*Exit* POLYDORE.

Enter MONIMIA.

Cast. Monimia, my angel, 'twas not kind
To leave me like a turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
When thou art from me, every place is desert:
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.
Mon. O the bewitching tongues of faithless men!
'Tis thus the false hyena makes her moan,
To draw the pitying traveller to her den.
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all;
With sighs and plaints y' entice poor women's hearts,
And all, that pity you, are made your prey.
Cast. What means my love? Oh, how have I deserved
This language from the sov'reign of my joys!
Stop, stop these tears, Monimia, for they fall
Like baneful dew from a distemper'd sky,
I feel 'em chill me to my very heart.
Mon. Oh, you are false, Castalio, most forsworn!
Attempt no further to delude my faith;
My heart is fix'd, and you shall shake't no more.
Cast. Who told you so? what hell-bred villain durst
Profane the sacred business of my love?

Mon. Your brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,
The unhappy object of your father's charity,
Licentiously discoursed to me of love,
And durst affront me with his brutal passion.
Cast. 'Tis I have been to blame, and only I;
False to my brother, and unjust to thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this day own'd it,
Tax'd me with mine, and claim'd a right above me.
Mon. And was your love so very tame to shrink?
Or, rather than lose him, abandon me?
Cast. I, knowing him precipitate and rash,
To calm his heat, and to conceal my happiness,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly will;
Talk'd as he talk'd, and granted all he ask'd;
Lest he in rage might have our loves betray'd,
And I for ever had Monimia lost.
Mon. Could you, then? did you? can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourself!
And I can never think you meant me fair.
Cast. Is this Monimia? surely no! till now
I ever thought her dovelike, soft, and kind.
Who trusts his heart with woman's surely lost:
You were made fair on purpose to undo us,
While greedily we snatch the alluring bait,
And ne'er distrust the poison that it hides.
Mon. When love ill placed would find a means to break——
Cast. It never wants pretences or excuse.
Mon. Man, therefore, was a lordlike creature made,
Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty aspect given him for command;
Easily soften'd when he would betray.
Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade,
Where you are pleased to forage for a while;
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave

The ravaged province ruinate and waste.
If so, Castalio, you have served my heart,
I find, that desolation's settled there,
And I shall ne'er recover peace again.

Cast. Who can hear this, and bear an equal mind?
Since you will drive me from you, I must go:
But, O Monimia! when thou hast banish'd me,
No creeping slave, though tractable and dull
As artful woman for her ends would chuse,
Shall ever dote as I have done: for, oh!
No tongue my pleasures nor my pains can tell;
'Tis heaven to have thee, and, without thee, hell.

Mon. Castalio! stay! we must not part. I find
My rage ebbs out, and love flows in apace.
These little quarrels love must needs forgive,
They rouse up drowsy thoughts, and wake my soul.
Oh! charm me with the music of thy tongue,
I'm ne'er so blest, as when I hear thy vows,
And listen to the language of thy heart.

Cast. Where am I! surely paradise is round me!
Sweets planted by the hand of Heav'n grow here;
And every sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak, might calm a madman's phrensy
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows;
But to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beauties
Might make him rage again with love, as I do.
Oh!
Thou Nature's whole perfection in one piece!
Sure, framing thee, Heaven took unusual care,
As its own beauty it design'd thee fair,
And form'd thee by the best loved angel there.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Garden.

Enter POLYDORE *and* PAGE.

Pol. Were they so kind? Express it to me all
In words; 'twill make me think I saw it too.
Page. At first I thought they had been mortal foes:
Monimia raged; Castalio grew disturb'd:
Each thought the other wrong'd; yet both so haughty,
They scorn'd submission, though love all the while
The rebel play'd, and scarce could be contain'd.
Pol. But what succeeded?
Page Oh, 'twas wond'rous pretty
For of a sudden all the storm was past:
A gentle calm of love succeeded it:
Monimia sigh'd and blush'd; Castalio swore;
As you, my lord, I well remember, did
To my young sister, in the orange grove,
When I was first preferr'd to be your page.
Pol. Happy Castalio! Now, by my great soul,
My ambitious soul, that languishes to glory,
I'll have her yet; by my best hopes, I will,
She shall be mine, in spite of all her arts.
But for Castalio, why was I refused?
Has he supplanted me by some foul play?

Traduced my honour? Death! he durst not do't.
It must be so: we parted, and he met her,
Half to compliance brought by me; surprised
Her thinking virtue, till she yielded quite.
So poachers basely pick up tired game,
While the fair hunter's cheated of his prey.
Boy!

Page. My lord!

Pol. Go to your chamber, and prepare your l
Find out some song to please me, that describes
Women's hypocrisies, their subtle wiles,
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies;
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds;
The sum of all their follies, and their falsehoods.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Oh, the unhappiest tidings tongue e'er told!

Pol. The matter?

Serv. Oh! your father, my good master,
As with his guests he sat in mirth raised high,
And chased the goblet round the joyful board,
A sudden trembling seized on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew; his visage pale:
His speech forsook him; life itself seem'd fled,
And all his friends are waiting now about him.

Enter ACASTO, *supported by the* CHAPLAIN.

Acast. Support me; give me air; I'll yet recover.
'Twas but a slip decaying Nature made;
For she grows weary near her journey's end.
Where are my sons? Come near, my Polydore!
Your brother; where's Castalio?

Serv. My lord,
I've search'd, as you commanded, all the house.
He and Monimia are not to be found.

Acast. Not to be found! then where are all my friends?

I hope they'll pardon an unhappy fault
My unmannerly infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome hour;
For I'm prepared to meet him; and, methinks,
Would live and die with all my friends about me.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Angels preserve my dearest father's life!
Bless it with long uninterrupted days!
Oh! may he live till time itself decay,
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!
Acast. Thank you, Castalio: give me both your hands,
And bear me up: I'd walk: so, now, methinks,
I appear as great as Hercules himself,
Supported by the pillars he had raised.
My sons, as thus united, ever live;
And for the estate, you'll find, when I am dead,
I have divided it betwixt you both,
Equally parted, as you shared my love:
Only to sweet Monimia I've bequeath'd
Ten thousand crowns, a little portion for her,
To wed her honourably, as she's born.
Be not less friends because you're brothers.

Enter SERINA.

Ser. My father!
Acast. My heart's darling!
Ser. Let my knees
Fix to the earth. Ne'er let my eyes have rest,
But wake and weep, till Heav'n restore my father.
Acast. Rise to my arms, and thy kind pray'rs are answer'd
For thou'rt a wond'rous extract of all goodness,
Born for my joy, and no pain's felt when near thee.
Chamont!

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. My lord, may't prove not an unlucky omen!
Many I see are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a blessing too.
Acast. May'st thou be happy!
Cham. Where?
Acast. In all thy wishes.
Cham. Confirm me so, and make this fair one mine:
I am unpractised in the trade of courtship,
And know not how to deal out love with art:
Onsets in love seem best like those in war,
Fierce, resolute, and done with all the force;
So I would open my whole heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my soul.
Acast. What says Serina? Canst thou love a soldier?
One born to honour, and to honour bred?
One that has learnt to treat e'en foes with kindness;
To wrong no good man's fame, nor praise himself?
Ser. Oh! name not love, for that's ally'd to joy:
And joy must be a stranger to my heart,
When you're in danger. May Chamont's good fortune
Render him lovely to some happier maid!
Whilst I, at friendly distance, see him blest,
Praise the kind gods, and wonder at his virtues.
Acast. Chamont, pursue her, conquer, and possess her,
And, as my son, a third of all my fortune
Shall be thy lot.
Chamont, you told me of some doubts that press'd you:
Are you yet satisfied that I'm your friend?
Cham. My lord, I would not lose that satisfaction,

For any other blessing I could wish for:
As to my fears, already I have lost them:
They ne'er shall vex me more, nor trouble you.
Acast. I thank you.
My friends, 'tis late:
Now my disorder seems all past and over,
And I, methinks, begin to feel new health.
Cast. Would you but rest, it might restore you quite.
Acast. Yes, I'll to bed; old men must humour weakness.
Good night, my friends!' Heav'n guard you all! Good night!
To-morrow early we'll salute the day,
Find out new pleasures, and redeem lost time.
[*Exeunt all but* CHAMONT *and* CHAPLAIN.
Cham. If you're at leisure, sir, we'll waste an hour;
'Tis yet too soon to sleep, and 'twill be charity
To lend your conversation to a stranger.
Chap. Sir, you're a soldier?
Cham. Yes.
Chap. I love a soldier;
And had been one myself, but that my parents
Would make me what you see me.
Cham. Have you had long dependence on this family?
Chap. I have not thought it so, because my time's
Spent pleasantly. My lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimsical: he has good nature,
And I have manners:
His sons, too, are civil to me, because
I do not pretend to be wiser than they are;
I meddle with no man's business but my own;
I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent pleasures freely;

So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the family.

Cham. I'm glad you're so happy.

A pleasant fellow this, and may be useful. [*Aside.*

Knew you my father, the old Chamont?

Chap. I did, and was most sorry when we lost him.

Cham. Why, didst thou love him?

Chap. Ev'ry body loved him; besides, he was my patron's friend.

Cham. I could embrace thee for that very notion:

If thou didst love my father, I could think

Thou would'st not be an enemy to me.

Chap. I can be no man's foe.

Cham. Then pr'ythee, tell me;

Think'st thou the lord Castalio loves my sister?

Chap. Love your sister!

Cham. Ay, love her!

Chap. Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her,

Cham. How wrong'd her? have a care; for this may lay

A scene of mischief to undo us all.

But, tell me,—wrong'd her, saidst thou?

Chap. Ay, sir, wrong'd her.

Cham. This is a secret worth a monarch's fortune:

What shall I give thee for't? thou dear physician

Of sickly souls, unfold this riddle to me,

And comfort mine——

Chap. I would hide nothing from you willingly.

Cham. By the reverenced soul

Of that great honest man, that gave me being,

Tell me but what thou know'st concerns my honour,

And, if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,

May this good sword ne'er do me right in battle!

May I ne'er know that blessed peace of mind,

That dwells in good and pious men like thee!

Chap. I see your temper's moved, and I will trust you.

Cham. Wilt thou?

Chap. I will; but if it ever 'scape you——

Cham. It never shall.

Chap. Then this good day, when all the house was busy,
When mirth and kind rejoicing fill'd each room,
As I was walking in the grove, I met them.

Cham. What! met them in the grove together?

Chap. I, by their own appointment, met them there,
Received their marriage vows, and join'd their hands.

Cham. How! married?

Chap. Yes, sir.

Cham. Then my soul's at peace:
But why would you so long delay to give it?

Chap. Not knowing what reception it may find
With old Acasto; may be, I was too cautious
To trust the secret from me.

Cham. What's the cause,
I cannot guess, though 'tis my sister's honour,
I do not like this marriage,
Huddled i' th' dark, and done at too much venture:
The business looks with an unlucky face.
Keep still the secret; for it ne'er shall 'scape me,
Not ev'n to them, the new-match'd pair. Farewell!
Believe my truth, and know me for thy friend.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter CASTALIO *and* MONIMIA.

Cast. Young Chamont and the Chaplain! sure 'tis they!
No matter what's contrived, or who consulted,
Since my Monimia's mine; though this sad look
Seems no good boding omen to our bliss;
Else, pr'ythee, tell me why that look cast down,
Why that sad sigh, as if thy heart was breaking?

Mon. Castalio, I am thinking what we've done;
The heavenly powers were sure displeased to-day;
For, at the ceremony as we stood,
And as your hand was kindly join'd with mine,
As the good priest pronounced the sacred words,
Passion grew big, and I could not forbear;
Tears drown'd my eyes, and trembling seized my soul.
What should that mean?

Cast. Oh, thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as sympathising nature!

Enter POLYDORE.

But wherefore do I dally with my bliss?
The night's far spent, and day draws on apace;
To bed, my love, and wake, till I come thither.

Mon. 'Twill be impossible:
You know your father's chamber's next to mine,
And the least noise will certainly alarm him.

Cast. Impossible! impossible! alas!
Is't possible to live one hour without thee?
What shall be the sign?
When shall I come? for to my joys I'll steal,
As if I ne'er had paid my freedom for them.

Mon. Just three soft strokes upon the chamber door;
And at that signal you shall gain admittance:
But speak not the least word; for, if you should,
'Tis surely heard, and all will be betray'd.

Cast. Oh! doubt not, my Monimia; our joys
Shall be as silent as the extatic bliss
Of souls, that by intelligence converse:
Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and every power dissolved!
Away, my love! first take this kiss. Now haste:
I long for that to come, yet grudge each minute past.
[*Exit* MONIMIA.
My brother wand'ring too so late this way?

Pol. Castalio!
Cast. My Polydore, how dost thou?
How does our father? is he well recover'd?
Pol. I left him happily reposed to rest:
He's still as gay as if his life was young.
But how does fair Monimia?
Cast. Doubtless well
A cruel beauty, with her conquest pleased,
Is always joyful, and her mind in health.
Pol Is she the same Monimia still she was?
May we not hope she's made of mortal mould?
Cast. She's not woman else:
Though I'm grown wreary of this tedious hoping;
We've in a barren desert stray'd too long.
Pol. Yet may relief be unexpected found,
And love's sweet manna cover all the field.
Met ye to-day?
Cast No; she has avoided me:
Her brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting something to my father:
I wish I'd never meddled with the matter:
And would enjoin thee, Polydore——
Pol To what?
Cast. To leave this peevish beauty to herself.
Pol. What, quit my love? as soon I'd quit my post
In fight, and like a coward run away.
No, by my stars, I'll chase her till she yields
To me, or meets her rescue in another.
Cast. Nay, she has beauty that might shake the leagues
Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds;
But I have wondrous reasons on my side,
That would persuade thee, were they known.
Pol. Then speak 'em:
What are they? Came ye to her window hen
To learn 'em now? Castalio, have a care;
Use honest dealing with a friend and brother.

Believe me, I'm not with my love so blinded,
But I can discern your purpose to abuse me:
Quit your pretences to her.

Cast. Grant I do;
You love capitulation, Polydore,
And but upon conditions would oblige me.

Pol. You say, you've reasons: why are they conceal'd?

Cast. To-morrow I may tell you.

Pol. Why not now?

Cast. It is a matter of such circumstance,
As I must well consult ere I reveal.
But pr'ythee cease to think I would abuse thee,
Till more be known.

Pol. When you, Castalio, cease
To meet Monimia unknown to me,
And then deny it slavishly, I'll cease
To think Castalio faithless to his friend:
Did I not see you part this very moment?

Cast. It seems, you've watch'd me then?

Pol. I scorn the office.

Cast. Pr'ythee avoid a thing thou may'st repent.

Pol. That is, henceforward making leagues with you.

Cast. Nay, if ye're angry, Polydore, good night.
[*Exit.*

Pol. Good night, Castalio, if ye're in such haste.
He little thinks I've overheard th' appointment:
But to his chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take possession of my love.
This is the utmost point of all my hopes;
Or now she must, or never can be mine.
Oh, for a means now how to counterplot,
And disappoint this happy elder brother!
In ev'ry thing we do or undertake,
He soars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the start he got of me in birth.—
Cordelio!

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord!

Pol. Come hither, boy!
Thou hast a pretty, forward, lying face,
And may'st in time expect preferment. Canst thou
Pretend to secrecy, cajole and flatter
Thy master's follies, and assist his pleasures?

Page. My lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful boy.
Comm nd whate'er's your pleasure I'll observe;
Be it to run, or watch, or to convey
A letter to a beauteous lady's bosom;
At least, I am not dull, and soon should learn.

Pol. 'Tis pity, then, thou should'st not be employ'd.
Go to my brother, he's in his chamber now,
Undressing, and preparing for his rest;
Find out some means to keep him up a while:
Tell him a pretty story that may please
His ear; invent a tale, no matter what:
If he should ask of me, tell him I'm gone
To bed, and sent you there to know his pleasure,
Whether he'll hunt to-morrow.—Well said, Polydore,
Dissemble with thy brother! that's one point.—
But do not leave him, till he's in his bed,
Or if he chance to walk again this way,
Follow, and do not quit him, but seem fond
To do him little offices of service.
Perhaps at last it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this, and be employ'd again.

Page. Doubt not, my lord: he has been always kind
To me; would often set me on his knees,
Then give me sweetmeats, call me pretty boy,
And ask me what the maids talk'd of at night.

Pol. Run quickly then, and prosp'rous be thy wishes. [*Exit* PAGE.

Here I'm alone, and fit for mischief; now
To cheat this brother!—will't be honest that?
I heard the sign she order'd him to give.
Oh for the art of Proteus, but to change
Th' unhappy Polydore to blest Castalio!
She's not so well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her arms as well as he.
Then, when I'm happily possess'd of more
Than sense can think, all loosen'd into joy,
To hear my disappointed brother come,
And give the unregarded signal; Oh!
What a malicious pleasure will that be
"Just three soft strokes against the chamber door;
But speak not the least word, for if you should,
It's surely heard, and we are both betray'd."
How I adore a mistress, that contrives
With care to lay the business of her joys!
One that has wit to charm the very soul,
And give a double relish to delight!
Blest Heav'ns, assist me but in this dear hour,
And my kind stars be but propitious now,
Dispose of me hereafter as you please
Monimia! Monimia! [*Gives the sign.*

Florella. [*At the window.*] Who's there?

Pol. 'Tis I.

Flor. My Lord Castalio?

Pol. The same!

How does my love, my dear Monimia?

Flor. Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay;
You've staid so long, that at each little noise
The wind but makes, she asks if you are coming.

Pol. Tell her I'm here, and let the door be open'd.

[FLORELLA *descends.*

Now boast, Castalio, triumph now, and tell
Thyself strange stories of a promised bliss!

[*The Door unbolts.*

It opens: Ha! what means my trembling flesh!

Limbs, do your office, and support me well,
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can. [*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO *and* PAGE.

Page. Indeed, my lord, 'twill be a lovely morning: Pray let us hunt.

Cast. Go, you're an idle prattler.
I'll stay at home to-morrow; if your lord
Thinks fit, he may command my hounds: go, leave me;
I must to bed.

Page. I'll wait upon your lordship,
If you think fit, and sing you to repose.

Cast. No, my kind boy, the night is too far wasted;
My senses are quite disrobed of thought,
And ready all with me to go to rest.
Good night: commend me to my brother.

Page. Oh!
You never heard the last new song I learn'd;
It is the finest, prettiest song indeed,
Of my lord and my lady, you know who, that were caught
Together, you know where. My lord, indeed it is.

Cast. You must be whipp'd, youngster, if you get such songs as those are.—
What means this boy's impertinence to-night?

Page. Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear lord?

Cast. Psalms, child, psalms.

Page. O dear me! boys, that go to school, learn psalms;
But pages, that are better bred, sing lampoons.

Cast. Well, leave me, I'm weary.

Page. O! but you promised me, last time I told you what colour my Lady Monimia's stockings were of, and that she gartered them above knee, that you would give me a little horse to go a-hunting upon,

so you did. I'll tell you no more stories, except you keep your word with me.

Cast. Well, go, you trifler, and to-morrow ask me.

Page. Indeed, my lord, I can't abide to leave you.

Cast. Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?

Page. No, no, indeed, my lord, I was not:
But, I know what I know.

Cast. What dost thou know?—'Sdeath! what can all this mean!

Page. Oh! I know who loves somebody.

Cast. What's that to me, boy?

Page. Nay, I know who loves you too.

Cast. That's a wonder! pr'ythee tell it me.

Page. 'Tis—'tis—I know who—but will
You give me the horse, then?

Cast. I will, my child.

Page. It is my Lady Monimia, look you: but don't you tell her I told you: She'll give me no more play-things then. I heard her say so, as she lay a bed, man.

Cast. Talk'd she of me when in her bed, Cordelio?

Page. Yes; and I sung her the song you made too;
And she did so sigh, and look with her eyes!

Cast Hark! What's that noise?
Take this, begone, and leave me.
You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.

[*Exit* PAGE.

Surely it was a noise, hist!——only fancy,
For all is hush'd, as nature were retired.
'Tis now that, guided by my love, I go
To take possession of Monimia's charms.
Sure Polydore's by this time gone to bed.
At midnight thus the usurer steals untrack'd,
To make a visit to his hoarded gold,
And feasts his eyes upon the shining mammon.

[*Knocks.*

She hears me not; sure she already sleeps!
Her wishes could not brook so long delay,

And her poor heart has beat itself to rest.
[*Knocks again.*
Once more——
Florella. [*Appears at the window.*] Who's there,
That comes thus rudely to disturb our rest?
Cast. 'Tis I.
Flor. Who are you? what's your name?
Cast. Suppose the Lord Castalio.
Flor. I know you not.
The Lord Castalio has no business here.
Cast. Ha! have a care! what can this mean?
Whoe'er thou art, I charge thee to Monimia fly:
Tell her, I'm here, and wait upon my doom.
Flor. Whoe'er you are you may repent this outrage:
My lady must not be disturb'd. Good night!
Cast. She must! tell her, she shall! go, I'm in haste,
And bring her tidings from the state of love;
They're all in consultation met together,
How to reward my truth, and crown her vows.
Flor. Sure the man's mad!
Cast. Or this will make me so;
Obey me, or, by all the wrongs I suffer,
I'll scale the window and come in by force,
Let the sad consequence be what it will!—
This creature's trifling folly makes me mad!
Flor. My lady's answer is, you may depart
She says, she knows you: you are Polydore,
Sent by Castalio, as you were to-day,
T' affront and do her violence again.
Cast. I'll not believe't.
Flor. You may, sir.
Cast. Curses blast thee!
Flor. Well, 'tis a fine cool ev'ning, and I hope
May cure the raging fever in your blood!
Good night!
Cast. And farewell all that's just in woman!

This is contrived, a studied trick, to abuse
My easy nature, and torment my mind!
'Tis impudence to think my soul will bear it!
Let but to-morrow, but to-morrow come,
And try if all thy arts appease my wrong;
Till when, be this detested place my bed,
[*Lies down.*
Where I will ruminate on woman's ills,
Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant sex.
Faithless Monimia! O Monimia!

Enter ERNESTO.

Ern. Either
My sense has been deluded, or this way
I heard the sound of sorrow;—'tis late night,
And none, whose mind's at peace, would wander now.—

Cast. Who's there?

Ern. Castalio!—My lord, why in this posture,
Stretch'd on the ground?—your honest, true, old servant,
Your poor Ernesto, cannot see you thus.
Rise, I beseech you.

Cast. If thou art Ernesto,
As by thy honesty thou seem'st to be,
Once leave me to my folly.—

Ern. I can't leave you,
And not the reason know of your disorders.
Remember how, when young, I in my arms
Have often borne you; pleased you in your pleasures,
And sought an early share in your affection:—
Do not discard me now, but let me serve you.

Cast. Thou canst not serve me.

Ern. Why?

Cast. Because my thoughts
Are full of woman;—thou, poor wretch, art past them.

Ern. I hate the sex,

Cast. Then I'm thy friend, Ernesto! [*Rises.*
I'd leave the world, for him that hates a woman!
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
Woman to man first as a blessing given,
When innocence and love were in their prime,
Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
But quickly woman long'd to go astray;
Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw, she changed her love:
To his temptations, lewdly she inclined
Her soul, and, for an apple, damn'd mankind.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Saloon.

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Blest be the morning that has brought me health!
A happy rest has soften'd pain away,

And I'll forget it, though my mind's not well:
A heavy melancholy clogs my heart;
I droop and sigh, I know not why.—Dark dreams,
Sick fancy's children, have been over busy,
And all the night play'd farces in my brains.
But 'twas the effect of my distemper'd blood:
And, when the health's disturb'd, the mind's unruly.

Enter POLYDORE.

Good morning, Polydore.

Pol. Heav'n keep your lordship!

Acast. Have you yet seen Castalio to-day?

Pol. My lord, 'tis early day;—he's hardly risen.

Acast. Go, call him up, and meet me in the chapel.

[*Exit* POLYDORE.

I cannot think all has gone well to-night;
For, as I waking lay, (and sure my sense
Was then my own) methought I heard my son
Castalio's voice; but it seem'd low and mournful;
Under my window, too, I thought I heard it.
My untoward fancy could not be deceived
In every thing; and I will search the truth out.

Enter MONIMIA *and* FLORELLA.

Already up, Monimia! you rose
Thus early, surely, to outshine the day!
Or was there any thing that cross'd your rest?
They were naughty thoughts, that would not let you sleep.

Mon. Whatever are my thoughts, my lord, I've learnt,
By your example, to correct their ills,
And morn and evening give up the account.

Acast. Your pardon, sweet one, I upbraid you not;
Or, if I would, you are so good, I could not.
Heard you no noise to-night?

Mon. Noise! my good lord?
Acast. About midnight.
Mon. Indeed, my lord, I don't remember any.
Acast. You must, sure!—Went you early to your rest?
Mon. About the wonted hour.—Why this enquiry? [*Aside.*
Acast. And went your maid to bed too?
Mon. My lord, I guess so;—
I've seldom known her disobey my orders.
Acast. I'll have enquiry made through all the house,
But I'll find out the cause of these disorders.
Good day to thee, Monimia——I'll to chapel.
[*Exit* ACASTO.
Mon. I'll but dispatch some orders to my woman,
And wait upon your lordship there.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Wish'd morning's come! And now upon the plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts;
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs, and, with their notes,

Salute and welcome up the rising sun.
There's no condition sure so cursed as mine——
I'm married!—'Sdeath, I'm sped! How like a dog
Look'd Hercules, thus to a distaff chain'd!—
Monimia! O Monimia!

Enter MONIMIA *and* FLORELLA.

Mon. I come!
I fly to my adored Castalio's arms,
My wishes' lord. May every morn begin
Like this: and, with our days, our loves renew!
Cast. Oh!
Mon. What! speak!—
Art thou not well, Castalio? Come lean
Upon my breast, and tell me where's thy pain.
Cast. 'Tis here—'tis in my head—'tis in my heart—
'Tis every where: it rages like a madness,
And I most wonder how my reason holds.
Nay, wonder not, Monimia; the slave,
You thought you had secured within my breast,
Is grown a rebel, and has broke his chain,
And now he walks there, like a lord at large.—
No more, Monimia, of your sex's arts:
They're useless all—I'm not that pliant tool,
That necessary utensil you'd make me;
I know my charter better——I am man,
Obstinate man, and will not be enslaved!
Mon. You shall not fear't—indeed, my nature's easy:
I'll ever live, your most obedient wife!
Nor ever any privilege pretend
Beyond your will; for that shall be my law;—
Indeed I will not.
Cast. Nay, you shall not, madam;—
By yon bright heav'n, you shall not: all the day
I'll play the tyrant, and at night forsake thee;
Till, by afflictions, and continued cares,

I have worn thee to a homely, household drudge;
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser pleasures;
For thou hast wrong'd Castalio.

Mon. Oh, kill me here, or tell me my offence!
I'll never quit you else; but on these knees,
Thus follow you all day, till they're worn bare,
And hang upon you, like a drowning creature.—
Castalio!

Cast. Away!——Last night! last night!——

Mon. It was our wedding night.

Cast. No more!—Forget it!

Mon. Why! do you then repent?

Cast. I do.

Mon. O Heaven!
And will you leave me thus?—Help! help! Florella!
[*He drags her to the Door, breaks from her, and exit.*
Help me to hold this yet loved, cruel man!——
Castalio!—Oh! how often has he sworn
Nature should change—the sun and stars grow dark,
Ere he would falsify his vows to me!
Make haste, confusion, then! Sun, lose thy light!
And, stars, drop dead with sorrow to the earth,
For my Castalio's false!

Flor. Unhappy day!

Mon. False as the wind, the waters, or the weather!—
Cruel, as tygers o'er their trembling prey!
I feel him in my breast, he tears my heart,
And at each sigh, he drinks the gushing blood!
Must I be long in pain!

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. In tears, Monimia!

Mon. Whoe'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my beloved despair!

Cham. Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes to cheer thee —
Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and, then,
See if my soul has rest, till thou hast justice.
Mon. My brother?
Cham. Yes, Monimia; if thou think'st
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.
Mon. O, Castalio!
Cham. Ha!
Name me that name again! my soul's on fire
Till I know all!—There's meaning in that name:—
I know he is thy husband; therefore, trust me
With all the following truth—
Mon. Indeed, Chamont,
There's nothing in it, but the fault of nature;—
I'm often seized suddenly with grief,
I know not why.
Cham. You use me ill, Monimia—
And I might think, with justice, most severely,
Of this unfaithful dealing with your brother.
Mon. Truly, I'm not to blame—suppose I'm fond,
And grieve for what as much may please another?
Should I upbraid the dearest friend on earth
For the first fault? You would not do so, would you?
Cham. Not if I'd cause to think it was a friend.
Mon. Why do you then call this unfaithful dealing?—
I ne'er conceal'd my soul from you before:—
Bear with me now, and search my wounds no farther;
For every probing pains me to the heart.
Cham. 'Tis sign there's danger in't, and must be probed.
Where's your new husband? Still that thought disturbs you—
What! only answer me with tears!—Castalio!—

Nay, now they stream:—
Cruel, unkind Castalio!—Is't not so?
Mon. I cannot speak;—grief flows so fast upon me,
It chokes, and will not let me tell the cause.
Oh——
Cham. My Monimia! to my soul thou'rt dear
As honour to my name:
Why wilt thou not repose within my breast
The anguish that torments thee?
Mon. Oh! I dare not.
Cham. I have no friend but thee.
Two unhappy orphans,
Alas, we are! and, when I see thee grieve,
Methinks, it is a part of me that suffers.
Mon. Could you be secret?
Cham. Secret as the grave.
Mon. But, when I've told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bounds?—Will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief? For, indeed, Chamont,
You would not think, how hardly I've been used
From a dear friend;—from one that has my soul
A slave, and therefore, treats it like a tyrant.
Cham. I will be calm:—But, has Castalio wrong'd thee?
Has he already wasted all his love?
What has he done? quickly! for I'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid tale!
Mon. Oh! could you think it?
Cham. What?
Mon. I fear he'll kill me
Cham. Ha!
Mon. Indeed, I do:—he's strangely cruel to me;
Which, if it last, I'm sure must break my heart.
Cham. What has he done?
Mon. Most barbarously used me.
At dawn of day he rose, and left his conquest.
But when we met, and I with open arms

Ran to embrace the lord of all my wishes,
Oh then!—
Cham. Go on!
Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.
Cham. How!
Mon. As I hung, too,
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me, like a slave, upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.
Cham. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away with scorn?
Mon. He did!
Cham. What! throw thee from him?
Mon. Yes, indeed he did!
Cham. So may this arm
Throw him to the earth, like a dead dog despised.
Lameness and leprosy; blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain,
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee!
Mon. Nay, now, Chamont, art thou unkind as he is!—
Did'st thou not promise me, thou would'st be calm?
Keep my disgrace conceal'd?
Alas, I love him still! And though I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing arms,
Yet bless him, bless him, gods! where'er he goes!

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Sure some ill fate is towards me—in my house
I only meet with oddness and disorder.
Just this very moment
I met Castalio too——
Cham. Then you met a villain.
Acast. Ha!
Cham. Yes, a villain!

Acast. Have a care, young soldier,
How thou art too busy with Acasto's fame—
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance:—
Villain to thee!
Cham. Curse on thy scandalous age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,
And tear the root up of that cursed bramble!
Acast. Ungrateful ruffian! sure, my good old friend
Was ne'er thy father! Nothing of him's in thee!
What have I done, in my unhappy age,
To be thus used! I scorn to upbraid thee, boy!
But I could put thee in remembrance——
Cham. Do!
Acast. I scorn it.
Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the story;
For I would fain know all, to see which scale
Weighs most.——Ha! is not that good old Acasto?
What have I done!—Can you forgive this folly?
Acast. Why dost thou ask it?
Cham. 'Twas the rude o'erflowing
Of too much passion.—Pray, my lord, forgive me.
[*Kneels.*
Acast. Mock me not, youth! I can revenge a wrong.
Cham. I know it well—but for this thought of mine,
Pity a madman's phrensy, and forget it.
Acast. I will—but, henceforth, pr'ythee, be more kind. [*Raises him.*
Whence came the cause?
Cham. Indeed, I've been to blame:
For you've been my father—
You've been her father too—
[*Takes* MONIMIA *by the hand.*
Acast. Forbear the prologue,
And let me know the substance of thy tale.

Cham. You took her up, a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipp'd; and with a careful, loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines: there long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
Till, at the last, a cruel spoiler came,
Cropp'd this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it, like a loathsome weed, away.

Acast. You talk to me in parables, Chamont:
You may have known, that I'm no wordy man.
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Or fools, that use them, when they want good sense:
But honesty
Needs no disguise or ornament. Be plain.

Cham. Your son——

Acast. I've two; and both, I hope, have honour.

Cham. I hope so too—but——

Acast. Speak.

Cham. I must inform you,
Once more, Castalio——

Acast. Still Castalio!

Cham. Yes——
Your son, Castalio, has wrong'd Monimia!

Acast. Ha! wrong'd her?

Cham. Marry'd her.

Acast. I'm sorry for't.

Cham. Why sorry?
By yon blest Heav'n, there's not a lord
But might be proud to take her to his heart.

Acast. I'll not deny't.

Cham. You dare not; by the gods,
You dare not. All your family combined,
In one damn'd falsehood, to outdo Castalio,
Dare not deny't.

Acast. How has Castalio wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him—I say, my sister's wrong'd:
Monimia, my sister, born as high
And noble as Castalio.—Do her justice,
Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.
I'll do't—Hark you, my lord, your son Castalio,
Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.

Acast. You shall have justice.

Cham. Nay, I will have justice!
Who'll sleep in safety, that has done me wrong?
My lord, I'll not disturb you to repeat
The cause of this; I beg you, (to preserve
Your house's honour,) ask it of Castalio. [*Exit.*

Acast. Farewell, proud boy.—
Monimia!

Mon. My lord.

Acast. You are my daughter?

Mon. I am, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe to own me.

Acast. When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a father. [*Exit.*

Mon. Now I'm undone for ever; who on earth
Is there so wretched as Monimia?
First by Castalio cruelly forsaken;
I've lost Acasto now, his parting frowns
May well instruct me rage is in his heart.
I shall be next abandon'd to my fortune,
Thrust out, a naked wand'rer to the world,
And branded for the mischievous Monimia!
What will become of me! my cruel brother
Is framing mischief too, for aught I know,
That may produce bloodshed and horrid murder!
I would not be the cause of one man's death,
To reign the empress of the earth; nay, more,
I'd rather lose for ever my Castalio,
My dear, unkind Castalio. [*Sits.*

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. Monimia weeping!
I come, my love, to kiss all sorrow from thee:
What mean these sighs? and why thus beats thy heart?

Mon. Let me alone to sorrow; 'tis a cause
None e'er shall know; but it shall with me die.

Pol. Happy, Monimia, he to whom these sighs,
These tears, and all these languishings are paid!
I know your heart was never meant for me;
That jewel's for an elder brother's price.

Mon. My lord!

Pol. Nay, wonder not! last night I heard
His oaths, your vows, and to my torment saw
Your wild embraces: heard the appointment made;
I did, Monimia, and I cursed the sound.
Wilt thou be sworn, my love? wilt thou be ne'er
Unkind again?

Mon. Banish such fruitless hopes!
Have you sworn constancy to my undoing?
Will you be ne'er my friend again?

Pol. What means my love?

Mon. Away! what meant my lord
Last night?

Pol. Is that a question now to be demanded?
I hope Monimia was not much displeased.

Mon. Was it well done
T' assault my lodging at the dead of night,
And threaten me, if I denied admittance——
You said, you were Castalio——

Pol. By those eyes,
It was the same: I spent my time much better;
I tell thee, ill-natured fair one, I was posted
To more advantage, on a pleasant hill
Of springing joy, and everlasting sweetness.

Mon. Ha?—have a care!

Pol. Where is the danger near me?

Mon. I fear, you're on a rock, will wreck your quiet,
And drown your soul in wretchedness for ever.
A thousand horrid thoughts crowd on my memory.
Will you be kind, and answer me one question?
Pol. I'd trust thee with my life; on those soft breasts,
Breathe out the choicests secrets of my heart,
Till I had nothing in it left but love.
Mon. Nay, I'll conjure you, by the gods and angels,
By the honour of your name, that's most concern'd,
To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last night?
Pol. Within thy arms
I triumph'd—rest had been my foe.
Mon. 'Tis done—— [*She faints.*
Pol. She faints! no help! who waits? A curse
Upon my vanity, that could not keep
The secret of my happiness in silence!
Confusion! we shall be surprised anon;
And consequently all must be betray'd.
Monimia!—she breathes!—Monimia!——
Mon. Well——
Let mischiefs multiply! let every hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror!
O let the sun, to these unhappy eyes,
Ne'er shine again, but be eclipsed for ever!
May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had humanity!
And grow a curser of the works of nature!
Pol. What means all this?
Mon. O, Polydore! If all
The friendship e'er you vow'd to good Castalio
Be not a falsehood; if you ever loved
Your brother, you've undone yourself and me.
Pol. Which way can ruin reach the man that's rich,
As I am, in possession of thy sweetness?

Mon. Oh! I'm his wife!
Pol. What says Monimia?
Mon. I'm Castalio's wife!
Pol. His marry'd, wedded wife?
Mon. Yesterday's sun
Saw it perform'd!
Pol. My brother's wife!——
Oh! thou may'st yet be happy!
Mon. Could'st thou be
Happy, with such a weight upon thy soul?
Pol. It may be yet a secret—I'll go try
To reconcile and bring Castalio to thee!
Whilst from the world I take myself away,
And waste my life in penance for my sin.
Mon. Then thou would'st more undo me: heap a load
Of added sins upon my wretched head!—
Would'st thou again have me betray thy brother,
And bring pollution to his arms?—Cursed thought!
Oh! when shall I be mad indeed! [*Exit.*
Pol. Then thus I'll go—
Full of our guilt, distracted where to roam:
I'll find some place where adders nest in winter,
Loathsome and venomous: where poisons hang
Like gums against the walls: there I'll inhabit,
And live up to the height of desperation.
Desire shall languish, like a withering flower:
Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,
And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Garden.

CASTALIO *lying on the Ground.*

Soft Music.

Cast. See, where the deer trot after one another:
No discontent they know; but in delightful
Wildness and freedom, pleasant springs, fresh herbage,
Calm harbours, lusty health and innocence,
Enjoy their portion:—if they see a man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the monster——
Once in a season too, they taste of love:
Only the beast of reason is its slave,
And in that folly drudges all the year.

Enter ACASTO.

Acast. Castalio! Castalio!
Cast. Who's there
So wretched but to name Castalio?
Acast. I hope my message may succeed.
Cast. My father!
'Tis joy to see you, though where sorrow's nourish'd.
Acast. Castalio, you must go along with me,
And see Monimia.
Cast. Sure my lord but mocks me:
Go see Monimia!

Acast. I say, no more dispute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.
Cast. Who has complain'd?
Acast. Her brother to my face proclaim'd her wrong'd;
And in such terms, they've warm'd me.
Cast. What terms? Her brother! Heav'n!
Where learnt he that?
What, does she send her hero with defiance?
He durst not, sure, affront you?
Acast. No, not much:
But——
Cast. Speak, what said he?
Acast. That thou wert a villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a villain.
Cast. Shame on the ill-manner'd brute!
Your age secured him; he durst not else have said so.
Acast. By my sword,
I would not see thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have pass'd my word she shall have justice.
Cast. Justice! to give her justice would undo her:
Think you this solitude I now have chosen,
Left joys, just op'ning to my sense, sought here
A place to curse my fate in, measured out
My grave at length, wish'd to have grown one piece
With this cold clay, and all without a cause?

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. Where is the hero, famous and renown'd
For wronging innocence, and breaking vows;
Whose mighty spirit, and whose stubborn heart,
No woman can appease, nor man provoke?
Acast. I guess, Chamont, you come to seek Castalio.

Cham. I come to seek the husband of Monimia.
Cast. The slave is here.
Cham. I thought ere now to have found you
Atoning for the ills you've done Chamont:
For you have wrong'd the dearest part of him.
Monimia, young lord, weeps in this heart;
And all the tears thy injuries have drawn
From her poor eyes, are drops of blood from hence.
Cast. Then you are Chamont?
Cham. Yes, and I hope no stranger
To great Castalio.
Cast. I've heard of such a man,
That has been very busy with my honour:
I own I'm much indebted to you, sir,
And here return the villain back again
You sent me by my father.
Cham. Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*
Acast. By this good sword, who first presumes to violence,
Makes me his foe! [*Draws and interposes.*
Cast. Sir, in my younger years with care you taught me,
That brave revenge was due to injured honour;
Oppose not then the justice of my sword,
Lest you should make me jealous of your love.
Cham. Into thy father's arms thou fly'st for safety,
Because thou know'st that place is sanctify'd
With the remembrance of an ancient friendship.
Cast. I am a villain, if I will not seek thee,
Till I may be revenged for all the wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful fair thou plead'st for.
Cham. She wrong'd thee! by that fury in my heart,
Thy father's honour's not above Monimia's;
Nor was thy mother's truth and virtue fairer.
Acast. Boy, don't disturb the ashes of the dead
With thy capricious follies; the remembrance
Of the loved creature that once fill'd these arms——

Cham. Has not been wrong'd.
Cast. It shall not.
Cham. No, nor shall
Monimia, though a helpless Orphan, destitute
Of friends and fortune, though th' unhappy sister
Of poor Chamont, whose sword is all his portion,
B' oppress'd by thee, thou proud, imperious traitor!
Cast. Ha! set me free.
Cham. Come both.
Cast. Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This opportunity to show your vanity,
Let's meet some other time, when by ourselves
We fairly may dispute our wrongs together.
Cham. Till then I am Castalio's friend. [*Exit.*
Acast. Would I'd been absent when this boist'rous brave
Came to disturb thee thus: I'm grieved I hinder'd
Thy just resentment——But Monimia——
Cast. Damn her.
Acast. Don't curse her.
Cast. Did I?
Acast. Yes.
Cast. I'm sorry for't.
Acast. Methinks, if, as I guess, the fault's but small,
It might be pardon'd.
Cast. No.
Acast. What has she done?
Cast. That she's my wife, may Heaven and you forgive me!
Acast. Be reconciled then.
Cast. No.
Acast. For my sake,
Castalio, and the quiet of my age.
Cast. Why will you urge a thing my nature starts at?
Acast. Pr'ythee forgive her.
Cast. Lightnings first shall blast me.

I tell you, were she prostrate at my feet,
Full of her sex's best dissembled sorrows,
And all that wondrous beauty of her own,
My heart might break, but it should never soften.

Enter FLORELLA.

Flor. My lord, where are you?
Oh, show me quickly where's Castalio!
Acast. Why, what's the business?
Flor. Oh, the poor Monimia!——
Cast. Ha!
Acast. What's the matter?
Flor. Hurry'd by despair,
She flies with fury over all the house;
Through every room of each apartment, crying,
"Where's my Castalio? Give me my Castalio!"
Except she sees you, sure she'll grow distracted!
Cast. Ha! will she? Does she name Castalio?
And with such tenderness? Conduct me quickly
To the poor, lovely mourner.
Acast. Then wilt thou go? Blessings attend thy purpose!
Cast. I cannot hear Monimia's soul's in sadness,
And be a man: my heart will not forget her.
Acast. Delay not then, but haste, and cheer thy love.
Cast. Oh! I will throw my impatient arms about her;
In her soft bosom sigh my soul to peace,
Till through the panting breast she finds the way
To mould my heart, and make it what she will.
mia! Oh! [*Exeunt*,

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. Stand off, and give me room;
I will not rest, till I have found Castalio,
My wishes' lord, comely as rising day,
Amidst ten thousand eminently known!
Flowers spring up where'er he treads, his eyes,
Fountains of brightness, cheering all about him!
When will they shine on me? Oh, stay, my soul!
I cannot die in peace, till I have seen him.

Enter CASTALIO.

Cast. Who talks of dying with a voice so sweet,
That life's in love with it?
Mon. Hark! 'tis he that answers.
Where art thou?
Cast. Here, my love.
Mon. No nearer, lest I vanish.
Cast. Have I been in a dream then all this while?
And art thou but the shadow of Monimia?
Why dost thou fly me thus?
Mon. Oh! were it possible that we could drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,
We might be happy.
Cast. Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
A fault, where humble love, like mine, implores thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way shall I court thee?
What shall I do to be enough thy slave,
And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?

I'll kneel to thee, and weep a flood before thee.
Yet pr'ythee, tyrant, break not quite my heart,
But when my task of penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with love.
Mon. If I am dumb, Castalio, and want words
To pay thee back this mighty tenderness,
It is because I look on thee with horror,
And cannot see the man I have so wrong'd.
Cast. Thou hast not wrong'd me.
Mon. Ah! alas, thou talk'st
Just as thy poor heart thinks: have not I wrong'd thee?
Cast. No.
Mon. Still thou wander'st in the dark, Castalio,
But wilt, ere long, stumble on horrid danger.
Cast. My better angel, then do thou inform me
What danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why did'st thou, (pr'ythee smile, and tell me why)
When I stood waiting underneath the window,
The dropping dews fell cold upon my head,
Darkness inclosed, and the winds whistled round me;
With which my mournful sighs made such sad music,
As might have moved the hardest heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my cries, and senseless of my pains?
Mon. Did I not beg thee to forbear enquiry?
Read'st thou not something in my face, that speaks
Wonderful change and horror, from within me?
Cast. Then there is something yet, which I've not known.
What dost thou mean by horror, and forbearance
Of more enquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me;
And don't betray me to a second madness.
Mon. Must I?
Cast. If, lab'ring in the pangs of death,
Thou would'st do any thing to give me ease,

Unfold this riddle, ere my thoughts grow wild,
And let in fears of ugly form upon me.
Mon. My heart won't let me speak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor Monimia, tells you this,
We ne'er must meet again——
Cast. Ne'er meet again!
Mon. No, never.
Cast. Where's the power
On earth, that dares not look like thee, and say so?
Thou art my heart's inheritance; I served
A long and faithful slavery for thee:
And who shall rob me of the dear-bought blessing?
Mon. Time will clear all; but now let this content you;
Heaven has decreed, and therefore I've resolved,
(With torment I must tell it thee, Castalio)
Ever to be a stranger to thy love,
In some far-distant country waste my life,
And from this day to see thy face no more.
Cast. Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest!
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already.
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd.
Wilt thou not turn?—Oh! could those eyes but speak,
I should know all, for love is pregnant in 'em;
They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking.
Mon. Ah! poor Castalio! [*Exit* MONIMIA.

Cast. What means all this? Why all this stir to plague
A single wretch? If but your word can shake
This world to atoms, why so much ado
With me? think me but dead, and lay me so.

Enter POLYDORE.

Pol. To live, and live a torment to myself,
What dog would bear't, that knew but his condition?
We've little knowledge, and that makes us cowards,
Because it cannot tell us what's to come.
Cast. Who's there?——
Pol. Why, what art thou?——
Cast. My brother Polydore?
Pol. My name is Polydore.
Cast. Canst thou inform me——
Pol. Of what?
Cast. Of my Monimia?
Pol. No Good day?
Cast. In haste!
Methinks my Polydore appears in sadness.
Pol. Indeed! and so to me does my Castalio.
Cast. Do I?
Pol. Thou dost.
Cast. Alas, I've wondrous reason;
I'm strangely alter'd, brother, since I saw thee.
Pol. Why?
Cast. Oh! to tell thee would but put thy heart
To pain! let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy neck; I would repose
Within thy friendly bosom all my follies;
For thou wilt pardon 'em, because they're mine.
Pol. Be not too credulous; consider first,
Friends may be false. Is there no friendship false?
Cast. Why dost thou ask me that? Does this appear

Like a false friendship, when, with open arms
And streaming eyes, I run upon thy breast?
Oh! 'tis in thee alone I must have comfort!
Pol. I fear, Castalio, I've none to give thee.
Cast. Dost thou not love me, then?
Pol. Oh, more than life:
I never had a thought of my Castalio,
Might wrong the friendship, we had vow'd together;
Hast thou dealt so by me?
Cast. I hope I have.
Pol. Then tell me why this mourning, this disorder?
Cast. O, Polydore, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue.
Pol. I grieve, my friend
Knows any thing which he's ashamed to tell me;
Or didst thou e'er conceal thy thoughts from Polydore?
Cast. Oh, much too oft;
But let me here conjure thee,
By all the kind affection of a brother,
(For I'm ashamed to call myself thy friend)
Forgive me.——
Pol. Well, go on.
Cast. Our destiny contrived
To plague us both with one unhappy love!
Thou, like a friend, a constant, gen'rous friend,
In its first pangs didst trust me with thy passion,
Whilst I still smooth'd my pain with smiles before thee,
And made a contract I ne'er meant to keep.
Pol. How!
Cast. Still new ways I studied to abuse thee,
And kept thee as a stranger to my passion,
Till yesterday I wedded with Monimia.
Pol. Ah, Castalio, was that well done?
Cast. No; to conceal't from thee was such a fault.

Pol. A fault! when thou hast heard
The tale I'll tell, what wilt thou call it then?
Cast. How my heart throbs!
Pol. First, for thy friendship, traitor,
I cancel't thus; after this day I'll ne'er
Hold trust or converse with the false Castalio!
This, witness Heaven!
Cast. What will my fate do with me?
I've lost all happiness, and know not why!
What means this, brother?
Pol. Perjured, treach'rous wretch!
Farewell!
Cast. I'll be thy slave, and thou shalt use me
Just as thou wilt, do but forgive me.
Pol. Never.
Cast. Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:
How, from our infancy, we hand in hand
Have trod the path of life in love together.
One bed has held us, and the same desires,
The same aversions, still employ'd our thoughts.
Whene'er had I a friend that was not Polydore's,
Or Polydore a foe that was not mine?
E'en in the womb w'embraced, and wilt thou now,
For the first fault, abandon and forsake me?
Leave me, amidst afflictions, to myself,
Plunged in the gulph of grief, and none to help me?
Pol. Go to Monimia; in her arms thou'lt find
Repose; she has the art of healing sorrows.
Cast. What arts?
Pol. Blind wretch! thou husband! there's a question!
Is she not a——
Cast. What!
Pol. Whore? I think that word needs no explaining.
Cast. Alas! I can forgive e'en this to thee.
But, let me tell thee, Polydore, I'm grieved

To find thee guilty of each low revenge,
To wrong that virtue, which thou could'st not ruin!
Pol. It seems, I lie, then!
Cast. Should the bravest man,
That e'er wore conqu'ring sword, but dare to whisper
What thou proclaim'st, he were the worst of liars:
My friend may be mistaken.
Pol. Damn the evasion!
Thou mean'st the worst! and he's a base-born villain
That said I lied!
Cast. Do draw thy sword, and thrust it through my heart;
There is no joy in life, if thou art lost.
A base-born villain!
Pol. Yes! thou never cam'st
From old Ascasto's loins: the midwife put
A cheat upon my mother; and, instead
Of a true brother, in the cradle by me
Placed some coarse peasant's cub, and thou art he!
Cast. Thou art my brother still.
Pol. Thou liest!
Cast. Nay, then! [*He draws.*
Yet I am calm.
Pol. A coward's always so.
Cast. Ah!—ah!—that stings home: Coward!
Pol. Ay, base-born coward! villain!
Cast. This to thy heart, then, though my mother bore thee!
[*They fight;* POLYDORE *drops his Sword, and runs on* CASTALIO'S.
Pol. Now my Castalio is again my friend.
Cast. What have I done! my sword is in thy breast.
Pol. So I would have it be, thou best of men,
Thou kindest brother, and thou truest friend!
Cast. Ye gods! we're taught, that all your works are justice:

Ye're painted merciful, and friends to innocence:
If so, then why these plagues upon my head?
Pol. Blame not the heav'ns: here lies my fate,
Castalio!
Th'are not the gods, 'tis Polydore has wrong'd thee:
I've stain'd thy bed; thy spotless marriage joys
Have been polluted by thy brother's lust.
Cast. By thee!
Pol. by me; last night the horrid deed
Was done, when all things slept but rage and incest.
Cast. Now where's Monimia? Oh!

Enter MONIMIA.

Mon. I'm here: who calls me?
Methought I heard a voice,
Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,
When all his little flock's at feed before him.
But what means this? here's blood!
Cast. Ay, brother's blood!
Art thou prepared for everlasting pains?
Pol. Oh! let me charge thee, by th' eternal Justice,
Hurt not her tender life!
Cast. Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye pow'rs above, with all your choicest torments,
Horror of mind, and pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise cruelty upon her,
And wreak revenge some way yet never known.
Mon. That task myself have finish'd: I shall die
Before we part: I've drunk a healing draught
For all my cares, and never more shall wrong thee.
Pol. Oh, she's innocent!
Cast. Tell me that story,
And thou wilt make a wretch of me indeed.
Pol. Had'st thou, Castalio, used me like a friend,
This ne'er had happen'd: had'st thou let me know
Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy:

But, ignorant of that,
Hearing th' appointment made, enraged to think
Thou had'st undone me in successful love,
I, in the dark, went and supplied thy place;
Whilst all the night, 'midst our triumphant joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceived Monimia,
Embraced, caress'd, and call'd me her Castalio.
[*Dies.*

Cast. And all this is the work of my own fortune!
None but myself could e'er have been so cursed!
My fatal love, alas! has ruin'd thee,
Thou fairest, goodliest frame the gods e'er made,
Or ever human eyes and hearts adored!
I've murder'd too my brother!
Why would'st thou study ways to damn me farther,
And force the sin of parricide upon me?

Mon. Now, my Castalio, the most dear of men,
Wilt thou receive pollution to thy bosom,
And close the eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

Cast. Oh, I'm the unhappy wretch, whose cursed fate
Has weigh'd thee down into destruction with him:
Why then thus kind to me?

Mon. When I'm laid low i' th' grave, and quite forgotten,
May'st thou be happy in a fairer bride!
But none can ever love thee like Monimia.
When I am dead, as presently I shall be,
(For the grim tyrant grasps my heart already)
Speak well of me: and, if you find ill tongues
Too busy with my fame, don't hear me wrong'd:
'Twill be a noble justice to the memory
Of a poor wretch, once honour'd with thy love.
[*Dies.*

Cast. If I survive thee! what a thought was that!
Thank Heav'n, I go prepared against that curse.

Enter CHAMONT *and* ACASTO.

Cham. Gape, earth, and swallow me to quick destruction,
If I forgive your house!
Ye've overpower'd me now!
But, hear me, Heav'n!—Ah! here's a scene of death!
My sister, my Monimia, breathless!——Now,
Ye pow'rs above, if ye have justice, strike!
Strike bolts through me, and through the cursed Castalio!

Cast. Stand off! thou hot-brain'd boist'rous noisy ruffian!
And leave me to my sorrows!

Cham. By the love
I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her;
But here remain, till my heart burst with sobbing.

Cast. Vanish, I charge thee! or——

[*Draws a Dagger.*

Cham. Thou canst not kill me!
That would be kindness, and against thy nature!

Acast. What means Castalio? Sure thou wilt not pull
More sorrows on thy aged father's head!

Cast. Thou, unkind Chamont,
Unjustly hast pursued me with thy hate,
And sought the life of him that never wrong'd thee.
Now, if thou wilt embrace a noble vengeance,
Come join with me, and curse——

Cham. What?

Cast. First thyself,
As I do, and the hour that gave thee birth.

Acast. Have patience.

Cast. Patience! preach it to the winds,
To roaring seas, or raging fires! the knaves,
That teach it, laugh at ye when ye believe them.
Strip me of all the common needs of life,

Scald me with leprosy, let friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but, cursed to the degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me patience:
Thus I find rest, and shall complain no more.
[*Stabs himself.*
Chamont, to thee my birthright I bequeath;—
Comfort my mourning father—heal his griefs;
[ACASTO *faints into the Arms of a* SERVANT.
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him——
And for Monimia's sake, whom thou wilt find
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor Serina——
Now all I beg is, lay me in one grave
Thus with my love——Farewell! I now am—nothing.
[*Dies.*

Cham. Take care of good Acasto, whilst I go
To search the means by which the fates have plagued us.
'Tis thus, that Heav'n its enemies does maintain:
It may afflict; but man must not complain.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

Jac. Then every one to your posts. You know your cues.

Ran. I warrant ye. [*Exeunt* GENTLEMEN.

Clar. All gone! I am glad of it; for I want to speak to you.

Jac. And I, my dear Clarinda, have something which I do not know how to tell you. but it must be known sooner or later.

Clar. What's the matter?

Jac. Poor Mr. Frankly——

Clar. You fright me out of my senses!

Jac. Has no wounds but what you can cure.—Ha! ha! ha!

Clar. Pshaw! I am angry.

Jac. Pshaw! you are pleased! and will be more so when I tell you, this man, whom fortune has thrown in your way, is, in rank and temper, the man in the world who suits you best for a husband.

Clar. Husband! I say, husband, indeed!—Where will this end? [*Aside.*

Jac. His very soul is yours, and he only waits an opportunity of telling you so. He is in the next room. Shall I call him in?

Clar. My dear girl, hold!

Jac. How foolish is this coyness, now, Clarinda! If the men were here, indeed, something might be said.—And so Mr. Frankly——

Clar. How can you be so teasing?

Jac. Nay, I am in downright earnest: and, to show how particular I have been in my inquiries, his fortune is——

Clar. I don't care what his fortune is.

Jac. Don't you so? Then you are farther gone than I thought you were.

Clar. No, pshaw! pr'ythee! I don't mean so neither.

Jack. I don't care what you mean: but you won't like him the worse, I hope, for having a fortune superior to your own. Now shall I call him in?

Clar. Pho, dear girl—Some other time.

Jac. [*Raps with her Fan.*] That's the signal, and here he is. You shall not stir: I positively will leave you together. [*Exit* JACINTHA.

Clar. I tremble all over.

Enter FRANKLY.

Frank. Pardon this freedom, madam: but I hope our having so luckily met with a common friend in Mrs. Bellamy.—

Clar. Sir!

Frank. Makes any farther apology for my behaviour last night absolutely unnecessary.

Clar. So far, Mr. Frankly, that I think the apology should be rather on my side, for the impertinent bustle I made about her.

Frank. This behaviour gives me hopes, madam: but from the little bustle you made about the lady, may I not hope you was not quite indifferent about the gentleman?

Clar. Have a care of being too sanguine in your hopes: might not a love of power, or the satisfaction of showing that power, or the dear pleasure of abusing that power; might not these have been foundation enough for more than what I did?

Frank. Charming woman! With most of your sex, I grant they might; but not with you. Whatever power your beauty gives, your good nature will allow you no other use of it than to oblige.

Clar. This is the height of compliment, Mr. Frankly.

Frank. Not in my opinion, I assure you, madam; and I am now going to put it to the trial.

Clar. What is he going to say now? [*Aside.*

Frank. What is it that ails me, that I cannot speak? P'shaw! be here! [*Aside.*

Enter RANGER.

Interrupted! Impertinent!

Ran. There is no sight so ridiculous as a pair of your true lovers. Here are you two now, bowing and cringing, and keeping a passion secret from one another, that is no secret to all the house beside.—And if you don't make the matter up immediately, it will be all over the town within these two hours.

Clar. What do you mean?

Frank. Ranger—

Ran. Do you be quiet, can't ye? [*Aside.*] But it is over, I suppose, cousin, and you have given him your consent?

Clar. Sir, the liberties you are pleased to take with me—

Ran. Oh! in your airs still, are you? Why then, Mr. Frankly, there is a certain letter of yours, sir, to this lady——

Clar. A letter to me!

Ran. Ay! to you, madam.

Frank. Ha! what of that letter?

Ran. It is only fallen into Mr. Strictland's hands, that is all; and he has read it.

Frank. Read it!

Ran. Ay, read it to all his family at home, and to all the company below: and if some stop be not put to it, it will be read in all the coffee-houses in town.

Frank. A stop! this sword shall put a stop to it, or I will perish in the attempt.

Ran. But will that sword put a stop to the talk of the town?—Only make it talk the faster, take my word for it.

Clar. This is all a trick.

Ran. A trick? Is it so? you shall soon see that, my fine cousin. [*Exit* RANGER.

Frank. It is but too true, I fear. There is such a letter, which I gave Lucetta. Can you forgive me?

Was I much to blame, when I could neither see, nor hear of you?

Clar. [*Tenderly.*] You give yourself, Mr. Frankly, a thousand more uneasinesses than you need about me.

Frank. If this uneasiness but convinces you how much I love you——Interrupted again!

Clar. This is downright malice! [*Aside.*

Enter RANGER, *followed by* JACINTHA, MR. STRICTLAND, BELLAMY *and* MEGGOT.

Ran. Enter, enter, gentleman and lady. Now you shall see whether this is a trick or no.

Clar. Mr. Strictland here! What is all this?

Jac. Do not be uneasy, my dear; we will explain it to you.

Frank. I cannot bear this trifling, Ranger, when my heart is on the rack.

Ran. Come this way then, and learn.

[JACINTHA, CLARINDA, FRANKLY, *and* RANGER, *retire.*

MR. STRICTLAND, BELLAMY, *and* MEGGOT, *advance.*

Strict. Why, I know not well what to say. This has a face. This letter may as well agree with Clarinda, as with my wife, as you have told the story; and Lucetta explained it so: but she, for a sixpenny piece, would have construed it the other way.

Meg. But, sir, if we produce this Mr. Frankly to you, and he owns himself the author of this letter—

Bel. And if Clarinda likewise be brought before your face, to encourage his addresses, there can be no farther room for doubt.

Strict. No. Let that appear, and I shall—I think I shall be satisfied.—But yet it cannot be——

Bel. Why not?—Hear me, sir. [*They talk.*

JACINTHA, CLARINDA, FRANKLY, *and* RANGER, *advance.*

Jac. In short, Clarinda, unless the affair is made up directly, a separation, with all the obloquy on her side, must be the consequence.

Clar. Poor Mrs. Strictland! I pity her: but for him, he deserves all he feels, were it ten times what it is.

Jac. It is for her sake only, that we beg of you both to bear his impertinence.

Clar. With all my heart. You will do what you please with me.

Frank. Generous creature!

Strict. Ha! here she is, and with her the very man I saw deliver the letter to Lucetta. I do begin to fear I have made myself a fool. Now for the proof. Here is a letter, sir, which has given me great disturbance; and these gentlemen assure me it was writ by you.

Frank. That letter, sir, upon my honour, I left this morning with Lucetta, for this lady.

Strict. For that lady! and Frankly, the name at the bottom, is not feigned, but your real name?

Frank. Frankly is my name.

Strict. I see, I feel myself ridiculous.

Jac. Now, Mr. Strictland, I hope——

Meg. Ay, ay; a clear case.

Enter BUCKLE, *and whispers* JACINTHA, *who goes out.*

Strict. I will go this instant to Mrs. Strictland.—I am satisfied.

Ran. Why then, the devil fetch me, if this would satisfy me.

Strict. What's that?

Ran. Nay, nothing: it is no affair of mine.

Bel. What do you mean, Ranger?

Strict. Ay, what do you mean? I will know before I stir.

Ran. With all my heart, sir. Cannot you see that all this may be a concerted matter between them?

Frank. Ranger, you know I can resent.

Strict. Go on: I will defend you, let who will resent it.

Ran. Why, then, sir, I declare myself your friend; and were I as you, nothing but their immediate marriage should convince me.

Strict. Sir, you're right, and are my friend, indeed. Give me your hand.

Ran. Nay, were I to hear her say—I, Clarinda take thee, Charles, I would not believe them, till I saw them a-bed together. Now, resent it as you will.

Strict. Ay, sir, as you will: but nothing less shall convince me; and so, my fine lady, if you are in earnest——

Clar. Sure, Mr. Strictland——

Strict. Nay, no flouncing; you cannot escape.

Ran. Why, Frankly, hast no soul?

Frank. I pity her confusion.

Ran. Pity her confusion!—the man's a fool—Here, take her hand.

Frank. Thus, on my knees, then, let me ravish, with your hand, your heart.

Clar. Ravish it you cannot; for it is with all my heart I give it you.

Strict. I am satisfied.

Clar. And so am I, now it is once over.

Ran. And so am I, my dainty cousin; and I wish you joy of a man your whole sex would go to cuffs for, if they knew him but half so well as I do—Ha! she here; this is more than I bargained for! [*Aside.*

JACINTHA *leads in* MRS. STRICTLAND.

Strict. [*Embracing* MRS. STRICTLAND.] Madam,

reproach me not with my folly, and you shall never hear of it again.

Mrs. Strict. Reproach you! no! if ever you hear the least reflection pass my lips, forsake me in that instant; or, what would yet be worse, suspect again.

Strict. It is enough. I am ashamed to talk to thee. This letter, which I wrote to your brother, thus I tear in pieces, and with it part for ever with my jealousy.

Mrs. Strict. This is a joy, indeed! as great as unexpected: yet there is one thing wanting to make it lasting.

Ran. What the devil is coming now? [*Aside.*

Mrs. Strict. Be assured, every other suspicion of me was as unjust as your last: though, perhaps, you had more foundations for your fears.

Ran. She won't tell, sure, for her own sake! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Strict. All must be cleared before my heart will be at ease.

Ran. It looks plaguy like it, though! [*Aside.*

Strict. What mean you? I am all attention.

Mrs. Strict. There was a man, as you suspected, in my chamber last night.

Strict. Ha! take care, I shall relapse.

Mrs. Strict. That gentleman was he——

Ran. Here is a devil for you! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Strict. Let him explain the rest.

Ran. A frolic, a mere frolic, on my life!

Strict. A frolic! Zounds! [*They interpose.*

Ran. Nay, don't let us quarrel the very moment you declared yourself my friend. There was no harm done, I promise you.—Nay, never frown.—After I have told my story, any satisfaction you are pleased to ask, I shall be ready to give.

Strict. Be quick then, and ease me of my pain.

Ran. Why then, as I was strolling about last night, —upon the look out, I must confess—chance, and chance only, conveyed me to your house; where I

espied a ladder of ropes most invitingly fastened to the window.

Jac. Which ladder I had fastened for my escape.

Strict. Proceed.

Ran. Up mounted I; and up I should have gone if it had been in the garret—it's all one to Ranger. I opened one door, then another; and, to my great surprise, the whole house was silent; at last, I stole into a room where this lady was undressing.

Strict. 'Sdeath and the devil! you did not dare, sure—

Ran. I don't know whether I had dared, or no, if I had not heard the maid say something of her master's being jealous. Oh, damme, thought I, then the work is half done to my hands.—The maid grew saucy, and, most conveniently to my wishes, was turned out of the room; and if you had not the best wife in the world——

Strict. 'Ounds, sir, but what right have you—

Ran. What right, sir? if you will be jealous of your wife without a cause; if you will be out at that time of night, when you might have been so much better employed at home; we young fellows think we have a right—

Strict. No joking, I beseech you; you know what I feel.

Ran. Then seriously, I was mad, or drunk enough, call it which you will, to be very rude to this lady, for which, I ask both her pardon and yours. I am an odd sort of a fellow, perhaps; but I am above telling you, or any man, a lie—damme, if I am not.

Strict. I must, I cannot but believe you; and for the future, madam, you shall find a heart ready to love and trust you. No tears, I beg; I cannot bear them.

Mrs. Strict. I cannot speak; and yet there is a favour, sir—

Strict. I understand you; and, as a proof of the sincerity with which I speak, I beg it as a favour of this lady in particular [*To* CLARINDA], and of all the company in general, to return to my house immediately, where every thing, Mr. Bellamy, shall be settled to your entire satisfaction. No thanks; I have not deserved them.

Ran. Why, this is honest; continue but in this humour, and 'faith, sir, you may trust me to run about your house like a spaniel. I cannot sufficiently admire at the whimsicalness of my good fortune, in being so instrumental to this general happiness. Bellamy, Frankly, I wish you joy with all my heart. Never did matrimony appear to me with a smile upon her face till this instant.

Sure joys, for ever, wait each happy pair,
When sense the man, and virtue crowns the fair;
And kind compliance proves their mutual care.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

THE

CONSTANT COUPLE;

OR

A TRIP TO THE JUBILEE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GEORGE FARQUHAR, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

George Farquhar, the author of this comedy, was the son of a clergyman in the north of Ireland. He was born in the year 1678, discovered an early taste for literature, and wrote poetic stanzas at ten years of age.

In 1694 he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, and there made such progress in his studies as to acquire considerable reputation. But he was volatile and poor—the first misfortune led him to expense; the second, to devise means how to support extravagance.

The theatre has peculiar charms for men of letters. Whether as a subject of admiration or animadversion, it is still a source of high amusement; and here Farquhar fixed his choice of a profession, in the united expectations of pleasure and of profit—he appeared on the stage as an actor, and was disappointed of both.

The author of this licentious comedy is said to have possessed the advantages of person, manners, and elocution, to qualify him for an actor; but that he could never overcome his natural timidity. Courage is a whimsical virtue. It acts upon one man so as to

make him expose his whole body to danger, whilst he dares not venture into the slightest peril one sentiment of his mind. Such is often the soldier's valour. —Another trembles to expose his person either to a wound or to the eye of criticism, and yet will dare to publish every thought that ever found entrance into his imagination. Such is often the valour of a poet.

Farquhar, abashed on exhibiting his person upon the stage, sent boldly thither his most indecorous thoughts, and was rewarded for his audacity.

In the year 1700 he brought out this comedy of "The Constant Couple; or, A Trip to the Jubilee." It was then the Jubilee year at Rome, and the author took advantage of that occurrence to render the title of his drama popular; for which cause alone it must be supposed he made any thing in his play refer to that festival, as no one material point is in any shape connected with it.

At the time Farquhar was a performer, a sincere friendship was formed between him and Wilks, the celebrated fine gentleman of the stage—for him, Farquhar wrote the character of Sir Harry Wildair; and Wilks, by the very admirable manner in which he supported the part, divided with the author those honours which the first appearrnce of the work obtained him.

As a proof that this famed actor's abilities, in the representation of the fine gentlemen of his day, were not over-rated, no actor, since he quitted the stage, has been wholly successful in the performance of this character; and, from Wilks down to the present time,

the part has only been supported with celebrity by women.

The noted Mrs Woffington was highly extolled in Sir Harry; and Mrs Jordan has been no less admired and attractive.

But it must be considered as a disgrace to the memory of the men of fashion, of the period in which Wildair was brought on the stage, that he has ever since been justly personated, by no other than the female sex. In this particular, at least, the present race of fashionable beaux cannot be said to have degenerated; for, happily, they can be represented by men.

The love story of Standard and Lurewell in this play, is interesting to the reader, though, in action, an audience scarcely think of either of them; or of any one in the drama, with whom the hero is not positively concerned. Yet these two lovers, it would seem, love with all the usual ardour and constancy of gallants and mistresses in plays and novels—unfortunately with the same short memories too! Authors, and some who do not generally deal in wonders, often make persons, the most tenderly attached to each other, so easily forget the shape, the air, the every feature of the dear beloved, as to pass, after a few years separation, whole days together, without the least conjecture that each is the very object of the other's search! Whilst all this surprising forgetfulness possesses them, as to the figure, face, and mind of him or her whom they still adore, show either of them but a ring, a bracelet, a mole, a scar, and here remembrance instantly occupies its place, and both are

immediately inspired with every sensation which first testified their mutual passion. Still the sober critic must arraign the strength of this love with the shortness of its recollection; and charge the renewal of affection for objects that no longer appear the same, to fickleness rather than to constancy.

The biographers of Farquhar, who differ in some articles concerning him, all agree that he was married, in the year 1704, to a lady, who was so violently in love with him, that, despairing to win him by her own attractions, she contrived a vast scheme of imposition, by which she allured him into wedlock, with the full conviction that he had married a woman of immense fortune.

The same biographers all bestow the highest praise upon poor Farquhar for having treated this wife with kindness; humanely forgiving the fault which had deprived him of that liberty he was known peculiarly to prize, and reduced him to the utmost poverty, in order to support her and her children.

This woman, whose pretended love was of such fatal import to its object, not long enjoyed her selfish happiness—her husband's health gradually declined, and he died four years after his marriage. It is related that he met death with fortitude and cheerfulness. He could scarcely do otherwise, when life had become a burden to him. He had, however, some objects of affection to leave behind, as appears by the following letter, which he wrote a few days before his decease, and directed to his friend Wilks:—

"DEAR BOB,

"I have not any thing to leave you to perpetuate my memory, except two helpless girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last moment of his life, thine,

"GEORGE FARQUHAR."

Wilks protected the children—their mother died in extreme indigence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY-LANE.	COVENT-GARDEN.
SIR HARRY WILDAIR	*Mr Elliston.*	*Mr Lewis.*
ALDERM. SMUGGLER	*Mr Dowton.*	*Mr Quick.*
COLONEL STANDARD	*Mr Barrymore.*	*Mr Farren.*
CLINCHER, JUN.	*Mr Collins.*	*Mr Blanchard.*
BEAU CLINCHER	*Mr Bannister.*	*Mr Cubit.*
VIZARD	*Mr Holland.*	*Mr Macready.*
TOM ERRAND	*Mr Wewitzer.*	*Mr Powell.*
DICKY	*Mr Purser.*	*Mr Simmons.*
CONSTABLE	*Mr Maddocks.*	*Mr Thompson.*
SERVANTS	*Mr Fisher, &c.*	
LADY LUREWELL	*Mrs Powell.*	*Miss Chapman.*
LADY DARLING	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Miss Platt.*
ANGELICA	*Miss Mellon.*	*Mrs Mountain*
PARLY	*Mrs Scott.*	*Miss Stewart.*
TOM ERRAND'S WIFE	*Mrs Maddocks.*	

SCENE—London.

THE

CONSTANT COUPLE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Park.

Enter VIZARD *with a Letter, his Servant following.*

Vizard. Angelica send it back unopened! say you?

Serv. All you see, sir.

Vizard. The pride of these virtuous women is more insufferable than the immodesty of prostitutes—After all my encouragement, to slight me thus!

Serv. She said, sir, that, imagining your morals sincere, she gave you access to her conversation; but that your late behaviour in her company has convinced her that your love and religion are both hypocrisy, and that she believes your letter, like yourself, fair on the outside, and foul within; so sent it back unopened.

Vizard. May obstinacy guard her beauty till wrinkles bury it.—I'll be revenged the very first opportunity.——Saw you the old lady Darling, her mother?

Serv. Yes, sir, and she was pleased to say much in your commendation.

Vizard. That's my cue——An esteem grafted in old age is hardly rooted out; years stiffen their opinions with their bodies, and old zeal is only to be cozened by young hypocrisy. [*Aside.*] Run to the lady Lurewell's, and know of her maid whether her ladyship will be at home this evening. Her beauty is sufficient cure for Angelica's scorn.

[*Exit* SERVANT. VIZARD *pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.*

Enter SMUGGLER.

Smug. Ay, there's a pattern for the young men o' th' times; at his meditation so early; some book of pious ejaculations, I'm sure.

Vizard. This Hobbes is an excellent fellow! [*Aside.*] Oh, uncle Smuggler! To find you at this end o' th' town is a miracle.

Smug. I have seen a miracle this morning indeed, cousin Vizard.

Vizard. What is it, pray, sir?

Smug. A man at his devotion so near the court—I'm very glad, boy, that you keep your sanctity untainted in this infectious place; the very air of this park is heathenish, and every man's breath I meet scents of atheism.

Vizard. Surely, sir, some great concern must bring you to this unsanctified end of the town.

Smug. A very unsanctified concern, truly, cousin.

Vizard. What is it?

Smug. A lawsuit, boy—Shall I tell you?—My ship, the Swan, is newly arrived from St Sebastian, laden with Portugal wines: now the impudent rogue of a tide-waiter has the face to affirm it is French wines in Spanish casks, and has indicted me upon the statute——Oh, conscience! conscience! these tide-waiters and surveyors plague us more than the war—Ay, there's another plague of the nation—

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

A red coat and cockade.

Vizard. Colonel Standard, I'm your humble servant.

Colonel S. May be not, sir.

Vizard. Why so?

Colonel S. Because——I'm disbanded.

Vizard. How! Broke?

Colonel S. This very morning, in Hyde-Park, my brave regiment, a thousand men, that looked like lions yesterday, were scattered, and looked as poor and simple as the herd of deer that grazed beside them.

Smug. Tal, al deral. [*Singing.*] I'll have a bonfire this night as high as the monument.

Colonel S. A bonfire! Thou dry, withered, ill-nature; had not those brave fellows' swords defended you, your house had been a bonfire ere this, about your ears?——Did we not venture our lives, sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your lives, sir?—Venture your lives! I'm sure we ventured our money, and that's life and soul to me.——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Colonel S. Then your wives shall, old Actæon. There are five-and-thirty strapping officers gone this morning to live upon free quarter in the city.

Smug. Oh, lord! oh, lord! I shall have a son within these nine months, born with a leading staff in his hand——Sir, you are——

Colonel S. What, sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that you are——

Colonel S. What, sir?

Smug. Disbanded, sir, that's all——I see my lawyer yonder. [*Exit.*

Vizard. Sir, I'm very sorry for your misfortune.

Colonel S. Why so? I don't come to borrow money of you; if you're my friend, meet me this evening at the Rummer; I'll pay my foy, drink a health to my

king, prosperity to my country, and away for Hungary to-morrow morning.

Vizard. What! you won't leave us?

Colonel S. What! a soldier stay here, to look like an old pair of colours in Westminster Hall, ragged and rusty! No, no——I met yesterday a broken lieutenant, he was ashamed to own that he wanted a dinner, but wanted to borrow eighteen-pence of me to buy a new scabbard for his sword.

Vizard. Oh, but you have good friends, colonel!

Colonel S. Oh, very good friends! My father's a lord, and my elder brother, a beau; mighty good indeed!

Vizard. But your country may, perhaps, want your sword again.

Colonel S. Nay, for that matter, let but a single drum beat up for volunteers between Ludgate and Charing Cross, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the walls of Buda.

Vizard. Come, come, colonel, there are ways of making your fortune at home—Make your addresses to the fair; you're a man of honour and courage.

Colonel S. Ay, my courage is like to do me wondrous service with the fair. This pretty cross cut over my eye will attract a duchess—I warrant 'twill be a mighty grace to my ogling—Had I used the stratagem of a certain brother colonel of mine, I might succeed.

Vizard. What was it, pray?

Colonel S. Why, to save his pretty face for the women, he always turned his back upon the enemy.—He was a man of honour for the ladies.

Vizard. Come, come, he loves of Mars and Venus will never fail; you must get a mistress.

Colonel S. Pr'ythee, no more on't—You have awakened a thought, from which, and the kingdom, I would have stolen away at once.——To be plain, I have a mistress.

Vizard. And she is cruel?

Colonel S. No.

Vizard. Her parents prevent your happiness?

Colonel S. Not that.

Vizard. Then she has no fortune?

Colonel S. A large one. Beauty to tempt all mankind, and virtue to beat off their assaults. Oh, Vizard! such a creature!

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR, *crosses the Stage singing, with* FOOTMEN *after him.*

Hey-day! who the devil have we here?

Vizard. The joy of the playhouse, and life of the Park; Sir Harry Wildair newly come from Paris.

Colonel S. Sir Harry Wildair! Did not he go a volunteer some three or four years ago?

Vizard. The same.

Colonel S. Why, he behaved himself very bravely.

Vizard. Why not? Dost think bravery and gaiety are inconsistent? He's a gentleman of most happy circumstances, born to a plentiful estate; has had a genteel and easy education, free from the rigidness of teachers and pedantry of schools. His florid constitution being never ruffled by misfortune, nor stinted in its pleasures, has rendered him entertaining to others, and easy to himself. Turning all passion into gaiety of humour, by which he chuses rather to rejoice with his friends, than be hated by any; as you shall see.

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Sir H. Ha, Vizard!

Vizard. Sir Harry!

Sir H. Who thought to find you out of the Rubric so long? I thought thy hypocrisy had been wedded to a pulpit-cushion long ago.—Sir, if I mistake not your face, your name is Standard?

Colonel S. Sir Harry, I'm your humble servant.

Sir H. Come, gentlemen, the news, the news o' th' town, for I'm just arrived.

Vizard. Why, in the city end o' th' town we're playing the knave, to get estates.

Colonel S. And in the court end playing the fool, in spending them.

Sir H. Just so in Paris. I'm glad we're grown so modish.

Vizard. We are so reformed, that gallantry is taken for vice.

Colonel S. And hypocrisy for religion.

Sir H. A-la-mode de Paris again.

Vizard. Nothing like an oath in the city.

Colonel S. That's a mistake; for my major swore a hundred and fifty last night to a merchant's wife in her best chamber.

Sir H. Pshaw! this is trifling; tell me news, gentlemen. What lord has lately broke his fortune at the clubs, or his heart at Newmarket, for the loss of a race? What wife has been lately suing in Doctor's-Commons for alimony: or what daughter run away with her father's valet? What beau gave the noblest ball at Bath, or had the gayest equipage in town? I want news, gentlemen.

Colonel S. 'Faith, sir, these are no news at all.

Vizard. But pray, Sir Harry, tell us some news of your travels.

Sir H. With all my heart.—You must know, then, I went over to Amsterdam in a Dutch ship. I went from thence to Landen, where I was heartily drubbed in battle, with the butt end of a Swiss musket. I thence went to Paris, where I had half a dozen intrigues, bought half a dozen new suits, fought a couple of duels, and here I am again *in statu quo.*

Vizard. But we heard that you designed to make the tour of Italy: what brought you back so soon?

Sir H. That which brought you into this world, and may perhaps carry you out of it,—a woman.

Colonel S. What! quit the pleasures of travel for a woman?

Sir H. Ay, colonel, for such a woman! I had rather see her *ruelle* than the palace of Louis Le Grand. There's more glory in her smile, than in the jubilee at Rome! and I would rather kiss her hand than the Pope's toe.

Vizard. You, colonel, have been very lavish in the beauty and virtue of your mistress; and Sir Harry here has been no less eloquent in the praise of his. Now will I lay you both ten guineas a-piece that neither of them is so pretty, so witty, or so virtuous as mine.

Colonel S. 'Tis done.

Sir H. I'll double the stakes—But, gentlemen, now I think on't, how shall we be resolved? For I know not where my mistress may be found; she left Paris about a month before me, and I had an account——

Colonel S. How, sir! left Paris about a month before you?

Sir H. Yes, sir, and I had an account that she lodged somewhere in St James's.

Vizard How! somewhere in St James's say you?

Sir H. Ay, sir, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this fortnight.

Colonel S. Her name, pray, Sir Harry?

Vizard. Ay, ay, her name; perhaps, we know her.

Sir H. Her name! Ay, she has the softest, whitest hand that ever was made of flesh and blood; her lips so balmy sweet——

Colonel S. But her name, sir?

Sir H. Then her neck and——

Vizard. But her name, sir? her quality?

Sir H. Then her shape, colonel!

Colonel S. But her name I want, sir.

Sir H. Then her eyes, Vizard!

Colonel S. Pshaw, Sir Harry! her name or nothing!

Sir H. Then if you must have it, she's called the

Lady——But then her foot, gentlemen! she dance to a miracle. Vizard, you have certainly lost your wager.

Vizard. Why, you have certainly lost your senses; we shall never discover the picture unless you subscribe the name.

Sir H. Then her name is Lurewell.

Colonel S. 'Sdeath! my mistress! [*Aside.*

Vizard. My mistress, by Jupiter! [*Aside.*

Sir H. Do you know her, gentlemen?

Colonel S. I have seen her, sir.

Sir H. Canst tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear colonel.

Colonel S. Your humble servant, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Nay, hold, colonel; I'll follow you, and will know——[*Runs out.*

Vizard. The lady Lurewell his mistress! He loves her; but she loves me.——But he's a baronet, and I plain Vizard; he has a coach, and I walk on foot; I was bred in London, and he in Paris.——That very circumstance has murdered me——Then some stratagem must be laid to divert his pretensions.

Enter WILDAIR.

Sir H. Pr'ythee, Dick, what makes the colonel so out of humour?

Vizard. Because he's out of pay, I suppose.

Sir H. 'Slife, that's true! I was beginning to mistrust some rivalship in the case.

Vizard. And suppose there were, you know the colonel can fight, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Fight! Pshaw—but he cannot dance, ha!—We contend for a woman, Vizard. 'Slife man, if ladies were to be gained by sword and pistol only, what the devil should all we beaux do?

Vizard. I'll try him farther. [*Aside.*] But would not you, Sir Harry, fight for this woman you so much admire?

Sir H. Fight! Let me consider. I love her—— that's true;——but then I love honest Sir Harry Wildair better. The lady Lurewell is divinely charming——right——but then a thrust i' the guts, or a Middlesex jury, is as ugly as the devil.

Vizard. Ay, Sir Harry, 'twere a dangerous cast for a beau baronet to be tried by a parcel of greasy, grumbling, bantering boobies, who would hang you, purely because you're a gentleman.

Sir H. Ay, but, on t'other hand, I have money enough to bribe the rogues with: so, upon mature deliberation, I would fight for her. But no more of her. Pr'ythee, Vizard, cannot you recommend a friend to a pretty mistress by the bye, till I can find my own? You have store, I'm sure; you cunning poaching dogs make surer game, than we that hunt open and fair. Pr'ythee now, good Vizard.

Vizard. Let me consider a little.—Now love and revenge inspire my politics! [*Aside.*

[*Pauses whilst* SIR HARRY *walks, singing.*

Sir H. Pshaw! thou'rt longer studying for a new mistress, than a waiter would be in drawing fifty corks.

Vizard. I design you good wine; you'll therefore bear a little expectation.

Sir H. Ha! say'st thou, dear Vizard?

Vizard. A girl of nineteen, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Now nineteen thousand blessings light on thee!

Vizard. Pretty and witty.

Sir H. Ay, ay, but her name, Vizard!

Vizard. Her name! yes—she has the softest, whitest hand that e'er was made of flesh and blood; her lips so balmy sweet——

Sir H. Well, well, but where shall I find her, man?

Vizard. Find her!—but then her foot, Sir Harry—she dances to a miracle.

Sir H. Pr'ythee, don't distract me.

Vizard. Well then, you must know, that this lady is the greatest beauty in town; her name's Angelica: she that passes for her mother is a private bawd and called the lady Darling: she goes for a baronet's lady, (no disparagement to your honour, Sir Harry) I assure you.

Sir H. Pshaw, hang my honour! but what street, what house?

Vizard. Not so fast, Sir Harry; you must have my passport for your admittance, and you'll find my recommendation in a line or two will procure you very civil entertainment; I suppose twenty or thirty pieces handsomely placed will gain the point.

Sir H. Thou dearest friend to a man in necessity! Here, sirrah, order my carriage about to St James's; I'll walk across the Park. [*To his* SERVANT.

Enter CLINCHER SENIOR.

Clinch. Here, sirrah, order my coach about to St James's, I'll walk across the Park too—Mr Vizard, your most devoted—Sir, [*To* WILDAIR.] I admire the mode of your shoulder-knot; methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an air of travel in it: your sword-knot too is most ornamentally modish, and bears a foreign mien. Gentlemen, my brother is just arrived in town; so that, being upon the wing to kiss his hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt departure of, gentlemen, your most devoted, and most faithful humble servant. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Pr'ythee, dost know him?

Vizard. Know him! why, it is Clincher, who was apprentice to my uncle Smuggler, the merchant in the city.

Sir H. What makes him so gay?

Vizard. Why, he's in mourning.

Sir H. In mourning?

Vizard. Yes, for his father. The kind old man in Hertfordshire t'other day broke his neck a fox-hunt-

ing the son, upon the news, has broke his indentures; whipped from behind the counter into the side-box. He keeps his coach and liveries, brace of geldings, cast of mistresses, talks of nothing but wines, intrigues, plays, fashions, and going to the jubilee.

Sir H. Ha! ha! ha! how many pounds of pulvil must the fellow use in sweetening himself from the smell of hops and tobacco! Faugh!—I' my conscience methought, like Olivia's lover, he stunk of Thames-Street But now for Angelica, that's her name: we'll to the prince's chocolate-house, where you shall write my passport. *Allons.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LADY LUREWELL'S *Lodgings.*

Enter LADY LUREWELL, *and her Maid* PARLY.

Lady L. Parly, my pocket-book—let me see—Madrid, Paris, Venice, London!—Ay, London! They may talk what they will of the hot countries, but I find love most fruitful under this climate——In a month's space have I gained—let me see, *imprimis*, Colonel Standard.

Parly. And how will your ladyship manage him?

Lady L. As all soldiers should be managed: he shall serve me till I gain my ends, then I'll disband him.

Parly But he loves you, madam.

Lady L. Therefore I scorn him;
I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do;
Would his whole deluding sex admired me,

Thus would I slight them all.
My virgin and unwary innocence
Was wrong'd by faithless man;
But now, glance eyes, plot brain, disemble face,
Lie tongue, and
Plague the treacherous kind.——
Let me survey my captives.——
The colonel leads the van; next, Mr Vizard,
He courts me out of the "Practice of Piety,"
Therefore is a hypocrite;
Then Clincher, he adores me with orangerie,
And is consequently a fool;
Then my old merchant, Alderman Smuggler,
He's a compound of both:—out of which medley of lovers, if I don't make good diversion——What d'ye think, Parly?

Parly. I think, madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your service, if you teach me all those tricks that you use to your lovers.

Lady L. You're a fool, child; observe this, that though a woman swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, backbite, be proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if she secures the main chance, she's still virtuous; that's a maxim.

Parly. I can't be persuaded, though, madam, but that you really loved Sir Harry Wildair in Paris.

Lady L. Of all the lovers I ever had, he was my greatest plague, for I could never make him uneasy: I left him involved in a duel upon my account: I long to know whether the fop be killed or not.

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

Oh lord! no sooner talk of killing, but the soldier is conjured up. You're upon hard duty, colonel, to serve your king, your country, and a mistress too.

Colonel S. The latter, I must confess, is the hardest; for in war, madam, we can be relieved in our duty

but in love, he who would take our post is our enemy; ere all upon in glory is ran-porting, but rivals here intolerable

Lady L. Those that bear away the prize in arms, should wast the same success in love; and, I think, considering the weakness of our sex, we should make those our companions who can be our champions.

Colonel S. I once, madam, hoped the honour of defending you from all injuries, through a title to your lovely person but now my love must attend my fortune. My commission, madam, was my passport to the fair; adding a nobleness to my passion, it stamped a value on my love; 'twas once the life of honour, but now its winding sheet: and with it must my love be buried.

Parly. What? disbanded, colonel?

Colonel S. Yes, Mrs Parly.

Parly. Faugh, the nauseous fellow! he stinks of poverty already. [*Aside.*

Lady L. His misfortune troubles me, because it may prevent my designs. [*Aside.*

Colonel S. I'll chuse, madam, rather to destroy my passion by absence abroad, than have it starved at home

Lady L. I'm sorry, sir, you have so mean an opinion of my affection, as to imagine it founded upon your fortune. And, to convince you of your mistake, here I vow, by all that's sacred, I own the same affection now as before. Let it suffice, my fortune is considerable.

Colonel S. No, madam, no; I'll never be a charge to her I love! The man that sells himself for gold, is the worst of prostitutes.

Lady L. Now, were he any other creature but a man, I could love him. [*Aside.*

Colonel S. This only last request I make, that no title recommend a fool, no office introduce a knave,

nor red coat a coward, to my place in your affections; so farewell my country, and adieu my love. [*Exit.*

Lady L. Now the devil take thee for being so honourable: here, Parly, call him back, I shall lose half my diversion else. Now for a trial of skill.

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

Sir, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. When do you take your journey?

Colonel S. To-morrow morning, early, madam.

Lady L. So suddenly! which way are you designed to travel?

Colonel S. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lady L. Pray, sir, tell me; pray, sir; I entreat you; why are you so obstinate?

Colonel S. Why are you so curious, madam?

Lady L. Because——

Colonel S. What?

Lady L. Because, I, I——

Colonel S. Because, what, madam?—Pray tell me.

Lady L. Because I design to follow you. [*Crying.*

Colonel S. Follow me! By all that's great, I ne'er was proud before. Follow me! By Heavens thou shalt not. What! expose thee to the hazards of a camp!—Rather I'll stay, and here bear the contempt of fools, and worst of fortune.

Lady L. You need not, shall not; my estate for both is sufficient.

Colonel S. Thy estate! No, I'll turn a knave, and purchase one myself; I'll cringe to the proud man I undermine; I'll tip my tongue with flattery, and smooth my face with smiles: I'll turn informer, office-broker, nay, coward, to be great; and sacrifice it all to thee, my generous fair.

Lady L. And I'll dissemble, lie, swear, jilt, any

thing but I'll reward thy love, and recompense thy noble passion.

Colonel S. Sir Harry, ha! ha! ha! Poor Sir Harry, ha! ha! ha! Rather kiss her hand than the Pope's toe; ha! ha! ha!

Lady L. What, Sir Harry, colonel? What, Sir Harry?

Colonel S. Sir Harry Wildair, madam.

Lady O. What! is he come over?

Colonel S. Ay, and he told me—but I don't believe a syllable on't——

Lady L. What did he tell you?

Colonel S. Only called you his mistress; and, pretending to be extravagant in your commendation, would vainly insinuate the praise of his own judgment and good fortune in a choice.

Lady L. How easily is the vanity of fops tickled by our sex!

Colonel S. Why, your sex is the vanity of fops.

Lady L. On my conscience, I believe so. This gentleman, because he danced well, I pitched on for a partner at a ball in Paris, and ever since he has so persecuted me with letters, songs, dances, serenading, flattery, foppery, and noise, that I was forced to fly the kingdom.——And I warrant you he made you jealous?

Colonel S. 'Faith, madam, I was a little uneasy.

Lady L. You shall have a plentiful revenge; I'll send him back all his foolish letters, songs, and verses, and you yourself shall carry them: 'twill afford you opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his further impertinence; for of all men he's my aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly. [*Exit.*

Colonel S. Dear madam, a rare project! Now shall I bait him, like Actæon, with his own dogs.——Well, Mrs Parly, it is ordered by act of parliament, that you receive no more pieces, Mrs Parly.

Parly. 'Tis provided by the same act, that you

send no more messages by me. good colonel. you must not presume to send any more letters, unless you can pay the postage.

Colonel S. Come, come, don't be mercenary; take example by your lady, be honourable.

Parly. A-lack-a-day, sir, it shows as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our betters in their honour, as in their finery; leave honour to nobility that can support it: we poor folks, colonel, have no pretence to it; and truly, I think, sir, that your honour should be cashiered with your leading-staff.

Colonel S. 'Tis one of the greatest curses of poverty to be the jest of chambermaids!

Enter LOVEWELL.

Lady L. Here's the packet, colonel; the whole magazine of love's artillery. [*Gives him the packet.*

Colonel S. Which, since I have gained, I will turn upon the enemy. Madam, I'll bring you the news of my victory this evening. Poor Sir Harry, ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Lady L. To the right about; as you were; march, colonel. Ha! ha! ha!

'Vain man, who boasts of studied parts and wiles!
Nature in us, your deepest art beguiles,
Stamping deep cunning in our frowns and smiles.
You toil for art, your intellects you trace;
Woman, without a thought, bears policy in her face. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

CLINCHER JUNIOR'S *Lodgings.*

Enter CLINCHER JUNIOR, *opening a Letter;* SERVANT *following.*

Clinch. jun. [Reads.] *Dear Brother—I will see you presently: I have sent this lad to wait on you—he can instruct you in the fashions of the town. I am your affectionate brother,* CLINCHER.
Very well; and what's your name, sir?

Dicky. My name is Dicky, sir.

Clinch. jun. Dicky!

Dicky. Ay, Dicky, sir.

Clinch. jun. Very well; a pretty name! And what can you do, Mr Dicky?

Dicky. Why, sir, I can powder a wig, and pick up a whore.

Clinch. jun. Oh, lord! Oh, lord! a whore! Why, are there many in this town?

Dicky. Ha! ha! ha! many! there's a question, indeed!——Hark ye, sir; do you see that woman there, in the pink cloak and white feathers?

Clinch. jun. Ay, sir! what then?

Dicky. Why, she shall be at your service in three minutes, as I'm a pimp

Clinch. jun. Oh, Jupiter Ammon! Why, she's a gentlewoman.

Dicky. A gentlewoman! Why, so they are all in town, sir.

Enter CLINCHER SENIOR.

Clinch sen. Brother, you're welcome to London

Clinch. jun. I thought, brother, you owed so much to the memory of my father, as to wear mourning for his death.

Clinch. sen. Why, so I do, fool; I wear this, because I have the estate; and you wear that, because you have not the estate. You have cause to mourn, indeed, brother. Well, brother, I'm glad to see you; fare you well. [*Going.*

Clinch. jun. Stay, stay, brother.—Where are you going?

Clinch. sen. How natural 'tis for a country booby to ask impertinent questions!—Hark ye, sir; is not my father dead?

Clinch. jun. Ay, ay, to my sorrow.

Clinch. sen. No matter for that, he's dead; and am not I a young, powdered, extravagant, English heir?

Clinch jun. Very right, sir.

Clinch. sen. Why then, sir, you may be sure that I am going to the jubilee, sir.

Clinch. jun. Jubilee! What's that?

Clinch. sen. Jubilee! Why, the jubilee is——'Faith I don't know what it is.

Dicky. Why, the jubilee is the same thing as our Lord Mayor's-day in the city; there will be pageants, and squibs, and raree-shows, and all that, sir.

Clinch. jun. And must you go so soon, brother?

Clinch. sen. Yes, sir; for I must stay a month at Amsterdam, to study poetry.

Clinch. jun. Then I suppose, brother, you travel through Muscovy, to learn fashions; don't you, brother?

Clinch. sen. Brother! Pr'ythee, Robin, don't call me brother; sir will do every jot as well.

Clinch. jun. Oh, Jupiter Ammon! why so?

Clinch. sen. Because people will imagine you have a spite at me.—But have you seen your cousin Angelica yet, and her mother, the Lady Darling?

Clinch. jun. No; my dancing-master has not been with me yet. How shall I salute them, brother?

Clinch. sen. Pshaw! that's easy, 'tis only two scrapes, a kiss, and your humble servant. I'll tell you more when I come from the jubilee. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LADY DARLING'S *House.*

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR *with a Letter.*

Sir H. Like light and heat, incorporate we lay;
We bless'd the night, and cursed the coming day.
Well, if this paper kite flies sure, I'm secure of my game——Humph!—the pretiest *bourdel* I have seen; a very stately gentcel one——

FOOTMEN *cross the Stage.*

Hey-day! equipage too;——'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've mistaken the house!

Enter LADY DARLING.

No, this must be the bawd, by her dignity.

Lady D. Your business, pray, sir?

Sir H. Pleasure, madam.

Lady D. Then, sir, you have no business here.

Sir H This letter, madam, will inform you farther. Mr Vizard sent it, with his humble service to your ladyship.

Lady. D. How does my cousin, sir?

Sir H. Ay, her cousin, too! that's right procuress again.

Lady D. [Reads.] *Madam——Earnest inclination to serve——Sir Harry——Madam——court my cousin——Gentleman——fortune——*

Your ladyship's most humble servant, VIZARD

Sir, your fortune and quality are sufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me is the recommendation of so sober and pious a young gentleman as my cousin Vizard.

Sir H. A right sanctified bawd o' my word [*Aside.*

Lady D. Sir Harry, your conversation with Mr Vizard argues you a gentleman free from the loose and vicious carriage of the town. I shall therefore call my daughter. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Now go thy way for an illustrious bawd of Babylon:—she dresses up a sin so religiously, that the devil would hardly know it of his making.

Enter LADY DARLING *with* ANGELICA.

Lady D. Pray, daughter, use him civilly; such matches don't offer every day. [*Exit* LADY DARL.

Sir H. Oh, all ye powers of love! an angel!—'Sdeath, what money have I got in my pocket? I can't offer her less than twenty guineas——and, by Jupiter, she's worth a hundred.

Ang. 'Tis he! the very same! and his person as agreeable as his character of good humour.——Pray Heaven his silence proceed from respect!

Sir H. How innocent she looks! How would that modesty adorn virtue, when it makes even vice look so charming!—By Heaven, there's such a commanding innocence in her looks, that I dare not ask the question!

Ang. Now, all the charms of real love and feigned indifference assist me to engage his heart; for mine is lost already.

Sir H. Madam—I—I——Zouns, I cannot speak to her!—Oh, hypocrisy! hypocrisy! what a charming sin art thou!

Ang. He is caught; now to secure my conquest—I thought, sir, you had business to communicate?

Sir H. Business to communicate! How nicely she words it!——Yes, madam, I have a little business to communicate. Don't you love singing-birds, madam?

Ang. That's an odd question for a lover—Yes, sir.

Sir H. Why then, madam, here's a nest of the prettiest goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a cage; twenty young ones, I assure you, madam.

Ang. Twenty young ones! What then, sir?

Sir H. Why then, madam, there are——twenty young ones——'Slife! I think twenty is pretty fair.

Ang. He's mad sure!——Sir Harry, when you have learned more wit and manners, you shall be welcome here again. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Wit and manners! 'Egad, now, I conceive there is a great deal of wit and manners in twenty guineas—I'm sure 'tis all the wit and manners I have about me at present. What shall I do?

Enter CLINCHER JUNIOR *and* DICKY.

What the devil's here? Another cousin, I warrant ye!—Hark ye, sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen guineas instantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three hours, upon my honour.

Clinch. jun. These London sparks are plaguy impudent! This fellow, by his assurance, can be no less than a courtier.

Dicky. He's rather a courtier by his borrowing.

Clinch. jun. 'Faith, sir, I ha'n't above five guineas about me.

Sir H. What business have you here then, sir?—For, to my knowledge, twenty won't be sufficient.

Clinch. jun. Sufficient! for what, sir?

Sir H. What, sir; Why, for that, sir; what the devil should it be, sir? I know your business, notwithstanding all your gravity, sir.

Clinch. jun. My business! Why, my cousin lives here.

Sir H. I know your cousin does live here, and Vizard's cousin, and every body's cousin——Hark ye, sir, I shall return immediately; and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I shall cut your throat, rascal. [*Exit.*

Clinch jun. Why, the man's mad, sure!

Dicky. Mad, sir! Ay——Why, he's a beau.

Clinch. jun. A beau! What's that? Are all madmen beaux?

Dicky No, sir; but most beaux are madmen.—But now for your cousin. Remember your three scrapes, a kiss, and your humble servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR, COLONEL STANDARD *following.*

Colonel S. Sir Harry! Sir Harry!

Sir H. I am in haste, colonel; besides, if you're in no better humour than when I parted with you in the Park this morning, your company won't be very agreeable.

Colonel S. You're a happy man, Sir Harry, who are never out of humour. Can nothing move your gall, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Nothing but impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Colonel S. What impossibilities?

Sir H. The resurrection of my father to disinherit me, or an act of parliament against wenching. A man of eight thousand pounds *per annum* to be vexed! No, no; anger and spleen are companions for younger brothers.

Colonel S. Suppose one called you a son of a whore behind your back.

Sir H. Why, then would I call him rascal behind his back; so we're even.

Colonel S. But suppose you had lost a mistress.

Sir H. Why, then I would get another.

Colonel S. But suppose you were discarded by the woman you love; that would surely trouble you.

Sir H. You're mistaken, colonel; my love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary; 'tis only a pitch of gratitude: while she loves me, I love her; when she desists, the obligation's void.

Colonel S. But to be mistaken in your opinion, sir; if the Lady Lurewell (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say, only suppose it——and had sent your discharge by me.

Sir H. Pshaw! that's another impossibility.

Colonel S. Are you sure of that?

Sir H. Why, 'twere a solecism in nature. Why, we are finger and glove, sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Colonel S. How, sir?

Sir H. I mean in an honourable way; that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a couple of guineas.

Colonel S. Now that I have raised you to the highest pinnacle of vanity, will I give you so mortifying a fall, as shall dash your hopes to pieces.—I pray your honour to peruse these papers.

[*Gives him the packet.*

Sir H. What is't, the muster-roll of your regiment, colonel?

Colonel S. No, no, 'tis a list of your forces in your last love campaign; and, for your comfort, all disbanded.

Sir H. Pr'ythee, good metaphorical colonel, what do ye mean?

Colonel S. Read, sir, read; these are the Sibyl's leaves, that will unfold your destiny.

Sir H. So it be not a false deed to cheat me of my estate, what care I—[*Opening the Packet.*] Humph! my hand!—*To the Lady Lurewell—To the Lady Lurewell—To the Lady Lurewell*—What the devil hast thou been tampering with, to conjure up these spirits?

Colonel S. A certain familiar of your acquaintance, sir. Read, read.

Sir H. [Reading.] *Madam, my passion——so natural——your beauty contending——force of charms ——mankind——eternal admirer,* WILDAIR.—— I ne'er was ashamed of my name before.

Colonel S. What, Sir Harry Wildair out of humour! ha! ha! ha! Poor Sir Harry! More glory in her smile than in the jubilee at Rome; ha! ha! ha! But then her foot, Sir Harry; she dances to a miracle! ha! ha! ha! Fie, Sir Harry; a man of your parts write letters not worth keeping!

Sir H Now, why should I be angry that a woman is a woman? Since inconstancy and falsehood are grounded in their natures, how can they help it?—Here's a copy of verses too: I must turn poet, in the devil's name—Stay—'Sdeath, what's here?—This is her hand—Oh, the charming characters!—[Reading.]—*My dear Wildair,*—That's I 'egad!——*This huff-bluff Colonel*—that's he—*is the rarest fool in nature*—the devil he is!—*and as such have I used him.*—With all my heart, 'faith!—*I have no better way of*

letting you know that I lodge in Pall Mall—LUREWELL.——Colonel, I am your most humble servant.

Colonel S. Hold, sir, you sha'n't go yet; I ha'n't delivered all my message.

Sir H. Upon my faith, but you have, colonel.

Colonel S. Well, well, own your spleen; out with it; I know you're like to burst.

Sir H. I am so, 'egad; ha! ha! ha!

[*Laugh, and point at one another.*

Colonel S. Ay, with all my heart; ha! ha! Well, well, that's forced, Sir Harry.

Sir H. I was never better pleased in all my life, by Jupiter.

Colonel S. Well, Sir Harry, 'tis prudence to hide your concern, when there's no help for it. But, to be serious, now; the lady has sent you back all your papers there——I was so just as not to look upon them.

Sir H. I'm glad on't, sir; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

Colonel S. All this she has done for my sake; and I desire you would decline any further pretensions for your own sake. So, honest, good-natured Sir Harry, I'm your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Ha! ha! ha! poor colonel! Oh, the delight of an ingenious mistress! what a life and briskness it adds to an amour.—A legerdemain mistress, who, *presto! pass!* and she's vanished; then *hey!* in an instant in your arms again. [*Going.*

Enter VIZARD.

Vizard. Well met, Sir Harry—what news from the island of love?

Sir H. 'Faith, we made but a broken voyage by your chart; but now I am bound for another port; I told you the colonel was my rival.

Vizard. The colonel—cursed misfortune! another. [*Aside.*

Sir H. But the civilest in the world; he brought me word where my mistress lodges. The story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Vizard. What, have you given over all thoughts of Angelica?

Sir H. No, no; I'll think of her some other time But now for the Lady Lurewell. Wit and beauty calls.

That mistress ne'er can pall her lover's joys,
Whose wit can whet, whene'er her beauty cloys.
Her little amorous frauds all truths excel,
And make us happy, being deceived so well. [*Exit.*

Vizard. The colonel my rival too!—How shall I manage? There is but one way——him and the knight will I set a-tilting, where one cuts t'other's throat, and the survivor's hanged: so there will be two rivals pretty decently disposed of. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

LADY LUREWELL'S *Lodgings.*

Enter LADY LUREWELL *and* PARLY.

Lady L. Has my servant brought me the money from my merchant?

Parly. No, madam: he met Alderman Smuggler at Charing-Cross, who has promised to wait on you himself immediately.

Lady L. 'Tis odd that this old rogue should pretend to love me, and at the same time cheat me of my money.

Parly. 'Tis well, madam, if he don't cheat you of

your estate; for you say the writings are in his hands.

Lady L. But what satisfaction can I get of him? ——Oh! here he comes!

Enter SMUGGLER.

Mr Alderman, your servant; have you brought me any money, sir?

Smug. 'Faith, madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the taxes, losses at sea abroad, and maintaining our wives at home, the bank is reduced very low; money is very scarce.

Lady L. Come, come, sir; these evasions won't serve your turn: I must have money, sir—I hope you don't design to cheat me?

Smug. Cheat you, madam! have a care what you say: I'm an alderman, madam——Cheat you, madam! I have been an honest citizen these five-and-thirty years.

Lady L. An honest citizen! Bear witness, Parly—I shall trap him in more lies presently. Come, sir, though I am a woman, I can take a remedy.

Smug. What remedy, madam? You'd go to law, will ye? I can maintain a suit of law, be it right or wrong, these forty years—thanks to the honest practice of the courts.

Lady L. Sir, I'll blast your reputation, and so ruin your credit.

Smug. Blast my reputation! he! he! he! Why, I'm a religious man, madam; I have been very instrumental in the reformation of manners. Ruin my credit! Ah, poor woman! There is but one way, madam——you have a sweet leering eye.

Lady L. You instrumental in the reformation!—How?

Smug. I whipp'd all the pau-pau women out of the parish—Ah, that leering eye! Ah, that lip! that lip!

Lady L. Here's a religious rogue for you, now! —As I hope to be saved, I have a good mind to beat the old monster. [*Aside.*

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about two hundred and fifty guineas (a great deal of money, as times go) and———

Lady L. Come, give 'em me.

Smug. Ah, that hand, that hand! that pretty, soft, white——I have brought it; but the condition of the obligation is such, that whereas that leering eye, that pouting lip, that pretty soft hand, that—you understand me; you understand; I'm sure you do, you little rogue——

Lady L. Here's a villain, now, so covetous, that he would bribe me with my own money. I'll be revenged. [*Aside.*—Upon my word, Mr Alderman, you make me blush,—what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, madam. [*Pulls his Purse out.*]—Buss and guinea! buss and guinea! buss and guinea!

Lady L. Well, Mr Alderman, you have such pretty winning ways, that I will—ha! ha! ha!

Smug. Will you, indeed, he! he! he! my little cocket? And when, and where, and how?

Lady L. It will be a difficult point, sir, to secure both our honours: you must therefore be disguised, Mr Alderman.

Smug. Pshaw! no matter; I am an old fornicator; I'm not half so religious as I seem to be. You little rogue, why I'm disguised as I am; our sanctity is all outside, all hypocrisy.

Lady L. No man is seen to come into this house after dark; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in woman's clothes.

Smug. With all my heart——I have a suit on purpose, my little cocket; I love to be disguised: 'ecod, I make a very handsome woman, 'ecod, I do.

Enter SERVANT, *who whispers* LADY LUREWELL.

Lady L. Oh, Mr Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into the next room? Here are some strangers coming up.

Snug. Buss and guinea first—Ah, my little cocket! [*Exit.*

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR.

Sir H. My life, my soul, my all that Heaven can give!——

Lady L. Death's life with thee, without thee death to live.

Welcome, my dear Sir Harry——I see you got my directions.

Sir H. Directions! in the most charming manner, thou dear Machiavel of intrigue.

Lady L. Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Sir H. The sight of you, madam, exalts my air, and makes joy lighten in my face.

Lady L. I have a thousand questions to ask you, Sir Harry. Why did you leave France so soon?

Sir H. Because, madam, there is no existing where you are not.

Lady L. Oh, *monsieur, je vous suis fort obligée*—— But where's the court now?

Sir H. At Marli, madam.

Lady L. And where my Count La Valier?

Sir H. His body's in the church of Nôtre Dame; I don't know where his soul is.

Lady L. What disease did he die of?

Sir H. A duel, madam; I was his doctor.

Lady L. How d'ye mean?

Sir H. As most doctors do; I kill'd him.

Lady L. *En cavalier*, my dear knight-errant—Well,

and how, and how: what intrigues, what gallantries are carrying on in the *beau monde*?

Sir H. I should ask you that question, madam, since your ladyship makes the *beau monde* wherever you come.

Lady L. Ah, Sir Harry, I've been almost ruined, pestered to death here, by the incessant attacks of a mighty colonel; he has besieged me.

Sir H. I hope your ladyship did not surrender, though.

Lady L. No, no; but was forced to capitulate. But since you are come to raise the siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh——

Sir H. And love, and kiss——*Montrez moi votre chambre?*

Lady L. *Attends, attends, un peu*——I remember, Sir Harry, you promised me, in Paris, never to ask that impertinent question again.

Sir H. Pshaw, madam! that was above two months ago: besides, madam, treaties made in France are never kept.

Lady L. Would you marry me, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Oh! I do detest marriage.—But I will marry you.

Lady L. Your word, sir, is not to be relied on: if a gentleman will forfeit his honour in dealings of business, we may reasonably suspect his fidelity in an amour.

Sir H. My honour in dealings of business! Why, madam, I never had any business in all my life.

Lady L. Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd story, and am sorry that a gentleman of your figure should undergo the scandal.

Sir H. Out with it, madam.

Lady L. Why, the merchant, sir, that transmitted your bills of exchange to you in France, complains of some indirect and dishonourable dealings.

Sir H. Who, old Smuggler?

Lady L. Ay, ay, you know him, I find.

Sir H. I have some reason, I think; why the rogue has cheated me of above five hundred pounds within these three years.

Lady L. 'Tis your business then to acquit yourself publicly; for he spreads the scandal every where.

Sir H. Acquit myself publicly! I'll drive instantly into the city, and cane the old villain: he shall run the gauntlet round the Royal Exchange.

Lady L. Why, he is in the house now, sir.

Sir H. What, in this house?

Lady L. Ay, in the next room.

Sir H. Then, sirrah, lend me your cudgel.

Lady L. Sir Harry, you won't raise a disturbance in my house?

Sir H. Disturbance, madam! no, no, I'll beat him with the temper of a philosopher. Here, Mrs Parly, show me the gentleman, [*Exit with* PARLY.

Lady L. Now shall I get the old monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pestered next term with bloodsheds, batteries, costs, and damages, solicitors, and attorneys; and if they don't tease him out of his good humour, I'll never plot again. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the same House.

Enter SMUGGLER.

Smug. Oh, this damned tide-waiter! A ship and cargo worth five thousand pounds! Why, 'tis richly worth five hundred perjuries.

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR.

Sir H. Dear Mr Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble servant.

Smug. My best friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Sir H. I'll assure you, sir, there's not a man in the king's dominions I am gladder to meet, dear, dear Mr Alderman. [*Bowing very low.*

Smug. Oh, lord, sir, you travellers have the most obliging ways with you!

Sir H. There is a business, Mr Alderman, fallen out, which you may oblige me infinitely by——I am very sorry that I am forced to be troublesome; but necessity, Mr Alderman——

Smug. Ay, sir, as you say, necessity——But, upon my word, sir, I am very short of money at present; but——

Sir H. That's not the matter, sir; I'm above an obligation that way: but the business is, I'm reduced to an indispensable necessity of being obliged to you for a beating——Here, take this cudgel.

Smug. A beating, Sir Harry! ha! ha! ha! I beat a knight baronet! an alderman turn cudgel-player! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir H. Upon my word, sir, you must beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smug. Pshaw! pshaw! you jest.

Sir H. Nay, 'tis sure as fate——So, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. [*Strikes him.*

Smug. Curiosity! Deuce take your curiosity, sir! —What d'ye mean?

Sir H. Nothing at all; I'm but in jest, sir.

Smug. Oh, I can take any thing in jest! but a man might imagine, by the smartness of the stroke, that you were in downright earnest.

Sir H. Not in the least, sir; [*Strikes him.*] not in the least, indeed, sir.

Smug. Pray, good sir, no more of your jests; for they are the bluntest jests that ever I knew.

Sir H. [*Strikes.*] I heartily beg your pardon, with all my heart, sir.

Smug. Pardon, sir! Well, sir, that is satisfaction enough from a gentleman. But, seriously, now, if you pass any more of your jests upon me, I shall grow angry.

Sir H. I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. [*Strikes him.*

Smug. Oh, lord, sir, you'll break my bones! Are you mad, sir? Murder, felony, manslaughter!

[SIR HARRY *knocks him down.*

Sir H. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons; but I am absolutely compelled to it, upon my honour, sir: nothing can be more averse to my inclinations, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging friend the Alderman.

[*Striking him all this while*: SMUGGLER *tumbles over and over.*

Enter LADY LUREWELL.

Lady L. Oh, lord! Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man.

Smug. Oh, dear madam, I was beaten in jest, till I am murdered in good earnest.

Lady L. Oh! you barbarous man!—Now the devil take you, Sir Harry, for not beating him harder—Well, my dear, you shall come at night, and I'll make you amends. [*Here* SIR HARRY *takes Snuff.*

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the place——Sir, how durst you use me thus?

Sir H. Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that I will have satisfaction.

Sir H. With all my heart.

[*Throws Snuff into his Eyes.*

Smug. Oh, murder! blindness! fire! Oh, madam,

madam, get me some water. Water! fire! fire! water! [*Exit with* LADY LUREWELL.

Sir H. How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion! 'Tis the beauty of revenge.

No spleen, no trouble, shall my time destroy:
Life's but a span, I'll ev'ry inch enjoy. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter COLONEL STANDARD *and* VIZARD.

Colonel S. I bring him word where she lodged? I the civillest rival in the world? 'Tis impossible.

Vizard. I shall urge it no farther, sir. I only thought sir, that my character in the world might add authority to my words, without so many repetitions.

Colonel S. Pardon me, dear Vizard. Our belief struggles hard, before it can be brought to yield to the disadvantage of what we love. But what said Sir Harry?

Vizard. He pitied the poor credulous colonel, laughed heartily, flew away with all the raptures of a bridegroom, repeating these lines:

A mistress ne'er can pall her lover's joys,
Whose wit can whet, whene'er her beauty cloys.

Colonel S. A mistress ne'er can pall! By all my wrongs he whores her, and I am made their property. ——Vengeance!——Vizard, you must carry a note for me to Sir Harry.

Vizard. What, a challenge? I hope you don't design to fight?

Colonel S. What, wear the livery of my king, and pocket an affront? 'Twere an abuse to his sacred majesty: a soldier's sword, Vizard, should start of itself, to redress its master's wrong.

Vizard. However, sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such message between friends.

Colonel S. I have ne'er a servant here; what shall I do?

Vizard. There's Tom Errand, the porter, that plies at the Blue Posts, one that knows Sir Harry and his haunts very well; you may send a note by him.

Colonel S. Here, you, friend! [*Calling.*

Vizard. I have now some business, and must take my leave; I would advise you, nevertheless, against this affair.

Colonel S. No whispering now, nor telling of friends, to prevent us. He that disappoints a man of an honourable revenge, may love him foolishly like a wife, but never value him as a friend.

Vizard. Nay, the devil take him that parts you, say I. [*Exit.*

Enter TOM ERRAND.

Tom. Did your honour call porter?

Colonel S. Is your name Tom Errand?

Tom. People call me so, an't like your worship.

Colonel S. D'ye know Sir Harry Wildair?

Tom. Ay, very well, sir; he's one of my best masters; many a pound half crown have I had of his worship; he's newly come home from France, sir.

Colonel S. Go to the next coffee-house, and wait for me.——Oh, woman, woman, how blessed is man,

when favoured by your smiles, and how accursed when all those smiles are found but wanton baits to sooth us to destruction! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR, *and* CLINCHER SENIOR, *following.*

Clinch. sen. Sir, sir, sir, having some business of importance to communicate to you, I would beg your attention to a trifling affair, that I would impart to your understanding.

Sir H. What is your trifling business of importance, pray, sweet sir?

Clinch. sen. Pray, sir, are the roads deep between this and Paris?

Sir H. Why that question, sir?

Clench. sen. Because I design to go to the jubilee, sir. I understand that you are a traveller, sir; there is an air of travel in the tie of your cravat, sir; there is indeed, sir——I suppose, sir, you bought this lace in Flanders?

Sir H. No, sir, this lace was made in Norway.

Clinch. sen. Norway, sir?

Sir H. Yes, sir, of the shavings of deal boards.

Clinch. sen. That's very strange now, 'faith—Lace made of the shavings of deal boards! 'Egad, sir, you travellers see very strange things abroad, very incredible things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a cravat of the very same lace before I come home.

Sir H. But, sir, what preparations have you made for your journey?

Clinch. sen. A case of pocket-pistols for the bravos, and a swimming-girdle.

Sir H. Why these, sir?

Clinch. sen. Oh, lord, sir, I'll tell you——Suppose us in Rome now; away goes I to some ball—for I'll be a mighty beau. Then, as I said, I go to some ball, or some bear-baiting—'tis all one, you know—then comes a fine Italian *bona roba*, and plucks me by

the sleeve: Signior Angle, Signior Angle—She's a very fine lady, observe that—Signior Angle, says she—Signiora, says I, and trips after her to the corner of a street, suppose it Russel Street, here, or any other street: then, you know, I must invite her to the tavern; I can do no less——There up comes her bravo; the Italian grows saucy, and I give him an English dowse on the face: I can box, sir, box tightly; I was a 'prentice, sir——But then, sir, he whips out his stiletto, and I whips out my bull-dog—slaps him through, trips down stairs, turns the corner of Russel Street again, and whips me into the ambassador's train, and there I'm safe as a beau behind the scenes.

Sir H. Is your pistol charged, sir?

Clinch. sen. Only a brace of bullets, that's all, sir.

Sir H. 'Tis a very fine pistol, truly; pray let me see it.

Clench. sen. With all my heart, sir.

Sir H. Hark ye, Mr Jubilee, can you digest a brace of bullets?

Clinch. sen. Oh, by no means in the world, sir.

Sir H. I'll try the strength of your stomach, however. Sir, you're a dead man.

[*Presenting the Pistol to his Breast.*

Clinch. sen. Consider, dear sir, I am going to the jubilee: when I come home again, I am a dead man at your service.

Sir H. Oh, very well, sir; but take heed you are not so choleric for the future.

Clinch. sen. Choleric, sir! Oons, I design to shoot seven Italians in a week, sir.

Sir H. Sir, you won't have provocation.

Clench. sen. Provocation, sir! Zounds, sir, I'll kill any man for treading upon my corns: and there will be a devilish throng of people there: they say that all the princes of Italy will be there.

Sir H. And all the fops and fiddlers in Europe—— But the use of your swimming girdle, pray, sir?

Clinch sen. Oh lord, sir, that's easy. Suppose the ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish people are busy at their prayers, I whip on my swimming girdle, clap a month's provision in my pocket, and sails me away, like an egg in a duck's belly. Well, sir, you must pardon me now, I'm going to see my mistress. [*Exit.*

Sir H. This fellow's an accomplished ass before he goes abroad.—Well, this Angelica has got into my heart, and I cannot get her out of my head. I must pay her t'other visit. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LADY DARLING'S *House.*

Enter ANGELICA, LADY DARLING, CLINCHER JUNIOR, *and* DICKY.

Lady D. This is my daughter, cousin.

Dicky. Now, sir, remember your three scrapes.

Clinch. jun. [*Saluting* ANGELICA.] One, two, three, your humble servant. Was not that right, Dicky?

Dicky. Ay, 'faith, sir; but why don't you speak to her?

Clinch. jun. I beg your pardon, Dicky; I know my distance. Would you have me to speak to a lady at the first sight?

Dicky. Ay, sir, by all means; the first aim is the surest.

Clinch. jun. Now for a good jest to make her laugh heartily——By Jupiter Ammon, I'll give her a kiss. [*Goes towards her.*

Enter WILDAIR, *interposing.*

Sir H. 'Tis all to no purpose; I told you so before; your pitiful five guineas will never do. You may go; I'll outbid you.

Clinch. jun. What the devil! the madman's here again.

Lady D. Bless me, cousin, what d'ye mean? Affront a gentleman of his quality in my house?

Clinch. jun. Quality!—Why, madam, I don't know what you mean by your madmen, and your beaux, and your quality——they're all alike, I believe.

Lady D. Pray, sir, walk with me, into the next room.

[*Exit* LADY DARLING, *leading* CLINCHER, DICKY *following.*

Ang. Sir, if your conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last time, I would advise you to make your visit as short as you can.

Sir H. The offences of my last visit, madam, bore their punishment in the commission; and have made me as uneasy till I receive pardon, as your ladyship can be till I sue for it.

Ang. Sir Harry, I did not well understand the offence, and must therefore proportion it to the greatness of your apology; if you would, therefore, have me think it light, take no great pains in an excuse.

Sir H. How sweet must the lips be that guard that tongue! Then, madam, no more of past offences; let us prepare for joys to come. Let this seal my pardon. [*Kisses her Hand.*

Ang. Hold, sir: one question, Sir Harry, and pray answer plainly—D'ye love me?

Sir H. Love you? Does fire ascend? Do hypocrites dissemble? Usurers love gold, or great men flattery? Doubt these, then question that I love.

Aug. This shows your gallantry, sir, but not your love.

Sir H. View your own charms, madam, then judge my passion.

Ang. If your words be real, 'tis in your power to raise an equal flame in me.

Sir H. Nay, then, I seize——

Ang. Hold, sir; 'tis also possible to make me detest and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving sex.

Sir H. Ha! a very odd turn this. I hope, madam, you only affect anger, because you know your frowns are becoming.

Ang. Sir Harry, you being the best judge of your own designs, can best understand whether my anger should be real or dissembled; think what strict modesty should bear, then judge of my resentment.

Sir H. Strict modesty should bear! Why, 'faith, madam, I believe the strictest modesty may bear fifty guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one farthing more.

Ang. What d'ye mean, sir?

Sir H. Nay, madam, what do you mean? If you go to that. I think now, fifty guineas is a fine offer for your strict modesty, as you call it.

Ang. I'm afraid you're mad, sir.

Sir H. Why, madam, you're enough to make any man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a——

Ang. What, sir?

Sir H. Why, a lady of—strict modesty, if you will have it so.

Ang. I shall never hereafter trust common report, which represented you, sir, a man of honour, wit, and breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all three. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Now I find, that the strict pretences, which the ladies of pleasure make to strict modesty, is the reason why those of quality are ashamed to wear it.

Enter VIZARD.

Vizard. Ah! Sir Harry, have I caught you? Well, and what success?

Sir H. Success! 'Tis a shame for you young fellows in town here, to let the wenches grow so saucy. I offered her fifty guineas, and she was in her airs presently, and flew away in a huff. I could have had a brace of countesses in Paris for half the money, and *je vous remercie* into the bargain.

Vizard. Gone in her airs, say you? and did not you follow her?

Sir H. Whither should I follow her?

Vizard. Into her bedchamber, man; she went on purpose. You a man of gallantry, and not understand that a lady's best pleased when she puts on her airs, as you call it!

Sir H. She talked to me of strict modesty and stuff.

Vizard. Certainly. Most women signify their modesty, for the same reason that cowards boast their courage—because they have less on't. Come, come, Sir Harry, when you make your next assault, encourage your spirits with brisk burgundy: if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair excuse for your rudeness. I'll go in and make your peace for what's past. Oh, I had almost forgot——Colonel Standard wants to speak with you about some business.

Sir H. I'll wait upon him presently; d'ye know where he may be found?

Vizard. In the piazza of Covent Garden, about an hour hence, I promised to see him: and there you may meet him—to have your throat cut. [*Aside.*] I'll go in and intercede for you.

Sir H. But no foul play with the lady, Vizard.

[*Exit.*

Vizard. No fair play, I can assure you. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Street before LADY LUREWELL'S *Lodgings.*

CLINCHER SENIOR, *and* LUREWELL, *coquetting in the Balcony.—Enter* STANDARD.

Colonel S. How weak is reason in disputes of love! I've heard her falsehood with such pressing proofs, that I no longer should distrust it. Yet still my love would baffle demonstration, and make impossibilities seem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! That fool too! What, stoop so low as that animal?—'Tis true, women once fallen, like cowards in despair, will stick at nothing; there's no medium in their actions. They must be bright as angels, or black as fiends. But now for my revenge; I'll kick her gully before her face, call her whore, curse the whole sex, and leave her.

[*Goes in.*

SCENE IV.

A Dining Room.

Enter LADY LUREWELL *and* CLINCHER SENIOR.

Lady L. Oh lord, sir, it is my husband! What will become of you?

Clinch. sen. Ah, your husband! Oh, I shall be murdered! What shall I do? Where shall I run? I'll creep into an oven—I'll climb up the chimney—I'll fly—I'll swim;——I wish to the Lord I were at the jubilee now!

Lady L. Can't you think of any thing, sir?

Clinch. sen. Think, not I; I never could think to any purpose in my life.

Lady L. What do you want, sir?

Enter TOM ERRAND.

Tom. Madam, I am looking for Sir Harry Wildair; I saw him come in here this morning; and did imagine he might be here still, if he is not gone.

Lady L. A lucky hit! Here, friend, change clothes with this gentleman, quickly, strip.

Clinch. sen. Ay, ay, quickly strip: I'll give you half-a-crown to boot. Come here; so.

[*They change Clothes.*

Lady L. Now slip you [*To* CLINCH. SENIOR.] down stairs, and wait at the door till my husband be gone; and get you in there [*To* TOM ERRAND.] till I call you. [*Puts* ERRAND *in the next Room.*

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

Oh, sir, are you come? I wonder, sir, how you have the confidence to approach me, after so base a trick.

Colonel S. Oh, madam, all your artifices won't avail.

Lady L. Nay, sir, your artifices won't avail. I thought, sir, that I gave you caution enough against troubling me with Sir Harry Wildair's company, when I sent his letters back by you; yet you, forsooth, must tell him where I lodged, and expose me again to his impertinent courtship!

Colonel S. I expose you to his courtship!

Lady L. I'll lay my life you'll deny it now. Come, come, sir: a pitiful lie is as scandalous to a red coat, as an oath to a black one.

Colonel S. You're all lies; first your heart is false; your eyes are double; one look belies another; and then your tongue does contradict them all—Madam,

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I see a little devil just now hammering out a lie i. your pericraniuin.

Lady L. As I hope for mercy, he's in the right on't! [*Aside*

Colonel S. Yes, yes, madam, I exposed you to the courtship of your fool Clincher, too; I hope your female wiles will impose that upon me also.

Lady L. Clincher! Nay, now you're stark mad. I know no such person.

Colonel S. Oh, woman in perfection! not know him! 'Slife, madam, can my eyes, my piercing jealous eyes, be so deluded? Nay, madam, my nose could not mistake him; for I smelt the fop by his pulvilio, from the balcony down to the street.

Lady L. The balcony! ha! ha! ha! the balcony! I'll be hanged but he has mistaken Sir Harry Wildair's footman, with a new French livery, for a beau.

Colonel S. 'Sdeath, madam! what is there in me that looks like a cully? Did I not see him?

Lady L. No, no, you could not see him; you're dreaming, colonel. Will you believe your eyes, now that I have rubbed them open?—Here, you friend.

Enter TOM ERRAND, *in* CLINCHER SENIOR'S *Clothes.*

Colonel S. This is illusion all; my eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis legerdemain.

Lady L. Legerdemain! Is that all your acknowledgment for your rude behaviour?—Oh, what a curse is it to love as I do!—Begone, sir, [*To* TOM ERRAND.] to your impertinent master, and tell him I shall never be at leisure to receive any of his troublesome visits.—Send to me to know when I should be at home!—Begone, sir. [*Exit* TOM ERRAND.] I am sure he has made me an unfortunate woman. [*Weeps.*

Colonel S. Nay, then there is no certainty in nature; and truth is only falsehood well disguised.

Lady L. Sir, had not I owned my fond, foolish passion, I should not have been subject to such unjust suspicions: but it is an ungrateful return.

[*Weeping.*

Colonel S. Now, where are all my firm resolves? I hope, madam, you'll pardon me, since jealousy, that magnified my suspicion, is as much the effect of love, as my easiness in being satisfied.

Lady L. Easiness in being satisfied! No, no, sir; cherish your suspicions, and feed upon your jealousy: 'tis fit meat for your squeamish stomach.

With me all women should this rule pursue:
Who think us false, should never find us true.

[*Exit in a Rage.*

Enter CLINCHER SENIOR *in* TOM ERRAND'S *Clothes.*

Clinch. sen. Well, intriguing is the prettiest, pleasantest thing for a man of my parts.—How shall we laugh at the husband, when he is gone!—How sillily he looks! He's in labour of horns already.—To make a colonel a cuckold! 'Twill be rare news for the alderman.

Colonel S. All this Sir Harry has occasioned; but he's brave, and will afford me a just revenge.—Oh, this is the porter I sent the challenge by——Well, sir, have you found him?

Clinch. sen. What the devil does he mean now?

Colonel S. Have you given Sir Harry the note, fellow?

Clinch. sen. The note! what note?

Colonel S. The letter, blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir Harry Wildair; have you seen him?

Clinch. sen. Oh, lord, what shall I say now? Seen him? Yes, sir,—no, sir—I have, sir—I have not, sir.

Colonel S. The fellow's mad. Answer me directly, sirrah, or I'll break your head.

Clinch. sen. I know Sir Harry very well, sir; but

as to the note, sir, I can't remember a word on't: the truth is, I have a very bad memory.

Colonel S. Oh, sir, I'll quicken your memory.

[*Strikes him.*

Clinch. sen. Zouns, sir, hold!—I did give him the note.

Colonel S. And what answer?

Clinch. sen. I mean I did not give him the note.

Colonel S. What, d'ye banter, rascal?

[*Strikes him again.*

Clinch. sen. Hold, sir, hold! He did send an answer.

Colonel S. What was't, villain?

Clinch. sen. Why, truly, sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous memory.

Colonel S. I'll engage you shall remember me this month, rascal. [*Beats him, and exit.*

Enter LUREWELL *and* PARLY.

Lady L. Oh, my poor gentleman! and was it beaten?

Clinch. sen. Yes, I have been beaten. But where's my clothes, my clothes?

Lady L. What, you won't leave me so soon, my dear, will ye?

Clinch. sen. Will ye!—If ever I peep into the colonel's tent again, may I be forced to run the gauntlet.—But my clothes, madam.

Lady L. I sent the porter down stairs with them: did not you meet him?

Clinch. sen. Meet him? No, not I.

Parly. No! He went out at the back door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clinch. sen. Gone, say you, and with my clothes, my fine jubilee clothes?—Oh, the rogue, the thief!—I'll have him hanged for murder—But how shall I get home in this pickle?

Parly. I'm afraid, sir, the colonel will be back presently, for he dines at home.

Cinch. sen. Oh, then I must sneak off.
Was ever such an unfortunate beau,
To have his coat well thrashed, and lose his coat also! [*Exit.*

Parly. Methinks, madam, the injuries you have suffered by men must be very great, to raise such heavy resentments against the whole sex;—and, I think, madam, your anger should be only confined to the author of your wrongs.

Lady L. The author! alas, I know him not.

Parly. Not know him? 'Tis odd, madam, that a man should rob you of that same jewel, and you not know him.

Lady L. Leave trifling; it is a subject that always sours my temper: but since, by thy faithful service, I have some reason to confide in your secresy, hear the strange relation.—Some twelve years ago, I lived at my father's house in Oxfordshire, blest with innocence, the ornamental, but weak guard of blooming beauty. Then it happened that three young gentlemen from the university coming into the country, and being benighted, and strangers, called at my father's: he was very glad of their company, and offered them the entertainment of his house.

Parly. Which they accepted, no doubt. Oh, these strolling collegians are never abroad, but upon some mischief!

Lady L. Two of them had a heavy, pedantic air: but the third——

Parly. Ah, the third, madam—the third of all things, they say, is very critical.

Lady L. He was—but, in short, nature formed him for my undoing. His very looks were witty, and his expressive eyes spoke softer, prettier things, than words could frame.

Parly. There will be mischief by and by; I never

heard a woman talk so much of eyes, but there were tears presently after.

Lady L. My father was so well pleased with his conversation, that he begged their company next day; they consented, and next night, Parly——

Parly. Ah, next night, madam——next night (I'm afraid) was a night indeed.

Lady L. He bribed my maid, with his gold, out of her honesty; and me, with his rhetoric, out of my honour. [*Weeps.*] He swore that he would come down from Oxford in a fortnight, and marry me.

Parly. The old bait, the old bait—I was cheated just so myself. [*Aside.*] But had not you the wit to know his name all this while?

Lady L. He told me that he was under an obligation to his companions, of concealing himself then, but that he would write to me in two days, and let me know his name and quality. After all the binding oaths of constancy, I gave him a ring with this motto—"*Love and Honour,*"—then we parted, and I never saw the dear deceiver more.

Parly. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lady L. I need not tell my griefs, which my father's death made a fair pretence for; he left me sole heiress and executrix to three thousand pounds a year: at last, my love for this single dissembler turned to a hatred of the whole sex; and, resolving to divert my melancholy, I went to travel. Here I will play my last scene; then retire to my country-house, and live solitary. We shall have that old impotent lecher, Smuggler, here to-night; I have a plot to swinge him, and his precise nephew, Vizard.

Parly. I think, madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lady L. No, Parly; those men, whose pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismissed, by letting them know my firm resolutions never to marry.

Put those villains, that would attempt my honour, I've seldom failed to manage.

Parly. What d'ye think of the colonel, madam? I suppose his designs are honourable.

Lady L. That man's a riddle; there's something of honour in his temper that pleases; I'm sure he loves me too, because he's soon jealous, and soon satisfied.—But hang him, I have teased him enough—besides, Parly, I begin to be tired of my revenge: but this buss and guinea I must maul once more. I'll hansel his woman's clothes for him. Go, get me pen and ink; I must write to Vizard too.

Fortune, this once assist me as before:
Two such machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious wheel, and my projecting brain.

[Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Covent Garden.

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR *and* COLONEL STANDARD, *meeting.*

Colonel S. I thought, Sir Harry, to have met you ere this, in a more convenient place; but since my wrongs were without ceremony, my revenge shall be so too.—Draw, sir.

Sir H. Draw, sir! what shall I draw?

Colonel S. Come, come, sir, I like you facetious humour well enough; it shows courage and unconcern. I know you brave, and therefore use you thus. Draw your sword.

Sir H. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw; but the devil take me if I fight.—Perhaps, colonel, this is the prettiest blade you have seen.

Colonel S. I doubt not but the arm is good; and therefore think both worth my resentment. Come, sir.

Sir H. But, pr'ythee, colonel, dost think that I am such a madman, as to send my soul to the devil and body to the worms—upon every fool's errand?

[*Aside.*

Colonel S. I hope you're no coward, sir.

Sir H. Coward, sir! I have eight thousand pounds a year, sir.

Colonel S. You fought in the army, to my knowledge.

Sir H. Ay, for the same reason that I wore a red coat; because 'twas fashionable.

Colonel S. Sir, you fought a French count in Paris.

Sir H. True, sir, he was a beau, like myself. Now you're a soldier, colonel, and fighting is your trade; and I think it downright madness to contend with any man in his profession.

Colonel S. Come, sir, no more dallying; I shall take very unseemly methods, if you don't show yourself a gentleman.

Sir H. A gentleman! Why, there again now. A gentleman! I tell you once more, colonel, that I am a baronet, and have eight thousand pounds a year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the languages—Now I can't conceive how running you through the body should contribute one jot more to my gentility. But pray, colonel, I had forgot to ask you, what's the quarrel?

Colonel S. A woman, sir.

Sir H. Then I put up my sword. Take her.

Colonel S. Sir, my honour's concerned.

Sir H. Nay, if your honour be concerned with a woman, get it out of her hands as soon as you can.—An honourable lover is the greatest slave in nature: some will say, the greatest fool. Come, come, colonel, this is something about the Lady Lurewell, I warrant; I can give you satisfaction in that affair.

Colonel S. Do so then immediately.

Sir H. Put up your sword first: you know I dare fight, but I had much rather make you a friend than an enemy. I can assure you this lady will prove too hard for one of your temper. You have too much honour, too much in conscience, to be a favourite with the ladies.

Colonel S. I'm assured, sir, she never gave you any encouragement.

Sir H. A man can never hear reason with his sword in his hand. Sheath your weapon; and then, if I don't satisfy you, sheath it in my body.

Colonel S. Give me but demonstration of her granting you any favour, and it is enough.

Sir H. Will you take my word?

Colonel S. Pardon me, sir, I cannot.

Sir H. Will you believe your own eyes?

Colonel S. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no; they have deceived me already.

Sir H. That's hard—but some means I shall devise for your satisfaction—[*Noise.*]—We must fly this place, else that cluster of mob will overwhelm us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MOB, TOM ERRAND'S WIFE *hurrying in* CLINCHER SENIOR *in* ERRAND'S *Clothes.*

Wife. Oh! the villain, the rogue, he has murdered my husband. Ah, my poor Timothy!

Clinch. sen. Dem your Timothy!—your husband

has murdered me, woman; for he has carried away my fine jubilee clothes.

Mob. Away with him——away with him to the Thames.

Clinch. sen. Oh, if I had but my swimming girdle now!

Enter CONSTABLE.

Const. Hold, neighbours, I command the peace.

Wife. Oh! Mr Constable, here's a rogue that has murdered my husband, and robbed him of his clothes.

Const. Murder and robbery!—Then he must be a gentleman.——Hands off there; he must not be abused.—Give an account of yourself. Are you a gentleman?

Clinch. sen. No, sir, I am a beau.

Const. A beau—Then you have killed nobody, I'm persuaded. How came you by these clothes, sir?

Clinch. sen. You must know, sir, that walking along, sir, I don't know how, sir, I can't tell where, sir,—and so the porter and I changed clothes, sir.

Const. Very well. The man speaks reason, and like a gentleman.

Wife. But pray, Mr Constable, ask him how he changed clothes with him.

Const. Silence, woman, and don't disturb the court. Well, sir, how did you change clothes?

Clinch. sen. Why, sir, he pulled off my coat, and I drew off his: so I put on his coat, and he put on mine.

Const. Why, neighbour, I don't find that he's guilty: search him—and if he carries no arms about him, we'll let him go.

[*They search his Pockets, and pull out his Pistols.*

Clinch. sen. Oh, gemini! My jubilee pistols!

Const. What, a case of pistols! Then the case is

[illegible] speak, what are you, sir? Whence came you, and whither go you?

Clinch. sen. Sir, I came from Russel Street, and am going to the jubilee.

Wife. You shall go to the gallows, you rogue.

Const. Away with him, away with him to Newgate, straight.

Clinch. sen. I shall go the jubilee now, indeed.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR *and* COLONEL STANDARD.

Sir H. In short, colonel, 'tis all nonsense—fight for a woman! Hard by is the lady's house, if you please, we'll wait on her together: you shall draw your sword—I'll draw my snuff-box: you shall produce your wounds received in war—I'll relate mine by Cupid's dart: you shall swear—I'll sigh: you shall sa, sa, and I'll coupee: and if she flies not to my arms like a hawk to its perch, my dancing-master deserves to be damned.

Colonel S. With the generality of women, I grant you, these arts may prevail.

Sir H. Generality of women! Why there again, you're out. They're all alike, sir: I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Colonel S. Who was she, pray?

Sir H. Penelope, I think she's called, and that's a poetical story too. When will you find a poet in our age make a woman so chaste?

Colonel S. Well, Sir Harry, your facetious humour can disguise falsehood, and make calumny pass for satire; but you have promised me ocular demonstration that she favours you: make that good, and I shall then maintain faith and female to be as inconsistent as truth and falsehood.

Sir H. But will you be convinced, if our plot succeeds?

Colonel S. I rely on your word and honour, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Then meet me half an hour hence at the Shakspeare; you must oblige me by taking a hearty glass with me toward the fitting me out for a certain project, which this night I undertake.

Colonel S. I guess, by the preparation, that woman's the design.

Sir H. Yes, 'faith—I am taken dangerously ill with two foolish maladies, modesty and love: the first I'll cure with burgundy, and my love by a night's lodging with the damsel. A sure remedy. *Probatum est.*

Colonel S. I'll certainly meet you, sir.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter CLINCHER JUNIOR *and* DICKY.

Clinch. jun. Ah, Dick, this London is a sad place, a sad vicious place: I wish that I were in the country again. And this brother of mine—I'm sorry he's so great a rake: I had rather see him dead than see him thus.

Dicky. Ay, sir, he'll spend his whole estate at this same jubilee. Who d'ye think lives at this same jubilee?

Clinch. jun. Who, pray?

Dicky. The Pope.

Clinch. jun. The devil he does! My brother go to the place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitched, sure!

Enter TOM ERRAND, *in* CLINCHER SENIOR'S *Clothes.*

Dicky. Indeed, I believe he is, for he's strangely altered.

Clinch. jun. Altered! Why, he looks like a Jesuit already.

Tom. This lace will sell. What a blockhead was the fellow to trust me with his coat! If I can get cross the garden, down to the water-side, I am pretty secure.

Clinch. jun. Brother?—O la! Oh, gemini! Are you my brother?

Dicky. I seize you in the king's name, sir.

Tom Oh, lord! should this prove some parliament-man now!

Clinch. jun. Speak, you rogue, what are you?

Tom. A poor porter, and going of an errand.

Dicky. What errand? Speak, you rogue.

Tom. A fool's errand, I'm afraid.

Clinch. jun. Who sent you?

Tom. A beau, sir.

Dicky. No, no; the rogue has murdered your brother, and stripped him of his clothes.

Clinch. jun. Murdered my brother! Oh, crimini! Oh, my poor jubilee brother! Stay, by Jupiter Ammon, I'm heir though. Speak, sir, have you killed him? Confess that you have killed him, and I'll give you half-a-crown.

Tom. Who I, sir? Alack-a-day, sir, I never killed any man, but a carrier's horse once.

Clinch. jun. Then you shall certainly be hanged; but confess that you killed him, and we'll let you go.

Tom. Telling the truth hangs a man, but confessing a lie can do no harm: besides, if the worst come to the worst, I can but deny it again.—Well, sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clinch jun. Here's your money, sir.——But are you sure you killed him dead?

Tom. Sir, I'll swear it before any judge in England.

Dicky. But are you sure that he's dead in law?

Tom. Dead in law! I can't tell whether he be dead in law; but he's as dead as a door nail; for I gave him seven knocks on the head with a hammer.

Dicky. Then you have the estate by statute. Any man that's knocked on the head is dead in law.

Clinch. jun. But are you sure he was *compos mentis* when he was killed?

Tom. I suppose he was, sir; for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clinch. jun. Hey! Then I go to the jubilee.—Strip, sir, strip. By Jupiter Ammon, strip.

Dicky. Ah! don't swear, sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Clothes.*

Clinch. jun. Swear, sir! Zoons, ha'n't I got the estate, sir? Come, sir, now I'm in mourning for my brother.

Tom. I hope you'll let me go now, sir.

Clinch. jun. Yes, yes, sir; but you must do the favour to swear positively before a magistrate, that you killed him dead, that I may enter upon the estate without any trouble. By Jupiter Ammon, all my religion's gone, since I put on these fine clothes.—Hey, call me a coach somebody.

Tom. Ay, master, let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clinch. jun. No, no; Dicky, carry this spark before a justice, and when he has made oath, you may discharge him. And I'll go see Angelica. [*Exeunt* DICKY *and* TOM.] Now that I'm an elder brother, I'll court, and swear, and rant, and rake, and go to the jubilee with the best of them. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LADY LUREWELL'S *House.*

Enter LADY LUREWELL *and* PARLY.

Lur. Are you sure that Vizard had my letter?

Parly. Yes, yes, madam; one of your ladyship's footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the bearer, with all transports of joy, that he would be punctual to a minute.

Lady L. Thus, most villains, some time or other, are punctual to their ruin: Are all things prepared for his reception?

Parly. Exactly to your ladyship's order: the alderman too is just come, dressed and cooked up for iniquity.

Lady L. Then he has got woman's clothes on?

Parly Yes, madam, and has passed upon the family for your nurse.

Lady L. Convey him into that closet, and put out the candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently. When he is tired of his situation, let the servants pretend they take him for a common rogue, come with the intent to rob the house, and pump him heartily.

[*As* PARLY *goes to put out the Candles, somebody knocks.—Music plays without.*

Lady L. This must be Sir Harry; tell him I am not to be spoken with.

Parly. Sir, my lady is not to be spoken with.

Sir H. [*Without.*] I must have that from her own mouth, Mrs Parly. Play, gentlemen.

[*Music plays again.*

Enter SIR HARRY.

Lady L. 'Tis too early for serenading, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Wheresoever love is, there music is proper.

Lady L. But, Sir Harry, what tempest drives you here at this hour?

Sir H. No tempest, madam, but love, madam.

[WILDAIR *taking her by the Hand.*

Lady L. As pure and white as angels' soft desires.

Sir H Fierce, as when ripe consenting beauty fires.

Lady L. [*Aside.*] If this be a love token, [WILDAIR *drops a ring, she takes it up.*] your mistress's favours hang very loose about you, sir.

Sir H. I can't, justly, madam, pay your trouble of taking it up, by any thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lady L. You gentlemen have the cunningest ways of playing the fool, and are so industrious in your profuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholden to chance or design for this ring?

Sir H. To design, upon my honour.—And I hope my design will succeed. [*Aside.*

Lady L. Shall I be free with you, Sir Harry?

Sir H. With all my heart, madam, so I may be free with you.

Lady L. Then plainly, sir, I shall beg the favour to see you some other time; for at this very minute I have two lovers in the house.

Sir H. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this minute, for I must see another mistress within these two hours.

Lady L. Frank and free.

Sir H. As you with me—Madam, your most humble servant. [*Exit.*

Lady L. Nothing can disturb his humour. Now for my merchant and Vizard.

[*Exit, and takes the Candles with her.*

Enter PARLY, *leading in* SMUGGLER, *dressed in Woman's Clothes.*

Parly. This way, Mr Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs Parly,—I'm obliged to you for this trouble: here are a couple of shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed; but next time I'll steal a pair of silk stockings from my wife, and bring them to you—What are you fumbling about my pockets for?

Parly. Only setting the plaits of your gown: here, sir, get into this closet, and my lady will wait on you presently.

[*Puts him into the Closet, runs out, and returns with* VIZARD.

Vizard. Where wouldst thou lead me, my dear auspicious little pilot?

Parly. You're almost in port, sir; my lady's in the closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Vizard. Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kisses her.*

Parly. Pshaw, who has hired me best? a couple of shillings, or a couple of kisses? [*Exit* PARLY.

Vizard. Propitious darkness guides the lover's steps; and night, that shadows outward sense, lights up our inward joy.

Smug. My nephew's voice, and certainly possessed with an evil spirit.

Vizard. Ha! I hear a voice. Madam——my life, my happiness, where are you, madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a woman too: I'll try him.—Where have you left your sanctity, Mr Vizard?

Vizard. Talk no more of that ungrateful subject—I left it where it has only business, with day-light; 'tis needless to wear a mask in the dark.

Smug. Well, sir, but I suppose your dissimulation has some other motive besides pleasure?

Vizard. Yes, madam, the honestest motive in the world——interest——You must know, madam, that I have an old uncle, Alderman Smuggler; you have seen him, I suppose?

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small acquaintance with him.

Vizard. 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old rogue, that ever died of the gout.

Smug. Ah, the young son of a whore! [*Aside.*] Well, sir, and what of him?

Vizard. Why, madam, he has a swingeing estate, which I design to purchase as a saint, and spend like a gentleman. He got it by cheating, and should lose it by deceit. By the pretence of my zeal and sobriety, I'll cozen the old miser, one of these days, out of a settlement, and deed of conveyance——

Smug. It shall be a deed to convey you to the gallows then, ye young dog. [*Aside.*

Vizard. And no sooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his grave with a coach and six, to inform his covetous ghost how genteelly I spend his money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, boy; for I'll have my money buried with me. [*Aside.*

Vizard. Bless me, madam! here's a light coming this way. I must fly immediately.——When shall I see you, madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my dear.

Vizard. Pardon me, dear madam, I would not be seen for the world. I would sooner forfeit my life, my pleasure, than my reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug. 'Egad, and so would I too. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

LADY DARLING'S *House.*

Enter LADY DARLING *and* ANGELICA.

Lady D. Daughter, since you have to deal with a man of so peculiar a temper, you must not think the general arts of love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a courtier some encouragement extraordinary, without reproach to your modesty.

Ang. I am sensible, madam, that a formal nicety makes our modesty sit awkward, and appears rather a chain to enslave, than a bracelet to adorn us; it should show, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a dove, but strong and vigorous as a falcon, when assaulted.

Lady D. I'm afraid, daughter, you mistake Sir Harry's gaiety for dishonour.

Ang. Though modesty, madam, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful enemies are abroad. I must confess, that, of all men's, I would not see Sir Harry Wildair's faults.

Lady D. You must certainly be mistaken, Angelica; for I'm satisfied Sir Harry's designs are only to court and marry you.

Ang. His pretence, perhaps, was such. Pray, madam, by what means are you made acquainted with his designs?

Lady D. Means, child! Why, my cousin Vizard, who, I'm sure, is your sincere friend, sent him. He brought me this letter from my cousin.

[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*

Ang. Ha! Vizard!—then I'm abused in earnest—Would Sir Harry, by his instigation, fix a base affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungenteel a crime—This letter shall trace the truth. [*Aside.*]—My suspicions, madam, are much cleared; and I hope to satisfy your ladyship in my management, when I next see Sir Harry.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, here's a gentleman below, calls himself Wildair.

Lady D. Conduct him up. [*Exit* SERVANT.]—Daughter, I won't doubt your discretion.

[*Exit* LADY DARLING.

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Sir H. Oh, the delights of love and burgundy!—Madam, I have toasted your ladyship fifteen bumpers successively, and swallowed Cupids like loches to every glass.

Ang. And what then, sir?

Sir H. Why, then, madam, the wine has got into my head, and the Cupids into my heart; and unless,

by quenching quick my flame, you kindly ease the smart, I'm a lost man, madam.

Ang. Drunkenness, Sir Harry, is the worst pretence a gentleman can make for rudeness; for the excuse is as scandalous as the fault. Therefore, pray consider who you are so free with, sir; a woman of condition, that can call half a dozen footmen upon occasion.

Sir H. Nay, madam, if you have a mind to toss me in a blanket, half a dozen chambermaids would do better service. Come, come, madam; though the wine makes me lisp, yet it has taught me to speak plainer. By all the dust of my ancient progenitors, I must this night rest in your arms.

Ang. Nay, then——who waits there?

Enter FOOTMEN.

Take hold of that madman, and bind him.

Sir H. Nay, then, burgundy's the word; slaughter will ensue. Hold—Do you know, scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious burgundy? [*Draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, sir.

Sir H. Then how have you the impudence, rascals, to assault a gentleman with a couple of flasks of courage in his head?

Servants. We must do as our young mistress commands us.

Sir H. Nay, then, have among ye, dogs! [*Throws Money among them; they scramble and take it up; he pelting them out, shuts the Door, and returns.*] Rascals, poltroons!—I have charmed the dragon, and now the fruit's my own. I have put the whole army to flight; and now I'll take the general prisoner.

[*Laying hold on her.*

Ang. I conjure you, sir, by the sacred name of honour, by your dead father's name, and the fair reputation of your mother's chastity, that you offer not

the least offence. Already you have wronged me past redress.

Sir H. Thou art the most unaccountable creature——

Ang. What madness, Sir Harry, what wild dream of loose desire, could prompt you to attempt this baseness!—View me well——the brightness of my mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your mistake in my behaviour.

Sir H. [*Mimicking.*] Tal tidum, tidum, tal ti didi didum. A million to one, now, but this girl is just come flush from reading the Rival Queens——'Egad, I'll at her in her own cant—Oh, my Statira! Oh, my angry dear! turn thine eyes on me—behold thy beau in buskins.

Ang. Behold me, sir; view me with a sober thought, free from those fumes of wine that throw a mist before your sight, and you shall find that every glance from my reproaching eyes is armed with sharp resentment, and with a virtuous pride that looks dishonour dead.

Sir H. This is the first whore in heroics that I have met with. [*Aside.*] Look ye, madam, as to that slender particular of your virtue, we sha'n't quarrel about it; you may be as virtuous as any woman in England, if you please. But, pray, madam, be pleased to consider, what is this same virtue that you make such a mighty noise about—Can your virtue keep you a coach and six? No, no; your virtuous women walk on foot.—Can your virtue stake for you at picquet? No. Then what business has a woman with virtue? Come, come, madam, I offered you fifty guineas; there's a hundred——The devil!—virtuous still!—Why, it is a hundred, five score, a hundred guineas.

Ang. Oh, indignation! Were I a man, you durst not use me thus. But the mean, poor abuse you throw on me, reflects upon yourself: our sex still

strikes an awe upon the brave, and only cowards dare affront a woman.

Sir H. Affront! 'Sdeath, madam, a hundred guineas will set you up a bank at basset; a hundred guineas will furnish out your closet with china; a hundred guineas will give you an air of quality; a hundred guineas will buy you a rich cabinet for your billet-doux, or a fine Common Prayer Book for your virtue; a hundred guineas will buy a hundred fine things, and fine things are for fine ladies, and fine ladies are for fine gentlemen, and fine gentlemen are ——'Egad, this burgundy makes a man speak like an angel——Come, come, madam, take it, and put it to what use you please.

Ang. I'll use it as I would the base unworthy giver, thus——

[*Throws down the Purse, and stamps upon it.*

Sir H. I have no mind to meddle in state affairs; but these women will make me a parliament-man in spite of my teeth, on purpose to bring in a bill against their extortion. She tramples under foot that deity which all the world adores—Oh, the blooming pride of beautiful eighteen!—Pshaw!—I'll talk to her no longer; I'll make my market with the old gentlewoman; she knows business better——[*Goes to the Door.*]—Here, you, friend; pray desire the old lady to walk in——Hark ye, 'egad, madam, I'll tell your mother.

Enter LADY DARLING.

Lady D. Well, Sir Harry, and how d'ye like my daughter, pray?

Sir H. Like her, madam!—Hark ye, will you take it?—Why, 'faith, madam—Take the money, I say, or, 'egad, all's out.

Ang. All shall out—Sir, you are a scandal to the name of gentleman.

Sir H. With all my heart, madam—In short, madam, your daughter has used me somewhat too familiarly, though I have treated her like a woman of quality.

Lady D. How, sir?

Sir H. Why, madam, I have offered her a hundred guineas.

Lady D. A hundred guineas! Upon what score?

Sir H. Upon what score! Lord, lord, how these old women love to hear bawdy!—Why, 'faith, madam, I have never a *double entendre* ready at present; but I suppose you know upon what score.

Ang. Hold, sir, stop your abusive tongue, too loose for modest ears to hear——Madam, I did before suspect that his designs were base, now they're too plain; this knight, this mighty man of wit and humour, is made a tool to a knave—Vizard has sent him on a bully's errand, to affront a woman; but I scorn the abuse, and him that offered it.

Lady D. How, sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, sir?

Sir H. Know who you are! Why, your daughter there is Mr Vizard's—cousin, I suppose. And for you, madam—I suppose your ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet, old gentlewomen, who keep their visiting days for the entertainment of their presenting friends, whom they treat with imperial tea, a private room, and a pack of cards. Now I suppose you do understand me?

Lady D. This is beyond sufferance! But say, thou abusive man, what injury have you ever received from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous aspersion?

Ang. Yes, sir, what cause, what motives could induce you thus to debase yourself below your rank?

Sir H. Hey-day! Now, dear Roxana, and you, my fair Statira, be not so very heroic in your style: Vizard's letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent questions you have made me.

Lady D. and Ang. We appeal to that.

Sir H. And I'll stand to't; he read it to me, and the contents were pretty plain, I thought.

Ang. Here, sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injured, and you deceived.

Sir H. [*Opening the Letter.*] But hold, madam, [*To* LADY DARLING.] before I read I'll make some condition:—Mr Vizard says here, that I won't scruple thirty or forty pieces. Now, madam, if you have clapped in another cypher to the account, and made it three or four hundred, 'egad I'll not stand to't.

Lady D. The letter, sir, shall answer you.

Sir H. Well then—[Reads.] *Out of my earnest inclination to serve your ladyship, and my cousin Angelica*—Ay, ay, the very words, I can say it by heart—*I have sent Sir Harry Wildair to*—What the devil's this?—*Sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my cousin*—He read to me quite a different thing—*He's a gentleman of great parts and fortune*—He's a son of a whore, and a rascal—*And would make your daughter very happy* [Whistles.] *in a husband.*——[*Looks foolish, and hums a Song.*]—Oh! poor Sir Harry, what have thy angry stars designed?

Ang. Now, sir, I hope you need no instigation to redress our wrongs, since even the injury points the way.

Lady D. Think, sir, that our blood for many generations has run in the purest channel of unsullied honour.

Sir H. Ay, madam. [*Bows to her.*

Ang. Consider what a tender flower is woman's reputation, which the least air of foul detraction blasts.

Sir H. Yes, madam. [*Bows to the other.*

Lady D. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous behaviour.

Sir H. Right, madam. [*Bows again.*

Ang. Remember the base price you offered me.

[*Exit.*

Sir H. Very true, madam. Was ever man so catechized?

Lady D. And think that Vizard,—that villain Vizard,—caused all this, yet lives: that's all: farewell.

Sir H. Stay, madam, [*To* LADY DARLING.] one word; is there no other way to redress your wrongs, but by fighting?

Lady D. Only one, sir; which, if you can think of, you may do: you know the business I entertained you for.

Sir H. I understand you, madam. [*Exit* LADY DARLING.] Here am I brought to a very pretty dilemma. I must commit murder, or commit matrimony; which is the best now? a licence from Doctor's Commons, or a sentence from the Old Bailey? —If I kill my man, the law hangs me; if I marry my woman, I shall hang myself.——But, damn it—cowards dare fight:—I'll marry, that's the most daring action of the two. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Newgate.

CLINCHER SENIOR, *solus.*

Clinch. sen. How severe and melancholy are Newgate reflections! Last week my father died; yesterday I turned beau; to-day I am laid by the heels, and to-morrow shall be hung by the neck.——I was agreeing with a bookseller about printing an account of my journey through France and Italy; but now the history of my travels must be through Holborn to Tyburn.—"The last dying speech of Beau Clincher, that was going to the jubilee.—Come, a half-

penny a-piece."—A sad sound, a sad sound, 'faith! 'Tis one way to have a man's death make a great noise in the world.

Enter TOM ERRAND.

A reprieve! a reprieve! thou dear, dear—damned rogue. Where have you been? Thou art the most welcome—son of a whore; where's my clothes?

Tom. Sir, I see where mine are. Come, sir, strip, sir, strip.

Clinch. sen. Sir, you cannot master me, for I am twenty thousand strong. [*Exeunt, struggling.*

SCENE III.

LADY DARLING'S *House.*

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR, *with Cards;* SERVANTS *following.*

Sir H. Here, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to Westminster, you to St James's, and you into the city. Tell all my friends, a bridegroom's joy invites their presence. Tell them, I am married. If any ask to whom, make no reply; but tell them, that I am married; that joy shall crown the day, and love the night. Begone, fly.

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

A thousand welcomes, friend; my pleasure's now complete, since I can share it with my friend: brisk joy shall bound from me to you; then back again; and, like the sun, grow warmer by reflection.

Colonel S You are always pleasant, Sir Harry: but this transcends yourself: whence proceeds it?

Sir H. Canst thou not guess, my friend? Whence

flows all earthly joy? What is the life of man, and soul of pleasure? Woman.——What fires the heart with transport, and the soul with raptures?—Lovely woman——What is the master-stroke and smile of the creation, but charming, virtuous woman?—Methinks, my friend, you relish not my joy. What is the cause?

Colonel S. Canst thou not guess?—What is the bane of man, and scourge of life, but woman?—What is the heathenish idol man sets up, and is damned for worshipping? Treacherous woman.—Woman, whose composition inverts humanity; their bodies heavenly, but their souls are clay.

Sir H. Come, come, colonel, this is too much; I know your wrongs received from Lurewell may excuse your resentment against her. But it is unpardonable to charge the failings of a single woman upon the whole sex. I have found one, whose virtues——

Colonel S. So have I, Sir Harry; I have found one whose pride's above yielding to a prince. And if lying, dissembling, perjury, and falsehood, be no breaches in a woman's honour, she is as innocent as infancy.

Sir H. Well, colonel, I find your opinion grows stronger by opposition; I shall now, therefore, wave the argument, and only beg you for this day to make a show of complaisance at least.—Here comes my charming bride.

Enter LADY DARLING *and* ANGELICA.

Colonel S. [*Saluting* ANGELICA.] I wish you, madam, all the joys of love and fortune.

Enter CLINCHER JUNIOR.

Clinch. jun. Gentlemen and ladies, I'm just upon the spur, and have only a minute to take my leave.

Sir H. Whither are you bound, sir?

Clinch. jun. Bound, sir! I'm going to the jubilee, sir.

Lady D. Bless me, cousin! how came you by these clothes?

Clinch. jun. Clothes! ha! ha! ha! the rarest jest! ha! ha! ha! I shall burst, by Jupiter Ammon—I shall burst.

Lady D. What's the matter, cousin?

Clinch. jun. The matter! ha! ha! Why, an honest porter, ha! ha! ha! has knocked out my brother's brains—ha! ha! ha!

Sir H. A very good jest, i'faith—ha! ha! ha!

Clinch. jun. Ay, sir; but the best jest of all is, he knocked out his brains with a hammer—and so he is as dead as a door-nail! ha! ha! ha!

Lady D. And do you laugh, wretch?

Clinch. jun. Laugh! ha! ha! ha! let me see e'er a younger brother in England that won't laugh at such a jest!

Ang. You appeared a very sober, pious gentleman some hours ago.

Clinch. jun. Pshaw! I was a fool then: but now, madam, I'm a wit; I can rake now. As for your part, madam, you might have had me once; but now, madam, if you should fall to eating chalk, or gnawing the sheets, it is none of my fault. Now, madam, I have got an estate, and I must go to the jubilee.

Enter CLINCHER SENIOR, *in a Blanket.*

Clinch. sen. Must you so, rogue—must ye? You will go to the jubilee, will you?

Clinch. jun. A ghost! a ghost! send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clinch. sen. No, no, sirrah! I'm an elder brother, rogue.

Clinch. jun. I don't care a farthing for that; I'm sure you're dead in law.

Clinch. sen. Why so, sirrah—why so?

Clinch. jun. Because, sir, I can get a fellow to swear he knocked out your brains.

Sir H. An odd way of swearing a man out of his life!

Clinch. jun. Smell him, gentlemen, he has a deadly scent about him.

Clinch. sen. Truly the apprehensions of death may have made me savour a little. O, Lord! the colonel! The apprehension of him may make the savour worse, I'm afraid.

Clinch. jun. In short, sir, were you a ghost, or brother, or devil, I will go to the jubilee, by Jupiter Ammon.

Colonel S. Go to the jubilee! go to the bear-garden. Get you to your native plough and cart; converse with animals like yourself, sheep and oxen: men are creatures you don't understand.

Enter a SERVANT, *who whispers* WILDAIR.

Sir H. Let them alone, colonel, their folly will be now diverting. Come, gentlemen, we'll dispute this point some other time.—Madam, shall I beg you to entertain the company in the next room for a moment?

[*To* LADY DARLING.

Lady D. With all my heart.—Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but* WILDAIR.

Sir H. A lady to inquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter LADY LUREWELL.

Oh, madam, this favour is beyond my expectation—to come uninvited to dance at my wedding.—What d'ye gaze at, madam?

Lady L. A monster—if thou'rt married, thou'rt the most perjured wretch that e'er avouched deceit.

Sir H. Hey-day! Why, madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you; I made, indeed, a slight pro-

mise, upon condition of your granting me a small favour; but you would not consent, you know.

Lady L. How he upbraids me with my shame!—Can you deny your binding vows, when this appears a witness against your falsehood? [*Shows a Ring.*] Methinks the motto of this sacred pledge should flash confusion in your guilty face—Read, read here the binding words of love and honour—words not unknown to your perfidious tongue, though utter strangers to your treacherous heart.

Sir H. The woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lady L. Was it maliciously designed to let me find my misery when past redress? To let me know you, only to know you false? Had not cursed chance showed me the motto, I had been happy: the first knowledge I had of you was fatal to me—and this second worse.

Sir H. What the devil is all this! Madam, I'm not at leisure for raillery at present, I have weighty affairs upon my hands; the business of pleasure, madam: any other time—— [*Going.*

Lady L. Stay, I conjure you stay.

Sir H. 'Faith, I can't, my bride expects me; but, hark'ye, when the honey-moon is over, about a month or two hence, I may do you a small favour. [*Exit.*

Lady L. Grant me some wild expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst. Woman's weakness, man's falsehood, my own shame, and love's disdain, at once swell up my breast——Words, words, or I shall burst!

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

Colonel S. Stay, madam, you need not shun my sight; for, if you are perfect woman, you have confidence to outface a crime, and bear the charge of guilt without a blush.

Lady L. The charge of guilt! What, making a

fool of you? I've done it, and glory in the act: dissembling to the prejudice of men is virtue; and every look, or sign, or smile, or tear that can deceive, is meritorious.

Colonel S. Very pretty principles, truly. If there be truth in woman, 'tis now in thee. Come, madam, you know that you're discovered, and, being sensible that you cannot escape, you would now turn to bay. That ring, madam, proclaims you guilty.

Lady L. O monster, villain, perfidious villain! Has he told you?

Colonel S. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lady L. O, name it not——Yet speak it out, 'tis so just a punishment for putting faith in man, that I will bear it all. Speak now, what his busy scandal, and your improving malice, both dare utter.

Colonel S. Your falsehood can't be reached by malice nor by satire; your actions are the justest libel on your fame; your words, your looks, your tears, I did believe in spite of common fame. Nay, 'gainst mine own eyes, I still maintained your truth. I imagined Wildair's boasting of your favours to be the pure result of his own vanity: at last he urged your taking presents of him; as a convincing proof of which, you yesterday from him received that ring, which ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that purpose.

Lady L. Ha! you lent it him for that purpose!

Colonel S. Yes, yes, madam, I lent it him for that purpose—No denying it—I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire it now, madam, to restore it to the just owner.

Lady L. The just owner! Think, sir, think but of what importance 'tis to own it: if you have love and honour in your soul, 'tis then most justly yours; if not, you are a robber, and have stolen it basely.

Colonel S. Ha! your words, like meeting flints, have struck a light, to show me something strange

——But tell me instantly, is not your real name Manly?

Lady L. Answer me first: did not you receive this ring about twelve years ago?

Colonel S. I did.

Lady L. And were not you about that time entertained two nights at the house of Sir Oliver Manly, in Oxfordshire?

Colonel S. I was! I was! [*Runs to her, and embraces her.*] The blest remembrance fires my soul with transport——I know the rest——you are the charming she, and I the happy man.

Lady L. How has blind fortune stumbled on the right? But where have you wandered since?—'Twas cruel to forsake me.

Colonel S. The particulars of my fortune are too tedious now: but, to discharge myself from the stain of dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my return to the university, my elder brother and I quarrelled: my father, to prevent farther mischief, posts me away to travel: I wrote to you from London, but fear the letter came not to your hands.

Lady L. I never had the least account of you by letter or otherwise.

Colonel S. Three years I lived abroad, and at my return found you were gone out of the kingdom, though none could tell me whither: missing you thus, I went to Flanders, served my king till the peace commenced; then, fortunately going on board at Amsterdam, one ship transported us both to England. At the first sight I loved, though ignorant of the hidden cause——You may remember, madam, that, talking once of marriage, I told you I was engaged—to your dear self I meant.

Lady L. Then men are still most generous and brave—and, to reward your truth, an estate of three thousand pounds a year waits your acceptance; and,

if I can satisfy you in my past conduct, I shall expect the honourable performance of your promise, and that you will stay with me in England.

Colonel S. Stay! Nor fame nor glory e'er shall part us more. My honour can be no where more concerned than here.

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR *and* ANGELICA.

Oh, Sir Harry! Fortune has acted miracles to-day: the story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this—that woman's mind is charming as her person, and I am made a convert too to beauty.

Sir H. I wanted only this to make my pleasure perfect.

Enter SMUGGLER.

Smug. So, gentlemen and ladies, I'm glad to find you so merry; is my gracious nephew among ye?

Sir H. Sir, he dares not show his face among such honourable company; for your gracious nephew is—

Smug. What, sir? Have a care what you say.

Sir H. A villain, sir.

Smug. With all my heart. I'll pardon you the beating me for that very word. And pray, Sir Harry, when you see him next, tell him this news, from me, that I have disinherited him—that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded quarter-master.—Oh, Sir Harry, he is as hypocritical——

Lady L. As yourself, Mr Alderman. How fares my good old nurse, pray, sir?——Come, Mr Alderman, for once let a woman advise:—Would you be thought an honest man, banish covetousness, that worst gout of age: avarice is a poor, pilfering, quality of the soul, and will as certainly cheat as a thief would steal. Would you be thought a reformer of the times, be less severe in your censures, less rigid in your precepts, and more strict in your example.

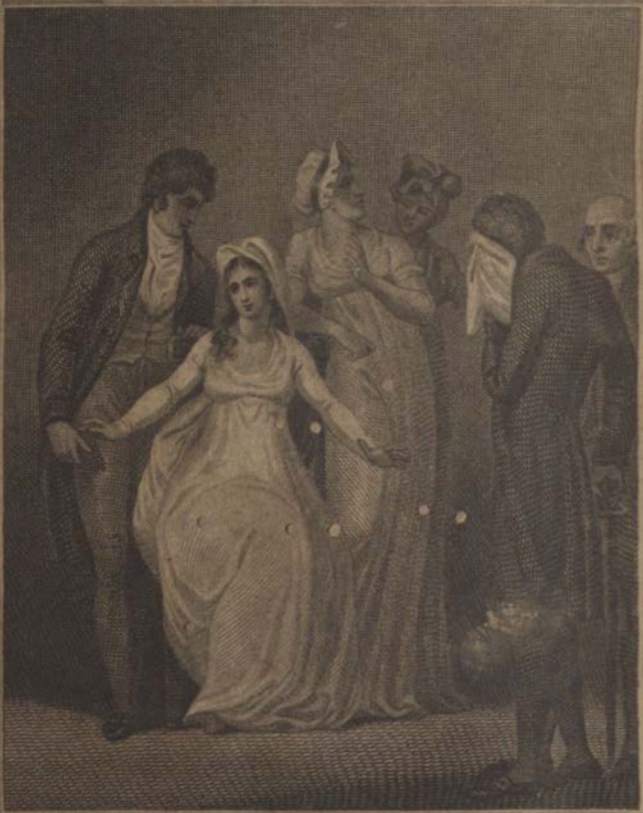
Sir H. Right, madam, virtue flows freer from imitation than compulsion; of which, colonel, your conversion and mine are just examples.

In vain are musty morals taught in schools,
By rigid teachers, and as rigid rules,
Where Virtue with a frowning aspect stands,
And frights the pupil from its rough commands,
But woman———
Charming woman can true converts make,
We love the precept for the teacher's sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with transport, and with pride obey.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

INCONSTANT



DRIANA — I CANNOT EXPRESS MY LOVE AND DE-
TO CAMPASPE
ACT IV. SCENE III.

DRAWN BY C. HEATH. PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO. ENGRAVED BY REMBRANT

THE

INCONSTANT;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GEORGE FARQUHAR, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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REMARKS.

This comedy, by a favourite writer, had a reception, on the first night of its appearance, far inferior to that of his other productions. It was with difficulty saved from condemnation; and the author, in his preface, has boldly charged some secret enemies with having attempted its destruction.

Dramatic authors have fewer enemies at the present period, or they have more humility, than formerly. For now, when their works are hissed from the stage, they acknowledge they have had a fair trial, and deserve their fate. Wherefore should an author seek for remote causes, to account for his failures, when to himself alone he is certain ever to impute all his success?

Neither the wit, humour, nor the imitation of nature, in this play, are of that forcible kind, with which the audience had been usually delighted by Farquhar; and, that the moral gave a degree of superiority to this drama, was, in those days, of little consequence: the theatre was ordained, it was thought, for mere pleasure, nor did any one wish it should degenerate into instruction.

It may be consolatory to the disappointed authors of the present day, to find how the celebrated author

of this comedy was incommoded with theatrical crosses. He was highly offended, that his play was not admired; still more angry, that there was an empty house on his sixth night, and more angry still, that the Opera House, for the benefit of a French dancer, was, about this time, filled even to the annoyance of the crowded company. The following are his own words on the occasion:

"It is the prettiest way in the world of despising the French king, to let him see that we can afford money to bribe his dancers, when he, poor man, has exhausted all his stock in buying some pitiful towns and principalities. What can be a greater compliment to our generous nation, than to have the lady on her re-tour to Paris, boast of her splendid entertainment in England: of the complaisance, liberty, and good nature of a people, who thronged her house so full, that she had not room to stick a pin; and left a poor fellow, who had the misfortune of being one of themselves, without one farthing, for half a year's pains he had taken for their entertainment."

This complaint is curious, on account of the talents of the man who makes it; and, for the same cause, highly reprehensible. If Farquhar thought himself superior to the French dancer, why did he honour her by a comparison? and if he wanted bread, why did he not suffer in silence, rather than insinuate, he should like to receive it through the medium of a benefit?

A hundred years of refinement (the exact time since this author wrote) may have weakened the force

of the dramatic pen; but it has, happily, elevated authors above the servile spirit of dedications, or the meaner practice, of taking public benefits.

As the moral of this comedy has been mentioned as one of its highest recommendations, it must be added—that, herein, the author did not invent, but merely adopt, as his own, an occurrence which took place in Paris about that period, just as he has represented it in his last act. The Chevalier de Chastillon was the man who is personated by young Mirabel, in this extraordinary event; and the Chevalier's friend, his betrothed wife, and his beautiful courtezan, are all exactly described in the characters of Duretete, Oriana, and Lamorce.

Having justly abridged Farquhar of the honour of inventing a moral, it may be equally just, to make a slight apology for his chagrin at the slender receipts of his sixth night.—He once possessed the income which arose from a captain's commission in the army; and having prudently conceived that this little revenue would not maintain a wife, he had resolved to live single, unless chance should bestow on him a woman of fortune. His person and address were so extremely alluring, that a woman of family, but of no fortune, conceiving the passion she felt for him to be love, pretended she possessed wealth, and deceived him into a marriage, which plunged them both into the utmost poverty,

This admirable dramatist seems to have been born for a dupe. In his matrimonial distress, he applied to a nobleman, who had professed a friendship for

him, and besought his advice how to surmount his difficulties: The counsel given was—"Sell your commission for present support, and, before the money for its sale is expended, I will procure you another." Farquhar complied—and his patron broke his word.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD MIRABEL	*Mr Dowton.*
YOUNG MIRABEL	*Mr C. Kemble.*
CAPTAIN DURETETE	*Mr Bannister.*
DUGARD	*Mr Holland.*
PETIT	*Mr De Camp.*

BRAVOES—*Messrs Maddocks, Webb, Evans and Sparks.*

ORIANA	*Mrs Young.*
BISARRE	*Mrs Jordan.*
LAMORCE	*Miss Tidswell.*

THE

INCONSTANT.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter DUGARD, *and his Man,* PETIT, *in Riding Habits.*

Dug. Sirrah, what's o'clock?

Petit. Turned of eleven, sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a swinging pace from Nemours, since two this morning! Petit, run to Rousseau's, and bespeak a dinner, at a louis d'or a head, to be ready by one.

Petit. How many will there be of you, sir?

Dug. Let me see—Mirabel one, Duretete two, myself three——

Petit. And I four.

Dug. How now, sir? at your old travelling familiarity! When abroad, you had some freedom, for want

of better company, but among my friends, at Paris, pray remember your distance—Begone, sir! [*Exit* PETIT.] This fellow's wit was necessary abroad, but he's too cunning for a domestic; I must dispose of him some way else.—Who's here? Old Mirabel, and my sister!—My dearest sister!

Enter OLD MIRABEL *and* ORIANA.

Oriana. My brother! Welcome!

Dug. Monsieur Mirabel! I'm heartily glad to see you.

Old Mir. Honest Mr Dugard, by the blood of the Mirabels, I'm your most humble servant!

Dug. Why, sir, you've cast your skin, sure; you're brisk and gay—lusty health about you—no sign of age, but your silver hairs.

Old Mir. Silver hairs! Then they are quicksilver hairs, sir. Whilst I have golden pockets, let my hairs be silver, an' they will. Adslud, sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and—no, I can't wench. But, Mr Dugard, no news of my son Bob in all your travels?

Dug. Your son's come home, sir.

Old Mir. Come, home! Bob come home! By the blood of the Mirabels, Mr Dugard, what say you?

Oriana. Mr Mirabel returned, sir?

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may see him within this hour or two.

Old Mir. Swear it, Mr Dugard, presently swear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to town with me this morning; I left him at the Banieurs, being a little disordered after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

Old Mir. What! and he was ashamed to ask a blessing with his boots on! A nice dog! Well, and how fares the young rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine gentleman, sir: He'll be his own messenger.

Old Mir. A fine gentleman! But is the rogue like me still?

Dug. Why, yes, sir; he's very like his mother, and as like you as most modern sons are to their fathers.

Old Mir. Why, sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why, yes, sir; you married his mother, and he inherits your estate. He's very like you, upon my word.

Oriana. And pray, brother, what's become of his honest companion, Duretete?

Dug. Who, the captain? The very same, he went abroad; he's the only Frenchman I ever knew that could not change. Your son, Mr Mirabel, is more obliged to nature for that fellow's composition, than for his own: for he's more happy in Duretete's folly than his own wit. In short, they are as inseparable as finger and thumb; but the first instance in the world, I believe, of opposition in friendship.

Old Mir. Very well: will he be home to dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has ordered me to bespeak a dinner for us at Rousseau's, at a louis d'or a head.

Old Mir. A louis d'or a head! Well said, Bob; by the blood of the Mirabels, Bob's improved! But, Mr Dugard, was it so civil of Bob to visit Monsieur Rousseau before his own natural father, eh?—Harkye, Oriana, what think you now of a fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole louis d'or at a sitting? He must be as strong as Hercules; life and spirit in abundance. Before Gad, I don't wonder at these men of quality, that their own wives can't serve them! A louis d'or a head! 'tis enough to stock a whole nation with bastards, 'tis, 'faith!—Mr Dugard, I leave you with your sister. [*Exit.*

Dug. Well, sister, I need not ask you how you do, your looks resolve me; fair, tall, well-shaped; you're almost grown out of my remembrance.

Oriana. Why, truly, brother, I look pretty well, thank nature and my toilet; I eat three meals a day, am very merry when up, and sleep soundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, sister, you remember that upon my going abroad, you would chuse this old gentleman for your guardian; he's no more related to our family than Prester John, and I have no reason to think you mistrusted my management of your fortune: Therefore, pray be so kind as to tell me, without reservation, the true cause of making such a choice.

Oriana. Lookye, brother, you were going a rambling, and 'twas proper, lest I should go a rambling too, that somebody should take care of me. Old Monsieur Mirabel is an honest gentleman, was our father's friend, and has a young lady in his house, whose company I like, and who has chosen him for her guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Mademoiselle Bisarre?

Oriana. The same; we live merrily together, without scandal or reproach; we make much of the old gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; all the week we dance and sing, and upon Sundays, go first to church, and then to the play.—Now, brother, besides these motives for chusing this gentleman for my guardian, perhaps I had some private reasons.

Dug. Not so private as you imagine, sister: Your love to young Mirabel's no secret, I can assure you, but so public, that all your friends are ashamed on't.

Oriana. O' my word, then, my friends are very bashful; though I'm afraid, sir, that those people are not ashamed enough at their own crimes, who have so many blushes to spare for the faults of their neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but, sister, the people say——

Oriana. Pshaw! hang the people! they'll talk treason, and profane their Maker; must we therefore

infer, that our king is a tyrant, and religion a cheat? Lookye, brother, their court of enquiry is a tavern, and their informer, claret: They think as they drink, and swallow reputations like loches; a lady's health goes briskly round with the glass, but her honour is lost in the toast.

Dug. Ay, but, sister, there is still something——

Oriana. If there be something, brother, 'tis none of the people's something: Marriage is my thing, and I'll stick to't.

Dug. Marriage! Young Mirabel marry! he'll build churches sooner. Take heed, sister, though your honour stood proof to his home-bred assaults, you must keep a stricter guard for the future: He has now got the foreign air, and the Italian softness; his wit's improved by converse, his behaviour finished by observation, and his assurances confirmed by success. Sister, I can assure you, he has made his conquests; and 'tis a plague upon your sex, to be the soonest deceived by those very men that you know have been false to others.—But then, sister, he's as fickle——

Oriana. For God's sake, brother, tell me no more of his faults, for, if you do, I shall run mad for him: Say no more, sir; let me but get him into the bands of matrimony, I'll spoil his wandering, I warrant him; I'll do his business that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, sister, I won't pretend to understand the engagements between you and your lover; I expect, when you have need of my counsel or assistance, you will let me know more of your affairs. Mirabel is a gentleman, and as far as my honour and interest can reach, you may command me, to the furtherance of your happiness: In the mean time, sister, I have a great mind to make you a present of another humble servant; a fellow that I took up at Lyons, who has served me honestly ever since.

Oriana. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gained so insufferably on my good-humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the fellow's cunning, and may be serviceable to you in your affair with Mirabel. Here he comes.

Enter PETIT.

Well, sir, have you been at Rousseau's?

Petit. Yes, sir, and who should I find there but Mr Mirabel and the captain, hatching as warmly over a tub of ice, as two hen pheasants over a brood—They would not let me bespeak any thing, for they had dined before I came.

Dug. Come, sir, you shall serve my sister; I shall still continue kind to you; and if your lady recommends your diligence, upon trial, I'll use my interest to advance you.—Wait on your lady home, Petit.

[*Exit.*

Petit. A chair! a chair! a chair!

Oriana. No, no, I'll walk home, 'tis but next door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Tavern.

YOUNG MIRABEL *and* DURETETE *discovered, rising from Table.*

Y. Mir. Welcome to Paris once more, my dear captain; we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I liked every thing but our women; they looked so lean and tawdry, poor creatures! 'Tis a sure sign the army is not paid. Give me the plump Venetian, brisk and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing sun, and meets

my lips like sparkling wine, her person, shining as the glass, and spirit, like the foaming liquor.

Dur. Ah, Mirabel, Italy I grant you; but for our women here in France, they are such thin, brawn, fallen jades, a man may as well make a bed-fellow of a cane chair.

Y. Mir. France! A light, unseasoned country, nothing but feathers, foppery, and fashions.—There's nothing on this side the Alps worth my humble service t'ye—Ha, Roma la Santa!—Italy for my money!—their customs, gardens, buildings, paintings, music, policies, wine, and women! the paradise of the world!—not pestered with a parcel of precise, old, gouty fellows, that would debar their children every pleasure that they themselves are past the sense of;—commend me to the Italian familiarity—"Here, son, there's fifty crowns, go, pay your girl her week's allowance."

Dur. Ay, these are your fathers for you, that understand the necessities of young men! not like our musty dads, who, because they cannot fish themselves, would muddy the water, and spoil the sport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'ye think of a Dutch woman?

Y. Mir. A Dutch woman's too compact,—nay, every thing among them is so; a Dutch man is thick, a Dutch woman is squab, a Dutch horse is round, a Dutch dog is short, a Dutch ship is broad bottomed; and, in short, one would swear that the whole product of the country were cast in the same mould with their cheeses.

Dur. Ay, but, Mirabel, you have forgot the English ladies.

Y. Mir. The women of England were excellent, did they not take such insufferable pains to ruin what nature has made so incomparably well; they would be delicate creatures indeed, could they but thoroughly arrive at the French mien, or entirely let it alone; for

they only spoil a very good air of their own, by an awkward imitation of ours. But come, Dorcetete, let us mind the business in hand: Mistresses we must have, and must take up with the manufacture of the place, and upon a competent diligence, we shall find those in Paris shall match the Italians from top to toe.

Dur. Ay, Mirabel, you will do well enough, but what will become of your friend? you know, I am so plaguy bashful! so naturally an ass upon these occasions, that——

Y. Mir. Pshaw! you must be bolder, man! Travel three years, and bring home such a baby as bashfulness! A great lusty fellow, and a soldier; fie upon it!

Dur. Lookye, sir, I can visit, and I can ogle a little,—as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiss abundantly—but if they chance to give me a forbidding look, as some women, you know, have a devilish cast with their eyes—or if they cry, "What do you mean? what d'ye take me for? Fie, sir, remember who I am, sir—A person of quality to be used at this rate!"—'Egad, I'm struck as flat as a frying-pan.

Y. Mir. Words of course! never mind them: Turn you about upon your heel, with a jantée air; hum out the end of an old song; cut a cross caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*Imitates him.*] No, hang it, 'twill never do!—Oons! what did my father mean, by sticking me up in an university, or to think that I should gain any thing by my head, in a nation whose genius lies all in their heels!—Well, if ever I come to have children of my own, they shall have the education of the country—they shall learn to dance, before they can walk, and be taught to sing, before they can speak.

Y. Mir. Come, come, throw off that childish humour—put on assurance, there's no avoiding it; stand all hazards, thou'rt a stout, lusty fellow, and hast a

good estate;—look bluff, hector, you have a good side-box face, a pretty impudent face; so, that's pretty well. —This fellow went abroad like an ox, and is returned like an ass. [*Aside.*

Dur. Let me see now, how I look. [*Pulls out a Pocket Glass, and looks on it.*] A side-box face, say you!—Egad, I don't like it, Mirabel! Fie, sir, don't abuse your friends; I could not wear such a face for the best countess in christendom.

Y. Mir. Why can't you, blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou hast impudence to set a good face upon any thing: I would change half my gold for half thy brass, with all my heart. Who comes here? Odso, Mirabel, your father!

Enter OLD MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Where's Bob?—dear Bob?

Y. Mir. Your blessing, sir?

Old Mir. My blessing! Damn ye, ye young rogue, why did not you come to see your father first, sirrah? My dear boy, I am heartily glad to see thee, my dear child, 'faith!—Captain Duretete, by the blood of the Mirables, I'm yours! Well, my lads, ye look bravely, 'faith.—Bob, hast got any money left?

Y. Mir. Not a farthing, sir.

Old Mir. Why, then, I won't give thee a souse.

Y. Mir. I did but jest, here's ten pistoles.

Old Mir. Why, then, here's ten more: I love to be charitable to those that don't want it.—Well, and how do you like Italy, my boys?

Y. Mir. O, the garden of the world, sir! Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan, and a thousand others—all fine.

Old Mir. Ay! say you so? And they say, that Chiari is very fine too.

Dur. Indifferent, sir, very indifferent; a very scurvy air, the most unwholesome to a French constitution in the world.

Y. Mir. Pshaw! nothing on't: these rascally gazetteers have misinformed you.

Old Mir. Misinformed me! Oons, sir, were we not beaten there?

Y. Mir. Beaten, sir! we beaten!

Old Mir. Why, how was it, pray, sweet sir?

Y. Mir. Sir, the captain will tell you.

Dur. No, sir, your son will tell you.

Y. Mir. The captain was in the action, sir.

Dur. Your son saw more than I, sir, for he was a looker on.

Old Mir. Confound you both for a brace of cowards! here are no Germans to overhear you—why don't ye tell me how it was?

Y. Mir. Why, then, you must know, that we marched up a body of the finest, bravest, well-dressed fellows in the universe; our commanders at the head of us, all lace and feather, like so many beaux at a ball—I don't believe there was a man of them but could dance a charmer, morbleau!

Old Mir. Dance! very well, pretty fellows, 'faith!

Y. Mir. We capered up to their very trenches, and there saw, peeping over a parcel of scare-crow, olive-coloured, gunpowder fellows, as ugly as the devil.

Dur. E'gad, I shall never forget the looks of them, while I have breath to fetch.

Y. Mir. They were so civil, indeed, as to welcome us with their cannon! but for the rest, we found them such unmannerly, rude, unsociable dogs, that we grew tired of their company, and so we e'en danced back again.

Old Mir. And did ye all come back?

Y. Mir. No; two or three thousand of us staid behind.

Old Mir. Why, Bob, why?

Y. Mir. Pshaw! because they could not come that night.

Dur. No, sir, because they could not come that night.

Y. Mir. But, come, sir, we were talking of something else; pray, how does your lovely charge, the fair Oriana?

Old Mir. Ripe, sir, just ripe, you'll find it better engaging with her than with the Germans, let me tell you. And what would you say, my young Mars, if I had a Venus for thee too? Come, Bob, your apartment is ready, and pray let your friend be my guest too; you shall command the house between ye, and I'll be as merry as the best of you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

OLD MIRABEL'S *House.*

ORIANA *and* BISARRE.

Bis. And you love this young rake, d'ye?

Oriana. Yes.

Bis. In spite of all his ill usage?

Oriana. I can't help it.

Bis. What's the matter wi' ye?

Oriana. Pshaw!

Bis. Um!—before that any young, lying, swearing, flattering, rakehelly fellow, should play such tricks with me—O, the devil take all your Cassandras and Cleopatras for me.—I warrant now, you'll play the fool when he comes, and say you love him! eh?

Oriana. Most certainly; I can't dissemble, Bisarre; besides, 'tis past that, we're contracted.

Bis. Contracted! alack-a-day, poor thing!—What, you have changed rings, or broken an old broadpiece between you! I would make a fool of any fellow in France. Well, I must confess, I do love a little coquetting, with all my heart! my business should be to break gold with my lover one hour, and crack my promise the next; he should find me one day with a prayer book in my hand, and with a play book another.—He should have my consent to buy the wedding ring, and the next moment would I ask him his name.

Oriana. O, my dear! were there no greater tie upon my heart, than there is upon my conscience, I would soon throw the contract out of doors; but the mischief on't is, I am so fond of being tied, that I'm forced to be just, and the strength of my passion keeps down the inclination of my sex.

Bis. But here's the old gentleman!

Enter OLD MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Where's my wenches?—where's my two little girls? Eh! Have a care,—look to yourselves, 'faith, they're a coming—the travellers are a coming! Well! which of you two will be my daughter-in-law now? Bisarre, Bisarre, what say you, madcap? Mirabel is a pure, wild fellow.

Bis. I like him the worse.

Old Mir. You lie, hussy, you like him the better, indeed you do! What say you, my t'other little filbert, eh?

Oriana. I suppose the gentleman will chuse for himself, sir.

Old Mir. Why, that's discreetly said, and so he shall.

Enter MIRABEL *and* DURETETE; *they salute the Ladies.*

Bob, harkye, you shall marry one of these girls, sirrah?

Y. Mir. Sir, I'll marry them both, if you please.

Bis. [*Aside.*] He'll find that one may serve his turn.

Old Mir. Both! why, you young dog, d'ye banter me?—Come, sir, take your choice.—Duretete, you shall have your choice too, but Robin shall chuse first.—Come, sir, begin. Well! which d'ye like?

Y. Mir. Both.

Old Mir. But which will you marry?

Y. Mir. Neither.

Old Mir. Neither! Don't make me angry now, Bob—pray, don't make me angry.—Lookye, sirrah, if I don't dance at your wedding to-morrow, I shall be very glad to cry at your grave.

Y. Mir. That's a bull, father.

Old Mir. A bull! Why, how now, ungrateful sir; did I make thee a man, that thou shouldst make me a beast?

Y. Mir. Your pardon, sir; I only meant your expression.

Old Mir. Harkye, Bob, learn better manners to your father before strangers! I won't be angry this time: But oons, if ever you do't again, you rascal!—remember what I say. [*Exit.*

Y. Mir. Pshaw! what does the old fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green girls?—Come, Duretete, will you go?

Oriana. I hope, Mr Mirabel, you han't forgot—

Y. Mir. No, no, madam, I han't forgot, I have brought you a thousand little Italian curiosities; I'll assure you, madam, as far as a hundred pistoles would reach, I han't forgot the least circumstance.

Oriana. Sir, you misunderstand me.

Y. Mir. Odso! the relics, madam, from Rome. I

do remember, now, you made a vow of chastity before my departure; a vow of chastity, or something like it—was it not, madam?

Oriana. O sir, I'm answered at present. [*Exit.*

Y. Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her contract—'Would I might despatch t'other!

Dur. Mirabel, that lady there, observe her, she's wondrous pretty, 'faith! and seems to have but few words; I like her mainly—speak to her, man, pr'ythee speak to her.

Y. Mir. Madam, here's a gentleman, who declares——

Dur. Madam, don't believe him, I declare nothing—What the devil do you mean, man?

Y. Mir. He says, madam, that you are as beautiful as an angel.

Dur. He tells a damned lie, madam! I say no such thing—Are you mad, Mirabel? Why, I shall drop down with shame.

Y. Mir. And so, madam, not doubting but your ladyship may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together.

[*Going,* DURETETE *holds him.*

Dur. Hold, hold—Why, Mirabel, friend, sure you won't be so barbarous as to leave me alone! Pr'ythee, speak to her for yourself, as it were!—Lord, Lord, that a Frenchman should want impudence!

Y. Mir. You look mighty demure, madam.—She's deaf, captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Y. Mir. The gravity of your air, madam, promises some extraordinary fruits from your study, which moves us with curiosity to enquire the subject of your ladyship's contemplation.—Not a word!

Dur. I hope in the Lord she's speechless! if she be, she's mine this moment. Mirabel, d'ye think a woman's silence can be natural?

Bis. But the forms which logicians introduce, and

which proceed from simple enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon admittance—

Y. Mir. Hoyty toyty! what a plague have we here? Plato in petticoats!

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, man; she talks in my own mother tongue.

Bis. 'Tis exposed to invalidity, from a contradictory instance; looks only upon common operations, and is infinite in its termination.

Y. Mir. Rare pedantry!

Dur. Axioms! axioms! self-evident principles!

Bis. Then the ideas wherewith the mind is pre-occupate.—O, gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my cogitation! I was involved in a profound point of philosophy, but I shall discuss it somewhere else, being satisfied that the subject is not agreeable to your sparks, that profess the vanity of the times. [*Exit.*

Y. Mir. Go thy way, good wife Bias!—Do you hear, Duretete? Dost hear this starched piece of austerity?

Dur. She's mine, man, she's mine—My own talent to a t.—I'll match her in dialectics, 'faith! I was seven years at the university, man, nursed up with Barbaro, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton. Did you ever know, man, that 'twas metaphysics made me an ass? It was, 'faith! Had she talked a word of singing, dancing, plays, fashions, or the like, I had foundered at the first step; but as she is—Mirabel, wish me joy!

Y. Mir. You don't mean marriage, I hope?

Dur. No, no, I am a man of more honour.

Y. Mir. Bravely resolved, captain! now for thy credit, warm me this frozen snowball—'twill be a conquest above the Alps!

Dur. But will you promise to be always near me?

Y. Mir. Upon all occasions, never fear.

Dur. Why, then, you shall see me, in two moments, make an induction from my love to her hand, from

her hand to her mouth, from her mouth to her heart, and so conclude in her bed, categorematice. [*Exit.*

Y. Mir. Now the game begins, and my fool is entered.—But here comes one to spoil my sport; now shall I be teased to death with this old fashioned contract! I should love her too, if I might do it my own way, but she'll do nothing without witness, forsooth! I wonder women can be so immodest!

Enter ORIANA.

Well, madam, why d'ye follow me?

Oriana. Well, sir, why do you shun me?

Y. Mir. 'Tis my humour, madam, and I'm naturally swayed by inclination.

Oriana. Have you forgot our contract, sir?

Y. Mir. All I remember of that contract is, that it was made some three years ago, and that's enough, in conscience, to forget the rest on't.

Oriana. 'Tis sufficient, sir, to recollect the passing of it; for in that circumstance, I presume, lies the force of the obligation.

Y. Mir. Obligations, madam, that are forced upon the will, are no tie upon the conscience: I was a slave to my passion when I passed the instrument, but the recovery of my freedom makes the contract void.

Oriana. Come, Mr Mirabel, these expressions I expected from the raillery of your humour, but I hope for very different sentiments from your honour and generosity.

Y. Mir. Lookye, madam, as for my generosity, 'tis at your service, with all my heart: I'll keep you a coach and six horses, if you please, only permit me to keep my honour to myself. Consider, madam, you have no such thing among ye, and 'tis a main point of policy to keep no faith with reprobates—thou art a pretty little reprobate, and so get thee about thy business!

Oriana. Well, sir, even all this I will allow to the gaiety of your temper; your travels have improved your talent of talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your morals.

Y. Mir. Morals! why, there 'tis again now!—I tell thee, child, there is not the least occasion for morals in any business between you and I. Don't you know that, of all commerce in the world, there is no such cozenage and deceit, as in the traffic between man and woman? We study all our lives long how to put tricks upon one another.—No fowler lays abroad more nets for his game, nor a hunter for his prey, than you do, to cat[illegible] poor innocent men.—Why do you sit three or four hours at your toilet in a morning? only with a villainous design to make some poor fellow a fool before night. What d'ye sigh for?—What d'ye weep for?—What d'ye pray for? Why, for a husband: That is, you implore Providence to assist you in the just and pious design of making the wisest of his creatures a fool, and the head of the creation a slave.

Oriana. Sir, I am proud of my power, and am resolved to use it.

Y. Mir. Hold, hold, madam, not so fast—As you have variety of vanities to make coxcombs of us; so we have vows, oaths, and protestations, of all sorts and sizes, to make fools of you—And this, in short, my dear creature, is our present condition. I have sworn and lied briskly to gain my ends of you; your ladyship has patched and painted violently to gain your ends of me; but, since we are both disappointed, let us make a drawn battle, and part clear on both sides.

Oriana. With all my heart, sir! Give me up my contract, and I'll never see your face again.

Y. Mir. Indeed, I won't, child!

Oriana. What, sir! neither do one nor t'other?

Y. Mir. No, you shall die a maid, unless you please to be otherwise upon my terms.

Oriana. What do you intend by this, sir?

Y. Mir. Why, to starve you into compliance;—lookye, you shall never marry any man; and you had as good let me do you a kindness as a stranger.

Oriana. Sir, you're a ——

Y. Mir. What am I, ma'am?

Oriana. A villain, sir.

Y. Mir. I'm glad on't—I never knew an honest fellow in my life, but was a villain upon these occasions. Han't you drawn yourself, now, into a very pretty dilemma? Ha! ha! ha! the poor lady has made a vow of virginity, when she thought of making a vow to the contrary. Was ever poor woman so cheated into chastity?

Oriana. Sir, my fortune is equal to yours, my friends as powerful, and both shall be put to the test to do me justice.

Y. Mir. What! you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Oriana. Sir, the law shall.

Y. Mir. But the law can't force me to do any thing else, can it?

Oriana. Pshaw, I despise thee—Monster!

Y. Mir. Kiss and be friends, then—Don't cry, child, and you shall have your sugar plumb—Come, madam, d'ye think I could be so unreasonable as to make you fast all your life long! No, I did but jest, you shall have your liberty—here, take your contract, and give me mine.

Oriana. No, I won't.

Y. Mir. Eh! What, is the girl a fool?

Oriana. No, sir, you shall find me cunning enough to do myself justice; and since I must not depend upon your love, I'll be revenged, and force you to marry me out of spite.

Y. Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of spite, and make a most confounded husband!

Oriana. O, sir, I shall match ye! A good husband makes a good wife at any time.

Y. Mir. I'll rattle down your china about your ears.

Oriana. And I'll rattle about the city to run you in debt for more.

Y. Mir. I'll tear the furbelow off your clothes, and when you swoon for vexation, you shan't have a penny to buy a bottle of hartshorn.

Oriana. And you, sir, shall have hartshorn in abundance.

Y. Mir. I'll keep as many mistresses as I have coach horses.

Oriana. And I'll keep as many gallants as you have grooms.

Y. Mir. But, sweet madam, there is such a thing as a divorce!

Oriana. But, sweet sir, there is such a thing as alimony! so divorce on, and spare not. [*Exit.*

Y. Mir. Ay, that separate maintenance is the devil—there's their refuge!—O' my conscience, one would take cuckoldom for a meritorious action, because the women are so handsomely rewarded for it. [*Exit.*

Enter DURETETE *and* PETIT.

Dur. And she's mighty peevish, you say?

Petit. O sir, she has a tongue as long as my leg, and talks so crabbedly, you would think she always spoke Welsh.

Dur. That's an odd language, methinks, for her philosophy.

Petit. But sometimes she will sit you half a day without speaking a word, and talk oracles all the while by the wrinkles of her forehead, and the motions of her eyebrows.

Dur. Nay, I shall match her in philosophical ogles, 'faith!—that's my talent: I can talk best, you must know, when I say nothing.

Petit. But d'ye ever laugh, sir?

Dur. Laugh? Won't she endure laughing?

Petit. Why, she's a critic, sir; she hates a jest, for fear it should please her; and nothing keeps her in humour, but what gives her the spleen.—And then, for logic, and all that, you know——

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepared; I have been practising hard words and no sense this hour, to entertain her.

Petit. Then place yourself behind this screen, that you may have a view of her behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, lest I should forget my lesson.

Petit. Here she comes, sir—I must fly.

and DURETETE *stands peeping behind the curtain.*

BISARRE *and* MAID.

Bis. [*Throws away the Book.*] Pshaw! hang books! they spoil our eyes, and ruin our complexions. [*Throws away the Book.*] What the devil such a word there is in all Aristotle!

Come, wench, let's be free—call in the fiddle, and clear us.

Would to the Lord there was not!

Come, friend, a minuet——[*Music.*] Quicker still—would we had a man or two!

Dur. [*Stealing away.*] You shall have the devil sooner, my dear, dancing philosopher!

Bis. Uds my life!—Here's one!

[*Runs to* DURETETE, *and hales him back.*

Dur. Is all my learned preparation come to this?

Bis. Come, sir, don't be ashamed; that's my good boy—you're very welcome, we wanted such a one—Come, strike up—[*Dance.*] I know you dance well, sir, you're finely shaped for't—Come, come, sir;—quick, quick! you miss the time else.

Dur. But, madam, I come to talk with you.

Bis. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, —come.

Dur. But we were talking of dialectics—

Pis. Hang dialectics!—[*Music.*] Mind the time—qui ri, sirrah!—Come—and how d'ye find yourself now, sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing sweat, doctor.

Bis. All the better, patient, all the better;—Come, sir, sing now, sing, I know you sing well: I see you have a singing face—a heavy, dull, sonata face.

Dur. Who, I sing?

Bis. O you're modest, sir—but come, sit down closer—closer. Here, a bottle of wine! [*Exit* MAID, *and returns with Wine.*] Come, sir—sing, sir.

Dur. But, madam, I came to talk with you.

Bis. O sir, you shall drink first.—Come, fill me a bumper—Here, sir, bless the king!

Dur. 'Would I were out of his dominions!—By this light, she'll make me drunk too!

Bis. O pardon me, sir, you shall do me right—fill it higher.—Now, sir, can you drink a health under your leg?

Dur. Rare philosophy that, 'faith!

Bis. Come, off with it to the bottom—Now, how d'ye like me, sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, madam!

Bis. You see how a woman's fancy varies! sometimes, splenetic and heavy, then, gay and frolicsome. —And how d'ye like the humour?

Dur. Good madam, let me sit down to answer you, for I am heartily tired.

Bis. Fie upon't! a young man, and tired! up, for shame, and walk about!—Action becomes us—a little faster, sir.—What d'ye think now of my Lady La Pale, and Lady Coquet, the duke's fair daughter? Ha! Are they not brisk lasses? Then there is black Mrs Bellair, and brown Mrs Bellface!

Dur. They are all strangers to me, madam.

Bis. But let me tell you, sir, that brown is not always despicable—O Lard, sir, if young Mrs Bagatell had kept herself single till this time o'day, what a beauty there had been! And then, you know the charming Mrs Monkeylove, the fair gem of St Germain's!

Dur. Upon my soul, I don't!

Bis. And then, you must have heard of the English beau, Spleenamore, how unlike a gentleman——

Dur. Hey!—not a syllable on't, as I hope to be saved, madam!

Bis. No! Why, then, play me a jig;—[*Music.*]—Come, sir.

Dur. By this light, I cannot! 'faith, madam, I have sprained my leg!

Bis. Then sit you down, sir;—and now tell me what's your business with me? What's your errand? Quick, quick, despatch!—Odso, may be, you are some gentleman's servant, that has brought me a letter, or a haunch of venison?

Dur. 'Sdeath, madam, do I look like a carrier?

Bis. O, cry you mercy, I saw you just now; I mistook you, upon my word! you are one of the travelling gentlemen—and pray, sir, how do all our impudent friends in Italy?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more serious intention than your entertainment has answered.

Bis. Sir, your intention of waiting on me was the greatest affront imaginable, however your expressions may turn it to a compliment: Your visit, sir, was intended as a prologue to a very scurvy play, of which Mr Mirabel and you so handsomely laid the plot.—"Marry! No, no, I am a man of more honour."—Where's your honour? Where's your courage now? Ads my life, sir, I have a great mind to kick you!—Go, go to your fellow-rake now, rail at my sex, and get drunk for vexation, and write a lampoon—But I

must have you to know, sir, that my reputation is above the scandal of a libel, my virtue is sufficiently approved to those whose opinion is my interest: and, for the rest, let them talk what they will; for, when I please, I'll be what I please, in spite of you and all mankind; and so, my dear man of honour, if you be tired, con over this lesson, and sit there till I come to you. [*Runs off.*

Dur. Tum ti dum. [*Sings.*] Ha! ha! ha! "Ad's my life, I have a great mind to kick you!"—Oons and confusion! [*Starts up.*] Was ever man so abused! —Ay, Mirabel set me on.

Enter PETIT.

Petit. Well, sir, how d'ye find yourself?

Dur. You son of a nine-eyed whore, d'ye come to abuse me? I'll kick you with a vengeance, you dog!

[PETIT *runs off, and* DURETETE *after him.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

OLD MIRABEL'S *House.*

Enter OLD *and* YOUNG MIRABEL, *meeting.*

Old Mir. Bob, come hither, Bob.

Y. Mir. Your pleasure, sir?

Old Mir. Are not you a great rogue, sirrah?

Y. Mir. That's a little out of my comprehension, sir; for I've heard say, that I resemble my father.

Old Mir. Your father is your very humble slave—I tell thee what, child, thou art a very pretty fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Y. Mir. Villain, sir! Then I must be a very impudent one; for I can't recollect any passage of my life that I'm ashamed of.

Old Mir. Come hither, my dear friend; dost see this picture? [*Shews him a little Picture.*

Y. Mir. Oriana's? Pshaw!

Old Mir. What, sir, won't you look upon't?—Bob, dear Bob, pr'ythee come hither now—Dost want any money, child?

Y. Mir. No, sir.

Old Mir. Why, then, here's some for thee: come here now—How canst thou be so hard-hearted an unnatural, unmannerly rascal, (don't mistake me, child, I a'n't angry) as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natured, dear rogue?—Why, she sighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and snubs for thee; the poor little heart of it is like to burst——Come, my dear boy, be goodnatured, like your own father; be now—and then see here, read this——the effigies of the lovely Oriana, with thirty thousand pound to her portion—Thirty thousand pound, you dog! thirty thousand pound, you rogue! How dare you refuse a lady with thirty thousand pound, you impudent rascal?

Y. Mir. Will you hear me speak, sir?

Old Mir. Hear you speak, sir! If you had thirty thousand tongues, you could not out-talk thirty thousand pound, sir.

Y. Mir. Nay, sir, if you won't hear me, I'll begone, sir! I'll take post for Italy this moment.

Old Mir. Ah, the fellow knows I won't part with him! Well, sir, what have you to say?

Y. Mir. The universal reception, sir, that marriage has had in the world, is enough to fix it for a public good, and to draw every body into the common cause; but there are some constitutions, like some instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable music by themselves, but never do well in a concert.

Old Mir. Why, this is reason, I must confess, but yet it is nonsense too; for though you should reason like an angel, if you argue yourself out of a good estate, you talk like a fool.

Y. Mir. But, sir, if you bribe me into bondage with the riches of Crœsus, you leave me but a beggar, for want of my liberty.

Old Mir. Was ever such a perverse fool heard? 'Sdeath, sir! why did I give you education? was it to dispute me out of my senses? Of what colour, now, is the head of this cane? You'll say, 'tis white, and, ten to one, make me believe it too——I thought that young fellows studied to get money.

Y. Mir. No, sir, I have studied to despise it; my reading was not to make me rich, but happy, sir.

Old Mir. There he has me again, now! But, sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Y. Mir. To oblige me, sir! in what respect, pray?

Old Mir. Why, to bring you into the world, sir; wa'n't that an obligation?

Y. Mir. And because I would have it still an obligation, I avoid marriage.

Old Mir. How is that, sir?

Y. Mir. Because I would not curse the hour I was born.

Old Mir. Lookye, friend; you may persuade me out of my design, but I'll command you out of yours; and though you may convince my reason that you are in the right, yet there is an old attendant of sixty-three, called positiveness, which you, nor all the wits in Italy, shall ever be able to shake; so, sir,

you're a wit, and I'm a father: you may talk, but I'll be obeyed.

Y. Mir. This it is to have the son a finer gentleman than the father: they first give us breeding, that they don't understand; then they turn us out of doors, because we are wiser than themselves. But I'm a little aforehand with the old gentleman. [*Aside.*]—Sir, you have been pleased to settle a thousand pound sterling a year upon me; in return of which, I have a very great honour for you and your family, and shall take care that your only and beloved son shall do nothing to make him hate his father or to hang himself. So, dear sir, I'm your very humble servant. [*Runs off.*

Old Mir. Here, sirrah! rogue! Bob! villain!

Enter DUGARD.

Dug. Ah, sir! 'tis but what he deserves.

Old Mir. 'Tis false, sir! he don't deserve it: what have you to say against my boy, sir?

Dug. I shall only repeat your own words.

Old Mir. What have you to do with my words? I have swallowed my words already; I have eaten them up.—I say, that Bob's an honest fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter BISARRE.

Bis. That dare I, sir:—I say, that your son is a wild, foppish, whimsical, impertinent coxcomb; and, were I abused as this gentleman's sister is, I would make it an Italian quarrel, and poison the whole family.

Dug. Come, sir, 'tis no time for trifling; my sister is abused; you are made sensible of the affront, and your honour is concerned to see her redressed.

Old Mir. Lookye, Mr Dugard, good words go farthest. I will do your sister justice, but it must be after my own rate; nobody must abuse my son but

myself; for, although Robin be a sad dog, yet he's nobody's puppy but my own.

Bis. Ay, that's my sweet-natured, kind, old gentleman—[*Wheedling him.*] We will be good, then, if you'll join with us in the plot.

Old Mir. Ah, you coaxing young baggage! what plot can you have to wheedle a fellow of sixty-three?

Bis. A plot that sixty-three is only good for: to bring other people together, sir. You must act the Spaniard, because your son will least suspect you; and if he should, your authority protects you from a quarrel, to which Oriana is unwilling to expose her brother.

Old Mir. And what part will you act in the business, madam?

Bis. Myself, sir; my friend is grown a perfect changeling; these foolish hearts of ours spoil our heads presently; the fellows no sooner turn knaves, but we turn fools; but I am still myself, and he may expect the most severe usage from me, because I neither love him nor have him. [*Exit.*

Old Mir. Well said, Mrs Paradox!—But, sir, who must open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, sir; who is our engineer general; and here he comes.

Enter PETIT.

Petit. O, sir, more discoveries! Are all friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Petit. You must know, sir,——od's my life, I'm out of breath!—You must know, sir,—you must know—

Old Mir. What the devil must we know, sir?

Petit. That I have [*Pants and blows.*] bribed, sir, bribed—your son's secretary of state.

Old Mir. Secretary of state!—who's that, for Heaven's sake?

Petit. His valet de chambre, sir. You must know, sir, that the intrigue lay folded up in his master's clothes; and, when he went to dust the embroidered suit, the secret flew out of the right pocket of his coat, in a whole swarm of your crambo songs, short-footed odes, and long-legged pindarics.

Old Mir. Impossible!

Petit. Ah, sir, he has loved her all along; there was Oriana in every line, but he hates marriage. Now, sir, this plot will stir up his jealousy, and we shall know, by the strength of that, how to proceed farther.

Come, sir, let's about it with speed:
'Tis expedition gives our king the sway;
For expedition to the French give way;
Swift to attack, or swift—to run away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL *and* BISARRE, *passing carelessly by one another.*

Bis. [*Aside.*] I wonder what she can see in this fellow, to like him?

Y. Mir. [*Aside.*] I wonder what my friend can see in this girl, to admire her?

Bis. [*Aside.*] A wild, foppish, extravagant, rakehell!

Mir. [*Aside.*] A light, whimsical, impertinent, madcap!

Bis. Whom do you mean, sir?

Y. Mir. Whom do you mean, madam?

Bis. A fellow, that has nothing left to re-establish him for a human creature, but a prudent resolution to hang himself!

Y. Mir. There is a way, madam, to force me to that resolution.

Bis. I'll do it, with all my heart.

Y. Mir. Then you must marry me.

Bis. Lookye, sir, don't think your ill manners to

me, shall excuse your ill usage of my friend; nor, by fixing a quarrel here, to divert my zeal for the absent: for I'm resolved, nay, I come prepared, to make you a panegyric, that shall mortify your pride, like any modern dedication.

Y. Mir. And I, madam, like a true modern patron, shall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Bis. Come, sir, to let you see what little foundation you have for your dear sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Y. Mir. And what piece will you chuse?

Bis. Your heart, to be sure; because I should get presently rid on't: your courage I would give to a Hector, your wit to a lewd playmaker, your honour to an attorney, your body to the physicians, and your soul to its master.

Y. Mir. I had the oddest dream last night of the Duchess of Burgundy: Methought the furbelows of her gown were pinned up so high behind, that I could not see her head for her tail.

Bis. The creature don't mind me!—Do you think, sir, that your humorous impertinence can divert me? No, sir, I'm above any pleasure that you can give, but that of seeing you miserable. And mark me, sir; my friend, my injured friend, shall yet be doubly happy, and you shall be a husband, as much as the rites of marriage, and the breach of them, can make you.

[*Here* MIRABEL *pulls out a Virgil, and reads to himself, while she speaks.*

Mir. [Reading.] *At Regina dolos, (quis fallere possit amantem?)*
Dissimulare etiam sperâsti, perfide tantùm—

Very true.

Posse nefas.

By your favour, friend Virgil, 'twas but a rascally trick of your hero, to forsake poor pug so inhumanly.

Bis. I don't know what to say to him. The devil ——what's Virgil to us, sir?

Mir. Very much, madam; the most apropos in the world—for, what should I chop upon, but the very place where the perjured rogue of a lover, and the forsaken lady, are battling it tooth and nail! Come, madam, spend your spirits no longer; we'll take an easier method: I'll be Æneas now, and you shall be Dido, and we'll rail by book. Now for you, Madam Dido:

Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec meritura tenet crudeli funere Dido——

Ah, poor Dido! [*Looking at her.*

Bis. Rudeness! affronts! impatience! I could almost start out, even to manhood, and want but a weapon as long as his to fight him upon the spot. What shall I say?

Mir. Now she rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam jam nec maxima Juno.

Bis. A man! No, the woman's birth was spirited away.

Mir. Right, right, madam, the very words.

Bis. And some pernicious elf left in the cradle, with human shape, to palliate growing mischief.

[*Both speak together, and raise their Voices by Degrees.*

Mir. *Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens*
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt uberа tigres.

Bis. Go, sir, fly to your midnight revels——

Mir. Excellent!

I sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,
Spero equidem meritis, si quid pia Numina possunt.
[Together again.

Bis. Converse with imps of darkness of your make; your nature starts at justice, and shivers at the touch of virtue.—Now, the devil take his impudence! He vexes me so, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

Mir. Bravely performed, my dear Lybian! I'll write the tragedy of Dido, and you shall act the part; but you do nothing at all, unless you fret yourself into a fit; for here the poor lady is stifled with vapours, drops into the arms of her maids, and the cruel, barbarous, deceitful wanderer is, in the very next line, called pious Æneas.—There's authority for ye.

Sorry indeed Æneas stood,
To see her in a pout;
But Jove himself, who ne'er thought good
To stay a second bout,
Commands him off, with all his crew,
And leaves poor Dy, as I leave you. [*Runs off.*

Bis. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable fellow! O' my conscience, I must excuse Oriana.

That lover soon his angry fair disarms,
Whose slighting pleases, and whose faults are charms.
[*Exit.*

Enter PETIT; *runs about to every Door, and knocks.*

Petit. Mr Mirabel! Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. What's the matter, Petit?

Petit. Most critically met!—Sir, sir, that one who has followed the game so long, and brought the poor hare just under his paws, should let a mungrel cur whop in and run away with the puss!

Y. Mir. If your worship can get out of your allegories, be pleased to tell me, in three words, what you mean.

Petit. Plain, plain, sir! Your mistress and mine is going to be married!

Y. Mir. I believe you lie, sir.

Petit. Your humble servant, sir. [*Going.*

Y. Mir. Come hither, Petit. Married, say you?

Petit. No, sir, 'tis no matter: I only thought to do you a service; but I shall take care how I confer my favours for the future.

Y. Mir. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons.

[*Bowing low.*

Petit. 'Tis enough, sir.—I come to tell you, sir, that Oriana is this moment to be sacrificed; married past redemption!

Y. Mir. I understand her; she'll take a husband out of spite to me, and then, out of love to me, she will make him a cuckold! But who is the happy man?

Petit. A lord, sir.

Y. Mir. I'm her ladyship's most humble servant. Now must I be a constant attender at my lord's levee, to work my way to my lady's couchee——A countess, I presume, sir——

Petit. A Spanish count, sir, that Mr Dugard knew abroad, is come to Paris, saw your mistress yesterday, marries her to-day, and whips her into Spain to-morrow.

Y. Mir. Ay, is it so? and must I follow my cuckold over the Pyrenees? Had she married within the precincts of a billet-doux, I would be the man to lead her to church; but, as it happens, I'll forbid the banns. Where is this mighty don?

Petit. Have a care, sir; he's a rough cross-grained

piece, and there's no tampering with him. Would you apply to Mr Dugard, or the lady herself, something might be done, for it is in despite to you that the business is carried so hastily. Odso, sir, here her comes! I must be gone. [*Exit.*

Entr OLD MIRABEL, *dressed in a Spanish Habit, leading* ORIANA.

Oriana. Good my lord, a nobler choice had better suited your lordship's merit. My person, rank, and circumstance, expose me as the public theme of raillery, and subject me so to injurious usage, my lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of your regard, except your pity.

Old Mir. Breathes he vital air, that dares presume,
With rude behaviour, to profane such excellence?
Show me the man——
And you shall see how my sudden revenge
Shall fall upon the head of such presumption.
Is this thing one?

[*Strutting up to* YOUNG MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. Sir!

Oriana. Good my lord.

Old Mir. If he, or any he!

Oriana. Pray, my lord, the gentleman's a stranger.

Old Mir. O, your pardon, sir,—but if you had—remember, sir,—the lady now is mine, her injuries are mine; therefore, sir, you understand me——Come, madam.

[*Leads* ORIANA *to the Door; she goes off;* YOUNG MIRABEL *runs to his Father, and pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Y. Mir. *Ecoute, Monsieur le Count.*

Old Mir. Your business, sir?

Y. Mir. Boh!

Old Mir. Bŏh! what language is that, sir?

Y. Mir. Spanish, my lord.

Old Mir. What d'ye mean?

Y. Mir. This, sir. [*Trips up his Heels.*

Old Mir. A very concise quarrel, truly——I'll bully him.—*Trinidade! Seigneur*, give me fair play. [*Offering to rise.*

Y. Mir. By all means, sir. [*Takes away his Sword.*] Now, seigneur, where's that bombast look, and fustian face, your countship wore just now? [*Strikes him.*

Old Mir. The rogue quarrels well, very well; my own son right!—But hold, sirrah, no more jesting; I'm your father, sir! your father!

Y. Mir. My father! Then, by this light, I could find in my heart to pay thee. [*Aside.*]—Is the fellow mad? Why, sure, sir, I han't frighted you out of your senses?

Old Mir. But you have, sir!

Y. Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.

[*Offers to strike him.*

Old Mir. Why, rogue!—Bob! dear Bob! don't you know me, child?

Y. Mir. Ha! ha! ha! the fellow's downright distracted! Thou miracle of impudence! wouldst thou make me believe, that such a grave gentleman as my father would go a masquerading thus? That a person of threescore and three would run about, in a fool's coat, to disgrace himself and family? Why, you impudent villain, do you think I will suffer such an affront to pass upon my honoured father, my worthy father, my dear father? 'Sdeath, sir! mention my father but once again, and I'll send your soul to thy grandfather this minute! [*Offering to stab him.*

Old Mir. Well, well, I am not your father.

Y. Mir. Why, then, sir, you are the saucy, hectoring Spaniard, and I'll use you accordingly.

Enter DUGARD, ORIANA, MAID, *and* PETIT. DUGARD *runs to* YOUNG MIRABEL, *the rest to the Old Gentleman.*

Dug. Fie, fie, Mirabel! murder your father!

Y. Mir. My father? What, is the whole family mad? Give me way, sir, I won't be held.

Old Mir. No? nor I neither: Let me begone, pray. [*Offering to go.*

Y. Mir. My father!

Old Mir. Ay, you dog's face: I am your father, for I have borne as much for thee, as your mother ever did.

Y. Mir. O ho! then this was a trick, it seems, a design, a contrivance, a stratagem!—Oh, how my bones ache!

Old Mir. Your bones, sirrah! why yours?

Y. Mir. Why, sir, han't I been beating my own flesh and blood all this while? O, madam, [*To* ORIANA.] I wish your ladyship joy of your new dignity. Here was a contrivance indeed!

Oriana. Pray, sir, don't insult the misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My prudence will be counted cowardice, if I stand tamely now.—[*Comes up between* YOUNG MIRABEL *and his Sister.*] Well, sir!

Y. Mir. Well, sir! Do you take me for one of your tenants, sir, that you put on your landlord's face at me!

Dug. On what presumption, sir, dare you assume thus? [*Draws.*

Old Mir. What's that to you, sir? [*Draws.*

Petit. Help! help! the lady faints!

[ORIANA *falls into her Maid's Arms.*

Y. Mir. Vapours! vapours! she'll come to herself: If it be an angry fit, a dram of assa fœtida—If jealousy, hartshorn in water—if the mother, burnt feathers—If grief, ratafia—If it be straight stays, or corns, there's nothing like a dram of plain brandy. [*Exit.*

Oriana. Hold off, give me air——O, my brother! would you preserve my life, endanger not your own; would you defend my reputation, leave it to itself;

'tis a dear vindication that's purchased by the sword; for, though our champion proves victorious, yet our honour is wounded.

Old Mir. Ay, and your lover may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you are pretty brisk again, my child.

Oriana. Ay, sir, my indisposition was only a pretence to divert the quarrel; the capricious taste of your sex, excuses this artifice in ours. [*Exit.*

Petit. Come, Mr Dugard, take courage; there is a way still left to fetch him again.

Old Mir. Sir, I'll have no plot that has any relation to Spain.

Dug. I scorn all artifice whatsoever; my sword shall do her justice.

Petit. Pretty justice, truly! Suppose you run him through the body, you run her through the heart at the same time.

Old Mir. And me through the head. Rot your sword, sir, we'll have plots! Come, Petit, let's hear.

Petit. What if she pretended to go into a nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself?

Dug. That, I must confess, has a face.

Old Mir. A face! a face like an angel, sir! Ad's my life, sir, 'tis the most beautiful plot in Christendom! We'll about it immediately. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Old Mirabel's *House.*

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Dug. The Lady Abbess is my relation, and privy to the plot.

Old Mir. Ay, ay; this nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Here, where are ye all?—O, Mr Mirabel! you have done fine things for your posterity—And you, Mr Dugard, may come to answer this—I come to demand my friend at your hands; restore him, sir, or—— [*To* Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Restore him! What, d'ye think I have got him in my trunk, or my pocket?

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you are the cause on't.

Old Mir. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.

Dug. Mad, sir! What d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, sir, by shutting up your sister yonder, to talk like a parrot through a cage? or a decoy-duck, to draw others into the snare? Your son, sir, because she has deserted him, he has forsaken the world; and, in three words, has——

Old Mir. Hanged himself!

Dur. The very same—turned friar!

Old Mir. You lie, sir! 'tis ten times worse. Bob turned friar!—Why should the fellow shave his foolish crown, when the same razor may cut his throat?

Dur. If you have any command, or you any interest over him, lose not a minute: He has thrown himself into the next monastery, and has ordered me to pay off his servants, and discharge his equipage.

Old Mir. Let me alone to ferret him out: I'll sacrifice the Abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the spiritual or the natural father has the most right to the child.—But, dear captain, what has he done with his estate?

Dur. Settled it upon the church, sir.

Old Mir. The church! Nay, then the devil wo'nt get him out of their clutches——Ten thousand livres a year upon the church! 'Tis downright sacrilege—Come, gentlemen, all hands to work: for half that sum, one of these monasteries shall protect you a traitor from the law, a rebellious wife from her husband, and a disobedient son from his own father.

[*Exit.*

Dug. But will ye persuade me that he's gone to a monastery?

Dur. Is your sister gone to the Filles Repenties? I tell you, sir, she's not fit for the society of repenting maids.

Dug. Why so, sir?

Dur. Because she's neither one nor t'other; she's too old to be a maid, and too young to repent.

[*Exit*—DUGARD *after him.*

SCENE II.

The Inside of a Monastery.

Enter ORIANA, *in a Nun's Habit, and* BISARRE.

Oriana. I hope, Bisarre, there is no harm in jesting with this religious habit.

Bis. To me, the greatest jest in the habit is taking it in earnest.

Oriana. But I'm reconciled, methinks, to the mortification of a nunnery; because I fancy the habit becomes me.

Bis. A well-contrived mortification, truly, that makes a woman look ten times handsomer than she did before!—Ay, my dear, were there any religion in becoming dress, our sex's devotion were rightly placed; for our toilets would do the work of the altar; we should all be canonized.

Oriana. But don't you think there is a great deal of merit in dedicating a beautiful face and person to the service of religion?

Bis. Not half so much as devoting them to a pretty fellow. Come, come, mind your business. Mirabel loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't; give fresh orders that he shan't see you; we get more by hiding our faces, sometimes, than by exposing them: a very mask, you see, whets desire; but a pair of keen eyes, through an iron grate, fire double upon them, with view and disguise. But I must begone upon my affairs; I have brought my captain about again.

Oriana. But why will you trouble yourself with that coxcomb?

Bis. Because he is a coxcomb: had I not better have a lover like him, that I can make an ass of, than a lover like yours, to make a fool of me? [*Knocking below.*] A message from Mirabel, I'll lay my life! [*She runs to the Door.*] Come hither! run, thou charming nun, come hither!

Oriana. What's the news? [*Runs to her.*

Bis. Don't you see who's below?

Oriana. I see nobody but a friar.

Bis. Ah, thou poor blind Cupid! a friar! Don't you see a villainous genteel mien, under that cloak of hypocrisy?

Oriana. As I live, Mirabel turned friar! I hope, in Heaven, he's not in earnest.

Bis. In earnest! Ha! ha! ha! are you in earnest? Remember what I say, if you would yield to advantage, and hold out the attack; to draw him on, keep him off, to be sure.

The cunning gamesters never gain too fast,
But lose at first, to win the more at last. [*Exit.*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL, *in a Friar's Habit.*

Y. Mir. 'Save you, sister—Your brother, young lady, having a regard for your soul's health, has sent me to prepare you for the sacred habit, by confession.

Oriana. My brother's care I own; and to you, sacred sir, I confess, that the great crying sin, which I have long indulged, and now prepare to expiate, was love. My morning thoughts, my evening prayers, my daily musings, nightly cares, was love!

Y. Mir. She's downright stark mad in earnest! Death and confusion, I have lost her! [*Aside.*]—You confess your fault, madam, in such moving terms, that I could almost be in love with the sin.

Oriana. Take care, sir; crimes, like virtues, are their own rewards: My chief delight became my only grief; he, in whose breast I thought my heart secure, turned robber, and despoiled the treasure that he kept.

Y. Mir. Perhaps that treasure he esteemed so much, that, like the miser, though afraid to use it, he reserves it safe.

Oriana. No, holy father: Who can be miser in another's wealth, that's prodigal of his own? His heart was open, shared to all he knew, and what, alas! must then become of mine! But the same eyes that drew this passion in, shall send it out in tears, to which now hear my vow——

Y. Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] No, my fair angel! Here, on my knees, behold the criminal, that vows repentance his. [*Kneels.*] Ha! no concern upon her!

Enter OLD MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Where, where's this counterfeit nun?

Oriana. Madness! confusion! I'm ruined!

Y. Mir. What do I hear? [*Puts on his Hood.*] What did you say, sir?

Old Mir. I say she's a counterfeit, and you may be another, for aught I know, sir: I have lost my child by these tricks, sir.

Y. Mir. What tricks, sir?

Old Mir. By a pretended trick, sir. A contrivance to bring my son to reason, and it has made him stark mad; I have lost him, and a thousand pound a year.

Y. Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] My dear father, I'm your most humble servant.

Old Mir. My dear boy! [*Runs and kisses him.*]—Welcome, *ex inferis*, my dear boy! 'tis all a trick, she's no more a nun than I am.

Y. Mir. No!

Old Mir. The devil a bit.

Y. Mir. Then kiss me again, my dear dad, for the most happy news—And now, most venerable holy sister, [*Kneels.*

Your mercy and your pardon I implore,
For the offence of asking it before.

Lookye, my dear counterfeiting nun, take my advice, be a nun in good earnest; women make the best nuns always, when they can't do otherwise.

Oriana. O, sir! how unhappily have you destroyed what was so near perfection! He is the counterfeit, that has deceived you.

Old Mir. Ha! Lookye, sir, I recant; she is a nun.

Y. Mir. Sir, your humble servant; then I'm a friar this moment.

Old Mir. Was ever an old fool so bantered by a brace o' young ones! Hang you both! you're both counterfeits, and my plot's spoiled, that's all.

Oriana. Shame and confusion, love, anger, and disappointment, will work my brain to madness!

[*Takes off her Habit—Exit.*

Y. Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the rags; they have served a turn for us both, and they shall e'en go off together. [*Takes off his Habit.*

[*Exit, throwing away the Habit.*

SCENE III.

OLD MIRABEL'S *House.*

Enter DURETETE, *with a Letter.*

Dur. [Reads.] *My rudeness was only a proof of your humour, which I have found so agreeable, that I own*

myself penitent, and willing to make any reparation upon your first appearance to BISARRE.

Mirabel swears she loves me, and this confirms it; then farewell gallantry, and welcome revenge! 'Tis my turn now to be upon the sublime; I'll take her off, I warrant her!

Enter BISARRE.

Well, mistress, do you love me?

Bis. I hope, sir, you will pardon the modesty of——

Dur. Of what? of a dancing devil!—Do you love me, I say?

Bis. Perhaps I——

Dur. What?

Bis. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha!-abused again! Death, woman, I'll——

Bis. Hold, hold, sir! I do, do!

Dur. Confirm it, then, by your obedience; stand there, and ogle me now, as if your heart, blood, and soul were like to fly out at your eyes—First, the direct surprise. [*She looks full upon him.*] Right; next, the *deux yeux par oblique*. [*She gives him the side Glance.*] Right; now depart, and languish. [*She turns from him, and looks over her shoulder.*] Very well; now sigh. [*She sighs.*] Now drop your fan on purpose. [*She drops her Fan.*] Now take it up again. Come now, confess your faults; are you not a proud—say after me.

Bis. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Bis. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous.

Bis. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flirt.

Bis. Puppy.

Dur. Zoons! Woman, don't provoke me; we are alone, and you don't know but the devil may tempt

me to do you a mischief. Ask my pardon immediately.

Bis. I do, sir; I only mistook the word.

Dur. Cry, then. Have you got e'er a handkerchief?

Bis. Yes, sir.

Dur. Cry, then, handsomely; cry like a queen in a tragedy. [*She pretending to cry, bursts out a laughing.*

Enter Two LADIES, *laughing.*

Bis. Ha! ha! ha!

Both Ladies. Ha! ha! ha!

Dur. Hell broke loose upon me, and all the furies fluttered about my ears! Betrayed again?

Bis. That you are, upon my word, my dear captain; ha! ha! ha!

Dur. The Lord deliver me!

1 *Lady.* What! is this the mighty man, with the bull-face, that comes to frighten ladies?

Dur. Ha, madam, I'm the best-natured fellow in the world.

Bis. A man! we're mistaken; a man has manners: the awkward creature is some tinker's trull, in a periwig. Come, ladies, let us examine him.

[*They lay hold on him.*

Dur. Examine! the devil you will!

Bis. I'll lay my life, some great dairy maid in man's clothes!

Dur. They will do't.—Lookye, dear christian women! pray hear me.

Bis. Will you ever attempt a lady's honour again?

Dur. If you please to let me get away with my honour, I'll do any thing in the world.

Bis. Will you persuade your friend to marry mine?

Dur. O yes, to be sure.

Bis. And will you do the same by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the coast be clear.

[*Runs out.*

Bis. Ha! ha! ha! The visit, ladies, was critical for our diversions; we'll go make an end of our tea.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL *and* OLD MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. Your patience, sir. I tell you, I won't marry; and, though you send all the bishops in France to persuade me, I shall never believe their doctrine against their practice. You would compel me to that state, which I have heard you curse yourself, when my mother and you have battled it for a whole week together.

Old Mir. Never but once, you rogue, and that was when she longed for six Flanders mares: Ay, sir, then she was breeding of you, which shewed what an expensive dog I should have of you.

Enter PETIT.

Well, Petit, how does she now?

Petit. Mad, sir, *con pompos*—Ay, Mr Mirabel, you'll believe that I speak truth now, when I confess that I have told you hitherto nothing but lies: our jesting is come to a sad earnest; she's downright distracted!

Enter BISARRE.

Bis. Where is this mighty victory!——The great exploit is done. O, sir, [*To the old Gentleman.*] your wretched ward has found a tender guardian of you, where her young innocence expected protection, here has she found her ruin.

Old Mir. Ay, the fault is mine; for I believe that rogue won't marry, for fear of begetting such another disobedient son as his father did. I have done all I can, madam, and now can do no more than run mad for company. [*Cries.*

Enter DUGARD, *with his Sword drawn.*

Dug. Away! Revenge! Revenge!

Old Mir. Patience! Patience, sir! [OLD MIRABEL *holds him.*] Bob, draw.

Dug. Patience! the coward's virtue, and the brave man's failing, when thus provoked—Villain!

Y. Mir. Your sister's phrenzy shall excuse your madness; and, to shew my concern for what she suffers, I'll bear the villain from her brother.—Put up your anger with your sword; I have a heart like yours, that swells at an affront received, but melts at an injury given; and, if the lovely Oriana's grief be such a moving scene, 'twill find a part within this breast, perhaps as tender as a brother's.

Dug. To prove that soft compassion for her grief, endeavour to remove it.—There, there, behold an object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as she!

Enter ORIANA, *held by Two Maids, who put her in a Chair.*

A sister, that my dying parents left, with their last words and blessing, to my care. Sister, dearest sister! [*Goes to her.*

Old Mir. Ay, poor child, poor child, d'ye know me?

Oriana. You! you are Amadis de Gaul, sir.—Oh! oh, my heart!—Were you ever in love, fair lady? And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?—I dream of walking fires, and tall gigantic sights. Take heed, it comes now—What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that face, sure.—How light my head is!

Y. Mir. What piercing charms has beauty, even in madness!

Oriana. I cannot; for I must be up to go to church, and I must dress me, put on my new gown, and be so fine, to meet my love. Heigho!—Will not you tell me where my heart lies buried?

Y. Mir. My very soul is touch'd—Your hand, my fair!

Oriana. How soft and gentle you feel! I'll tell you your fortune, friend.

Y. Mir. How she stares upon me!

Oriana. You have a flattering face; but 'tis a fine one—I warrant you have five hundred mistresses—Ay, to be sure, a mistress for every guinea in his pocket—Will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow—— And will you ring my passing bell?

Y. Mir. Do you know me, injured creature?

Oriana. No,—but you shall be my intimate acquaintance—in the grave. [*Weeps.*

Y. Mir. Oh, tears! I must believe you; sure there's a kind of sympathy in madness; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my soul so tossed with storms of passion, that I could cry for help as well as she. [*Wipes his Eyes.*

Oriana. What, have you lost your lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Y. Mir. Stay, my fair innocence, and hear me own my love so loud, that I may call your senses to their place, restore them to their charming happy functions, and reinstate myself into your favour.

Bis. Let her alone, sir; 'tis all too late; she trembles; hold her, her fits grow stronger by her talking; don't trouble her, she don't know you, sir.

Old Mir. Not know him! what then? she loves to see him for all that.

Enter DURETETE.

Dur. Where are you all? What the devil! melancholy, and I here! Are ye sad, and such a ridiculous subject, such a very good jest among you as I am?

Y. Mir. Away with this impertinence: this is no place for bagatelle; I have murdered my honour, destroyed a lady, and my desire of reparation is come at length too late. See there!

Dur. What ails her?

Y. Mir. Alas, she's mad!

Dur. Mad! dost wonder at that? By this light, they're all so; they're cozening mad; they're brawling mad; they're proud mad: I just now came from a whole world of mad women, that had almost—What, is she dead?

Y. Mir. Dead! Heavens forbid.

Dur. Heavens further it; for, till they be as cold as a key, there's no trusting them; you're never sure that a woman's in earnest, till she is nailed in her coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, mistress?

Bis. What's that to you, sir!

Dur. Oons, madam, are you there? [*Runs off.*

Y. Mir. Away, thou wild buffoon! How poor and mean this humour now appears? His follies and my own I here disclaim; this lady's phrenzy has restored my senses, and was she perfect now, as once she was, (before you all I speak it) she should be mine; and, as she is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this declaration been some hours ago!

Bis. Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off; come, come, let's leave them,

[*Exeunt all but* YOUNG MIRABEL *and* ORIANA.

Oriana. Oh, sir!

Y. Mir. Speak, my charming angel, if your dear senses have regained their order; speak, fair, and bless me with the news.

Oriana. First, let me bless the cunning of my sex, that happy counterfeited phrenzy that has restored to my poor labouring breast the dearest, best beloved of men.

Y. Mir. Tune all, ye spheres, your instruments of joy, and carry round your spacious orbs the happy sound of Oriana's health; her soul, whose harmony was next to yours, is now in tune again; the counterfeiting fair has played the fool.

She was so mad, to counterfeit for me;
I was so mad, to pawn my liberty:
But now we both are well, and both are free.

Oriana. How, sir? Free!

Y. Mir. As air, my dear bedlamite! What, marry a lunatic! Lookye, my dear, you have counterfeited madness so very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the fool all your life long.——Here, gentlemen!

Oriana. Monster! you won't disgrace me!

Y. Mir. O' my faith, but I will. Here, come in, gentlemen.—A miracle! a miracle! the woman's dispossess'd! the devil's vanished!

Enter OLD MIRABEL *and* DUGARD.

Old Mir. Bless us! was she possessed?

Y. Mir. With the worst of demons, sir! a marriage devil! a horrid devil!—Mr Dugard, don't be surprised. I promised my endeavours to cure your sister; no mad doctor in Christendom could have done it more effectually. Take her into your charge; and have a care she don't relapse. If she should, employ me not again, for I am no more infallible than others of the faculty; I do cure sometimes.

Oriana. Your remedy, most barbarous man, will prove the greatest poison to my health; for, though my former phrenzy was but counterfeit, I now shall run into a real madness.

[*Exit*; OLD MIRABEL *after.*

Y. Mir. What a dangerous precipice have I 'scap'd! Was not I just now upon the brink of destruction?

Enter DURETETE.

Oh, my friend, let me run into thy bosom! no lark

escaped from the devouring pounces of a hawk, quakes with more dismal apprehension.

Dur. The matter, man!

Y. Mir. Marriage! hanging! I was just at the gallows foot, the running noose about my neck, and the cart wheeling from me.—Oh, I shan't be myself this month again!

Dur. Did not I tell you so? They are all alike, saints or devils!

Y. Mir. Ay, ay: there's no living here with security; this house is so full of stratagem and design, that I must abroad again.

Dur. With all my heart; I'll bear thee company, my lad: I'll meet you at the play; and we'll set out for Italy to-morrow morning.

Y. Mir. A match; I'll go pay my compliment of leave to my father presently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll stop you.

Y. Mir. What, pretend a command over me, after his settlement of a thousand pound a-year upon me! No, no, he has passed away his authority with the conveyance; the will of the living father is chiefly obeyed for the sake of the dying one.

Dependence ev'n a father's sway secures,
For, though the son rebels, the heir is yours.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Street before the Playhouse.

MIRABEL *and* DURETETE, *as coming from the Play.*

Dur. How d'ye like this play?

Y. Mir. I liked the company;—the lady, the rich beauty, in the front box, had my attention: These impudent poets bring the ladies together to support them, and to kill every body else.

For deaths upon the stage, the ladies cry,
But ne'er mind us, that in the audience die:
The poet's hero should not move their pain,
But they should weep for those their eyes have slain.

Dur. Hoyty, toyty! did Phillis inspire you with all this?

Y. Mir. Ten times more; the playhouse is the element of poetry, because the region of beauty; the ladies, methinks, have a more inspiring, triumphant air in the boxes than any where else—they sit, commanding on their thrones, with all their subject slaves about them:—Their best clothes, best looks, shining jewels, sparkling eyes; the treasure of the world in a ring.—I could wish that my whole life long were the first night of a new play.

Dur. The fellow has quite forgot this journey:—Have you bespoke post horses?

Y. Mir. Grant me but three days, dear captain, one to discover the lady, one to unfold myself, and one to make me happy, and then I'm yours to the world's end.

Dur. Hast thou the impudence to promise thyself a lady of her figure and quality in so short a time?

Y. Mir. Yes, sir; I have a confident address, no disagreeable person, and five hundred louis d'ors in my pocket.

Dur. Five hundred louis d'ors! you an't mad!

Y. Mir. I tell you, she's worth five thousand; one of her black, brilliant eyes is worth a diamond as big as her head.

Dur. But you have owned to me, that, abating Oriana's pretensions to marriage, you loved her passionately; then how can you wander at this rate?

Y. Mir. I longed for a partridge t'other day, off the king's plate; but d'ye think, because I could not have it, I must eat nothing?

Enter ORIANA, *in Boy's Clothes, with a Letter.*

Oriana. Is your name Mirabel, sir?

Y. Mir. Yes, sir.

Oriana. A letter from your uncle, in Picardy. [*Gives the Letter.*

Y. Mir. [*Reads.*]

The bearer is the son of a protestant gentleman, who, flying for his religion, left me the charge of this youth.—A pretty boy!—*He's fond of some handsome service, that may afford him opportunity of improvement: your care of him will oblige,*

Yours.

Hast a mind to travel, child?

Oriana. 'Tis my desire, sir; I should be pleased to serve a traveller in any capacity.

Y. Mir. A hopeful inclination; you shall along with me into Italy, as my page.

Dur. [*Noise without.*] Too handsome—The play's done, and some of the ladies come this way.

[LAMORCE *without, with her Train borne up by a* PAGE.

Y. Mir. Duretete, the very dear, identical she!

Dur. And what then?

Y. Mir. Why, 'tis she!

Dur. And what then, sir?

Y. Mir. Then!—Why, lookye, sirrah, the first piece of service I put upon you, is to follow that lady's coach, and bring me word where she lives.

[*To* ORIANA.

Oriana. I don't know the town, sir, and am afraid of losing myself.

Y. Mir. Pshaw!

Enter LAMORCE *and* PAGE.

Lam. Page, what's become of all my people?

Page. I can't tell, madam; I can see no sign of your ladyship's coach.

Lam. That fellow has got into his old pranks, and fallen drunk somewhere;—none of the footmen there?

Page Not one, madam.

Lam. These servants are the plague of our lives—what shall I do?

Y. Mir By all my hopes, Fortune pimps for me! Now, Duretete, for a piece of gallantry!

Dur. Why, you won't, sure?

Y. Mir. Won't, brute!—Let not your servants' neglect, madam, put your ladyship to any inconvenience; for you can't be disappointed of an equipage, whilst mine waits below: and, would you honour the master so far, he would be proud to pay his attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be sure! [*Aside.*

Lam. Sir, I won't presume to be troublesome, for my habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true, madam, and he's a little engaged; besides, madam—a hackney coach will do as well, madam.

Y. Mir. Rude beast, be quiet! [*To* DURETETE.] The farther from home, madam, the more occasion you have for a guard—Pray, madam—

Lam. Lard, sir——

[*He seems to press, she to decline it, in dumb show.*

Dur. Ah! The devil's in his impudence! Now he wheedles, she smiles—he flatters, she simpers—he swears, she believes—he's a rogue, and she's a w—— in a moment.

Y. Mir. Without there! my coach!—Duretete, wish me joy! [*Hands the Lady out.*

Dur. Wish you a ——! Here, you little Picard, go follow your master, and he'll lead you——

Oriana. Whither, sir?

Dur. To the Academy, child—'tis the fashion with men of quality to teach their pages their exercises—go.

Oriana. Won't you go with him too, sir? That woman may do him some harm, I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now, Mr Page, do you start up to give laws of a sudden? Do you pretend to rise at court, and disapprove the pleasure of your betters?—Lookye, sirrah, if ever you would rise by a great man, be sure to be with him in his little actions; and, as a step to your advancement, follow your master immediately, and make it your hope that he goes to a bagnio.

Oriana. Heavens forbid! [*Exit.*

Dur. Now would I sooner take a cart in company of the hangman, than a coach with that woman:—What a strange antipathy have I taken against these creatures! A woman to me, is aversion upon aversion! a cheese, a cat, a breast of mutton, the squalling of children, the grinding of knives, and the snuff of a candle. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LAMORCE'S *Lodgings.*

Enter MIRABEL *and* LAMORCE.

Lam. To convince me, sir, that your service was something more than good breeding, please to lay out

an hour of your company upon my desire, as you have already upon my necessity.

Y. Mir. Your desire, madam, has only prevented my request:—My hours! Make them yours, madam, eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to those happy minutes.

Lam. But I must trouble you, sir, to dismiss your retinue, because an equipage at my door, at this time of night, will not be consistent with my reputation.

Y. Mir. By all means, madam, all but one little boy—Here, page!

Enter ORIANA.

Order my coach and servants home, and do you stay; 'tis a foolish country boy, that knows nothing but innocence.

Lam. Innocence, sir! I should be sorry if you made any sinister constructions of my freedom.

Y. Mir. O, madam, I must not pretend to remark upon any body's freedom, having so entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, sir, 'twere convenient towards our easy correspondence, that we entered into a free confidence of each other, by a mutual declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another.—Now, sir, what are you?

Y. Mir. In three words, madam,—I am a gentleman, and have five hundred pounds in my pocket.

Lam. And your name is——

Y. Mir. Mustapha.—Now, madam, the inventory of your fortunes?

Lam. My name is Lamorce—my birth noble; I was married young to a proud, rude, sullen, impetuous fellow;—the husband spoiled the gentleman;—crying ruined my face, till at last I took heart, leaped out of a window, got away to my friends, sued my tyrant, and recovered my fortune.—I lived from fifteen to twenty, to please a husband; from twenty

to forty, I'm resolved to please myself, and from thence, upwards, I'll humour the world.

Y. Mir. Ha! ha! ha! I rejoice in your good fortune, with all my heart!

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr Mustapha, you have got the finest ring there, I could scarcely believe it right; pray let me see it.

Y. Mir. Hum! Yes, madam, 'tis—'tis right—but—but—but—but—but it was given me by my mother—an old family ring, madam—an old-fashioned, family ring.

Lam. Ay, sir!—If you can entertain yourself for a moment, I'll wait on you immediately. [*Exit.*

Y. Mir. Certainly the stars have been in a strange intriguing humour, when I was born.—Ay, this night should I have had a bride in my arms, and that I should like well enough! But what should I have tomorrow night? The same. And what next night? The same. And what next night? The very same: Soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for breakfast again—But here's variety.

I love the fair, who freely gives her heart,
That's mine by ties of nature, not of art;
Who boldly owns whate'er her thoughts indite,
And is as modest for a hypocrite.

[LAMORCE *appears at the Door; as he runs towards her, Four* BRAVOES *step in before her. He starts back.*

She comes, she comes—Hum, hum—Bitch—Murdered, murdered, to be sure! The cursed strumpet! To make me send away my servants—Nobody near me! These cut-throats always make sure work.—What shall I do? I have but one way. Are these gentlemen your relations, madam?

Lam. Yes, sir.

Y. Mir. Gentlemen, your most humble servant;—

sir, your most faithful; yours, sir, with all my heart; your most obedient—Come, gentlemen, [*Salutes all round.*] please to sit—no ceremony—next the lady, pray, sir.

Lam. Well, sir, and how d'ye like my friends?

[*They all sit.*

Y. Mir. O, madam, the most finished gentlemen; I was never more happy in good company in my life. I suppose, sir, you have travelled?

1 *Bra.* Yes, sir.

Y. Mir. Which way, may I presume?

1 *Bra.* In a western barge, sir.

Y. Mir. Ha! ha! ha! very pretty! facetious pretty gentleman!

Lam. Ha! ha! ha! sir, you have got the prettiest ring upon your finger here—

Y. Mir. Ah! Madam, 'tis at your service, with all my heart! [*Offering the Ring.*

Lam. By no means, sir, a family ring! [*Takes it.*

Y. Mir. No matter, madam.——Seven hundred pound, by this light! [*Aside.*

2 *Bra.* Pray, sir, what's o'clock?

Y. Mir. Hum! Sir, I have left my watch at home.

2 *Bra.* I thought I saw the string of it just now.

Y. Mir. Ods my life, sir, I beg your pardon, here it is!—but it don't go. [*Putting it up.*

Lam. O, dear sir, an English watch! Tompion's, I presume?

Y. Mir. D'ye like it, madam? No ceremony—'tis at your service, with all my heart and soul!—Tompion's! Hang ye! [*Aside.*

1 *Bra.* But, sir, above all things, I admire the fashion and make of your sword hilt!

Y. Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, sir!

1 *Bra.* Will you part with it, sir?

Y. Mir. Sir, I wont sell it.

1 *Bra.* Not sell it, sir!

Y. Mir. No, gentlemen, but I'll bestow it, with all my heart! [*Offering it.*

1 *Bra.* O sir, we shall rob you!

Y. Mir. That you do I'll be sworn! [*Aside.*]—I have another at home; pray, sir,—Gentlemen, you're too modest—have I any thing else that you fancy?—Sir, will you do me a favour? [*To the First* BRAVO.] I am extremely in love with that hat which you wear; will you do me the favour to change with me?

1 *Bra.* Lookye, sir, this is a family hat, and I would not part with it, but if you like it——[*They change Hats.*]—I want but a handsome pretence to quarrel with him.—Some wine! Sir, your good health. [*Pulls* MIRABEL *by the Nose.*

Y. Mir. Oh, sir, your most humble servant! a pleasant frolic enough, to drink a man's health, and pull him by the nose! ha! ha! ha! the pleasantest, pretty-humoured gentleman——

Lam. Help the gentleman to a glass.

[MIRABEL *drinks.*

1 *Bra.* How d'ye like the wine, sir?

Y. Mir. Very good o'the kind, sir:—But I tell ye what, I find we are all inclined to be frolicsome, and 'egad, for my own part, I was never more disposed to be merry; let's make a night on't, ha!—This wine is pretty, but I have such burgundy at home! Lookye, gentlemen, let me send for half a dozen flasks of my burgundy, I defy France to match it;—'twill make us all life, all air; pray, gentlemen.

2 *Bra.* Eh? Shall us have his burgundy?

1 *Bra.* Yes, 'faith, we'll have all we can; here, call up the gentleman's servant.—[*Exit* FOOTMAN.] What think you, Lamorce?

Lam. Yes, yes—Your servant is a foolish country boy, sir, he understands nothing but innocence.

Y. Mir. Ay, ay, madam.—Here, page,——

Enter ORIANA.

Take this key, and go to my butler, order him to send half a dozen flasks of the red burgundy, marked a thousand; and be sure you make haste, I long to entertain my friends here; my very good friends.

Omnes. Ah! dear sir.

1 *Bra.* Here, child, take a glass of wine—Your master and I have changed hats, honey, in a frolic.—Where had you this pretty boy, honest Mustapha?

Oriana. Mustapha!

Y. Mir. Out of Picardy—this is the first errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I will encourage him.

Oriana. The red burgundy, sir!

Y. Mir. The red, marked a thousand, and be sure you make haste.

Oriana. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

1 *Bra.* Sir, you were pleased to like my hat, have you any fancy for my coat?—Lookye, sir, it has served a great many honest gentlemen very faithfully.

Y. Mir. The insolence of these dogs is beyond their cruelty! [*Aside.*

Lam. You're melancholy, sir.

Y. Mir. Only concerned, madam, that I should have no servant here but this little boy—he'll make some confounded blunder, I'll lay my life on't; I would not be disappointed of my wine for the universe.

Lam. He'll do well enough, sir; but supper's ready; will you please to eat a bit, sir?

Y. Mir. O, madam, I never had a better stomach in my life.

Lam. Come, then, we have nothing but a plate of soup.

Y. Mir. Ah! the marriage soup I could dispense with now. [*Aside.—Exit, handing the Lady.*

2 *Bra.* Shall we dispatch him?

3 *Bra.* To be sure; I think he knows me.

1 *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead men tell no tales; I han't the confidence to look a man in the face, after I have done him an injury, therefore we'll murder him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

OLD MIRABEL'S *House.*

Enter DURETETE.

Dur. My friend has forsaken me, I have abandoned my mistress, my time lies heavy upon my hands, and my money burns in my pocket—But now I think on't, my myrmidons are upon duty to-night; I'll fairly stroll down to the guard, and nod away the night with my honest lieutenant, over a flask of wine, a story, and a pipe of tobacco.

[*Going off,* BISARRE *meets him.*

Bis. Who comes there? stand!

Dur. Heyday, how she's turned dragoon!

Bis. Lookye, sir, I'm told you intend to travel again.—I design to wait upon you as far as Italy.

Dur. Then I'll travel into Wales.

Bis. Wales! What country's that?

Dur. The land of mountains, child; where you're never out of the way, 'cause there's no such thing as a highroad.

Bis. Rather, always in a highroad, because you travel all upon hills; but be't as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to sail to the East Indies.

Bis. East, or West, 'tis all one to me: I'm tight and light, and the fitter for sailing.

Dur. But suppose we take through Germany and drink hard?

Bis. Suppose I take through Germany, and drink harder than you?

Dur. Suppose I go to a bawdy house?

Bis. Suppose I shew you the way?

Dur. 'Sdeath, woman! will you go to the guard with me, and smoke a pipe?

Bis. Allons donc!

Dur. The devil's in the woman!—Suppose I hang myself?

Bis. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance: the gallows is welcome.

Bis. Hold, hold, sir, [*Catches him by the Arm, going.*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, madam,—or I shall think that you're a man, and, perhaps, may examine you.

Bis. Stir if you dare; I have still spirits to attend me, and can raise such a muster of fairies, as shall punish you to death.—Come, sir, stand there now, and ogle me: [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languishing sigh: [*He groans.*] Now run, and take my fan,—faster. [*He runs, and takes it up.*] Now play with it handsomely.

Dur. Ay, ay. [*He tears it all in pieces.*

Bis. Hold, hold, dear, humorous coxcomb! Captain, spare my fan, and I'll—Why, you rude, inhuman monster! don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur. Yes, madam, there's twelve pence; for that is the price on't.

Bis. Sir, it cost a guinea.

Dur. Well, madam, you shall have the sticks again. [*Throws them to her, and exit.*

Bis. Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous, below my concern! I must follow him, however, to know if he can give me any news of Oriana. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

LAMORCE'S *Lodgings.*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. Bloody hell-hounds! I overheard you:—Was not I, two hours ago, the happy, gay, rejoicing Mirabel? How did I plume my hopes in a fair, coming prospect, of a long scene of years! Life courted me with all the charms of vigour, youth, and fortune; and to be torn away from all my promised joys, is more than death;—the manner too, by villains!—O, my Oriana, this very moment might have blessed me in thy arms!—and my poor boy! the innocent boy! Confusion!—But hush, they come—I must dissemble still.—No news of my wine, gentlemen?

Enter the Four BRAVOES.

1 *Bra.* No, sir; I believe your country booby has lost himself, and we can wait no longer for't:—True, sir, you're a pleasant gentleman, but, I suppose you understand our business?

Y. Mir. Sir, I may go near to guess at your employments; you, sir, are a lawyer, I presume—you a physician—you a scrivener, and you a stock jobber.—All cut-throats, egad! [*Aside.*

4 *Bra.* Sir, I am a broken officer; I was cashiered at the head of the army for a coward, so I took up the trade of murder, to retrieve the reputation of my courage.

3 *Bra.* I am a soldier too, and would serve my king; but I don't like the quarrel, and I have more honour than to fight in a bad cause.

2 *Bra.* I was bred a gentleman, and have no estate; but I must have my whore and my bottle, through the prejudice of education.

1 *Bra.* I am a ruffian too; by the prejudice of edu-

cation, I was bred a butcher.—In short, sir, if your wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer. —Come, sir, which sword will you fall by? mine, sir?

2 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

3 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

4 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

Y. Mir. I scorn to beg my life; but to be butchered thus!—O, there's the wine!—this moment for [*Knocking.*] my life or death.

Enter ORIANA.

Lost! for ever lost!—Where's the wine, child? [*Faintly.*

Oriana. Coming up, sir. [*Stamps.*

Enter DURETETE *with his Sword drawn, and six of the* GRAND MUSQUETEERS, *with their Pieces presented; the* RUFFIANS *drop their Swords.*—ORIANA *goes off.*

Y. Mir. The wine, the wine, the wine! Youth, pleasure, fortune, days and years, are now my own again! Ah, my dear friends! did not I tell you, this wine would make me merry?—Dear captain, these gentlemen are the best natured, facetious, witty creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter LAMORCE.

Lam. Is the wine come, sir?

Y. Mir. O yes, madam, the wine is come——see there! [*Pointing to the* SOLDIERS.] Your ladyship has got a very fine ring upon your finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your service.

Y. Mir. O ho! is it so? Thou dear seven hundred pound, thou'rt welcome home again, with all my heart!—Ad's my life, madam, you have got the finest built watch there! Tompion's, I presume?

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Y. Mir. O madam, by no means, 'tis too much—Rob you of all!—[*Taking it from her.*] Good, dear time, thou'rt a precious thing, I'm glad I have retrie-

ved thee. [*Putting it up.*] What, my friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my complaisance to the lady.—How now! is it civil to be so out of humour at my entertainment, and I so pleased with yours?—Captain, you're surprised at all this—but we're in our frolics, you must know.—Some wine here!

Enter SERVANT, *with Wine.*

Come, captain, this worthy gentleman's health.

[*Tweaks the First* BRAVOE *by the Nose; he roars.* But now, where—where's my dear deliverer, my boy, my charming boy?

1 *Bra.* I hope some of our crew below stairs have dispatched him.

Y. Mir. Villain, what say'st thou? dispatched! I'll have ye all tortured, racked, torn to pieces alive, if you have touched my boy.—Here, page! page! page!

[*Runs out.*

Dur. Here, gentlemen, be sure you secure those fellows.

1 *Bra.* Yes, sir, we know you, and your guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Take them to justice. [*The* GUARDS *carry off the* BRAVOES.] Now for you, madam;——He! he! he! I'm so pleased to think that I shall be revenged of one woman, before I die.—Well, Mrs Snap Dragon, which of these honourable gentlemen is so happy to call you wife?

1 *Bra.* Sir, she should have been mine to-night, 'cause Sampre, here, had her last night.—Sir, she's very true to us all four.

Enter OLD MIRABEL, DUGARD, *and* BISARRE.

Old Mir. Robin! Robin!—Where's Bob? where's my boy?—What, is this the lady? a pretty creature, 'faith!—Harkye, child, because my son was so civil as to oblige you with a coach, I'll treat you with a cart, indeed I will.

Dug. Ay, madam, and you shall have a swinging equipage; three or four thousand footmen at your heels, at least.

Dur. No less becomes her quality.

Bis. Faugh! the monster!

Dur. Monster! ay, you're all a little monstrous, let me tell you.

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Ah, my dear Bob! art thou safe, man?

Y. Mir. No, no, sir, I am ruined: the saver of my life is lost!

Old Mir. No, he came and brought us the news.

Y. Mir. But where is he?

Enter ORIANA.

Ha! [*Runs and embraces her.*] My dear preserver! what shall I do to recompense your trust?—Father, friends, gentlemen, behold the youth that has relieved me from the most ignominious death!—Command me, child; before you all—before my late so kind, indulgent stars, I swear to grant whate'er you ask.

Oriana. To the same stars, indulgent now to me, I will appeal, as to the justice of my claim: I shall demand but what was mine before—the just performance of your contract to Oriana. [*Discovering herself.*

Omnes. Oriana!

Oriana. In this disguise I resolved to follow you abroad, counterfeited that letter, that brought me into your service; and so, by this strange turn of fate, I became the instrument of your preservation: few common servants would have had such cunning; my love inspired me with the meaning of your message, because my concern for your safety made me suspect your company.

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Y. Mir. Caught! I scorn the thought of imposition—Caught! No, 'tis my voluntary act; this was

no human stratagem, but by my providential stars, designed to shew the dangers wandering youth incurs, by the pursuit of an unlawful love; to plunge me headlong in the snares of vice, and then to free me by the hands of virtue: Here, on my knees, I humbly beg my fair preserver's pardon; my thanks are needless, for myself I owe: And now, forever, do protest me yours.

Old Mir. Tall, all di dall! [*Sings.*] Kiss me, daughter—no, you shall kiss me first, [*To* LAMORCE.] for you're the cause on't.—Well, Bisarre, what say you to the captain?

Bis. I like the beast well enough, but I don't understand his paces so well as to venture him in a strange road.

Old Mir. But marriage is so beaten a path, that you can't go wrong.

Bis. Ay, 'tis so beaten that the way is spoiled.

Dur. There is but one thing should make me thy husband—I could marry thee to-day, for the privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

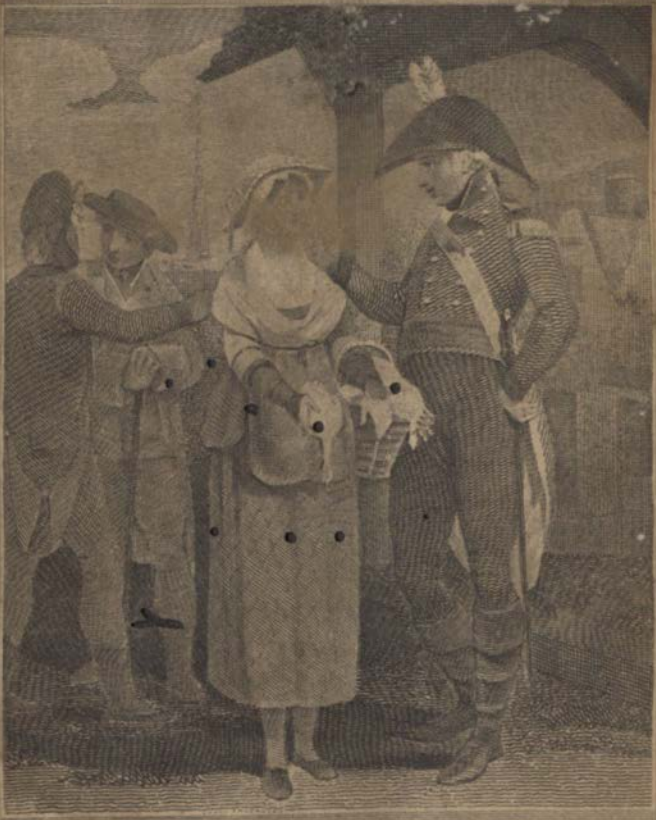
Old Mir. Come, come, you may agree for all this; —Mr Dugard, are not you pleased with this?

Dug. So pleased, that, if I thought it might secure your son's affection to my sister, I would double her fortune.

Y. Mir. Fortune! Has she not given me mine? my life—estate—my all? and what is more, her virtuous self?—Behold the foil [*Pointing to* LAMORCE.] that sets this brightness off! [*To* ORIANA.] Here view the pride, [*To* ORIANA.] and scandal of the sex!

What liberty can be so tempting there,
[*To* LAMORCE.
As a soft, virtuous, am'rous bondage here?
[*To* ORIANA.

THE END.



CAPTAIN PLUME.—LET ME SEE, YOUNG AND TENDER, YOU SAY.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PAINTED BY STOTHARD R.A. ENGRAVED BY LONGMAN & C° PUBLISHED BY ARTHUR

THE

RECRUITING OFFICER;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GEOR[illegible] QUHAR, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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REMARKS.

If the two last acts of this drama were equal to the three first, it would rank the foremost among Farquhar's works; for these are brilliant in wit, humour, character, incident, and every other requisite necessary to form a complete comedy. But the decrease of merit in a play, on approaching its conclusion, is, as in all other productions, of most unfortunate consequence.

The author was himself a recruiting officer, and possibly gathered all the materials for this play on the very spot where he has placed his scene—Shrewsbury. He has dedicated the piece "to all friends round the Wrekin," and has thanked the inhabitants of the town for that cheerful hospitality, which made, he adds, "the recruiting service, to some men the greatest fatigue on earth, to me the greatest pleasure in the world."

He even acknowledges, that he found the country folk, whom he has here introduced—meaning those most excellently drawn characters of Rose, her brother, and the two recruits,—under the shade of that beforementioned hill near Shrewsbury, the Wrekin; and it may be well supposed, that he discovered Serjeant Kite in his own regiment, and Captain Plume in his own person. Certainly those characters

have every appearance of being copied from life—and probably, many other of his Stratford acquaintance have here had their portraits drawn to perfection.

The disguise of Sylvia in boy's clothes, is an improbable, and romantic occurrence; yet it is one of those dramatic events, which were considered as perfectly natural in former times; although neither history, nor tradition, gives any cause to suppose, that the English ladies were accustomed to attire themselves in man's apparel; and reason assures us, that they could seldom, if ever, have concealed their sex by such stratagem.

Another incident in the "Recruiting Officer" might have had its value a hundred years ago—just the time since the play was first acted; but to the present generation, it is so dull, that it casts a heaviness upon all those scenes whereon it has any influence. Fortune-tellers are now a set of personages, in whom, and in whose skill or fraud, no rational person takes interest; and though such people still exist by their profession, they are so vile they are beneath satire; and their dupes such idiots, they do not even enjoy sense enough for their folly to produce risibility.

Perhaps the author despised this part of his play as much as the severest critic can do; but having expended his store of entertainment upon the foregoing scenes, he was compelled to supply the bulk of the two last acts from the scanty fund of wasted spirits, and exhausted invention.

The life of Farquhar was full of adventures.—As a student, he was expelled the college of Dublin, for

adventuring profane wit upon a sacred theme, given to him by his rector for his exercise.

As an actor, he forsook the stage in grief and horror, on having unknowingly made use of a real sword, instead of a counterfeit one, by which he wounded a brother performer, with whom he had to fence in a tragedy, nearly to the loss of his life.

In love, and marriage, his enterprizes were still more unhappily terminated.—And merely as an author, and a soldier, can any events of his life be accounted prosperous.

As a dramatic writer, Farquhar was eminently successful; and in his military capacity, he was ever honoured and beloved—whether fighting with a great army in Flanders, or recruiting with a small party in Shropshire.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN PLUME	*Mr Holman.*
JUSTICE BALANCE	*Mr Murray.*
WORTHY	*Mr Whitfield.*
SERJEANT KITE	*Mr Knight.*
BULLOCK	*Mr Fawcett.*
FIRST RECRUIT	*Mr Munden.*
SECOND RECRUIT	*Mr Emery.*
WELSH COLLIER	*Mr Farley.*
CONSTABLE	*Mr Thompson.*
CAPTAIN BRAZEN	*Mr Lewis.*
MELINDA	*Miss Chapman.*
ROSE	*Mrs Gibbs.*
LUCY	*Mrs Litchfield.*
SYLVIA	*Mrs Johnson.*

SCENE—Shrewsbury.

THE

RECRUITING OFFICER.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Market Place.

Drum beats the Grenadier's March.—Enter SERJEANT KITE, *followed by* THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, *and the* MOB.

Kite. [*Making a Speech.*] If any gentlemen soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife, let them repair to the noble Serjeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment.—[*Drum.*]—Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to insnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers; grenadiers, gentlemen.——

Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour; it dubs a man a gentleman, in the drawing of a trigger; and he, that has the good fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man.—Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Cost. Is there no harm in't? won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can.—Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there is no conjuration in it? no gunpowder plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily.—Let me see it—[*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone.—Smell, Tummas.

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, serjeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Cost. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Cost. My wife and I would do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another——But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Kite. Sound! ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so! then I find, brother——

Cost. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet.—Lookye, serjeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see—If I have a mind to list, why so—if not, why 'tis not so—therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing.—No coaxing, no brothering me, 'faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, sir: I have served twenty campaigns——But, sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man, every inch of you; a pretty, young, sprightly fellow!—I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax; 'tis base; though I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle! but I scorn to wheedle any man—Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say but this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters—'tis the king's money, and the king's drink—he's a generous king, and loves his subjects—I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health.

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza, then! huzza for the king, and the honour of Shropshire!

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum.

[*Exeunt, shouting,—Drum beating the Grenadier's March.*

Enter PLUME, *in a Riding Habit.*

Plume. By the Grenadier's March, that should be my drum, and by that shout, it should beat with success.—Let me see—four o'clock—[*Looking on his Watch.*] At ten yesterday morning I left London—an hundred and twenty miles in thirty hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

Enter KITE.

Kite. Welcome to Shrewsbury, noble captain!

from the banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble captain! you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant reception, indeed, Mr Kite. I find you are fairly entered into your recruiting strain—Pray what success?

Kite. I've been here a week, and I've recruited five.

Plume. Five! pray what are they?

Kite. I have listed the strong man of Kent, the king of the gipsies, a Scotch pedlar, a scoundrel attorney, and a Welsh parson.

Plume. An attorney! Wert thou mad? list a lawyer! Discharge him, discharge him, this minute.

Kite. Why, sir?

Plume. Because I will have nobody in my company that can write: a fellow that can write, can draw petitions—I say this minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum? he plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Plume. Keep him, by all means—But how stands the country affected? were the people pleased with the news of my coming to town?

Kite. Sir, the mob are so pleased with your honour, and the justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your business——But, sir, you have got a recruit here, that you little think of.

Plume. Who?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country. You remember your old friend Molly, at the Castle?

Plume. She's not with child, I hope?

Kite. She was brought to-bed yesterday.

Plume. Kite, you must father the child.

Kite. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Plume. If they should, we'll take her with us;

she can wash you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your honour knows that I am married already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me see—*Imprimis*, Mrs Shely Snikereyes; she sell potatoes upon Ormond key, in Dublin—Peggy Guzzle, the brandy woman at the Horse Guards, at Whitehall—Dolly Waggon, the carrier's daughter, at Hull—Mademoiselle Van Bottomflat, at the Buss—then Jenny Oakum, the ship-carpenter's widow, at Portsmouth; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same time to two lieutenants of marines, and a man of war's boatswain.

Plume. A full company—you have named five—come, make them half a dozen—Kite, is the child a boy or a girl?

Kite. A chopping boy.

Plume. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine; enter him a grenadier, by the name of Francis Kite, absent upon furlough—I'll allow you a man's pay for his subsistence; and now, go comfort the wench in the straw.

Kite. I shall, sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your fortune-teller's habit since you arrived?

Kite. Yes, yes, sir; and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lie—I was obliged to let my landlord into the secret, for the convenience of keeping it so; but he is an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. This device, sir, will get you men, and me money, which, I think, is all we want at present—But yonder comes your friend,

Mr. Worthy—Has your honour any further commands?

Plume. None at present. [*Exit* KITE.]—'Tis indeed the picture of Worthy, but the life is departed.

Enter WORTHY.

What, arms across, Worthy! methinks you should hold them open when a friend's so near.—The man has got the vapours in his ears, I believe. I must expel this melancholy spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this magic blow.
[*Slaps* WORTHY *on the Shoulder.*

Wor. Plume! my dear captain! welcome. Safe and sound returned?

Plume. I escaped safe from Germany, and sound, I hope, from London: you see I have lost neither leg, arm, nor nose. Then for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with sympathies nor antipathies; and I have an excellent stomach for roast beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow: once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, man? no inundations nor earthquakes in Wales, I hope? Has your father rose from the dead, and reassumed his estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are married, surely?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning quaker?

Wor. Come, I must out with it——Your once gay, roving friend, is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant coxcomb.

Plume. And pray, what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman.

Plume. Shake hands, brother. If you go to that,

behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a coxcomb, as your worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a regiment—But for a woman! 'Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one: and can the love of one bring you into this condition? Pray, who is this wonderful Helen?

Wor. A Helen, indeed! not to be won under ten years' siege; as great a beauty, and as great a jilt.

Plume. A jilt! pho! is she as great a whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities!—But who is she?—Do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible——I know no woman that will hold out a ten years' siege:

Wor. What think you of Melinda?

Plume. Melinda! why she began to capitulate this time twelvemonth, and offered to surrender upon honourable terms: and I advised you to propose a settlement of five hundred pounds a-year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearkened to it, desiring only one week to consider—when beyond her hopes the town was relieved, and I forced to turn the siege into a blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady Richly, her aunt in Flintshire, dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand pounds.

Plume. Oh, the devil! what a delicate woman was there spoiled! But, by the rules of war, now—— Worthy, blockade was foolish—After such a convoy of provisions was entered the place, you could have no thought of reducing it by famine; you should have redoubled your attacks, taken the town by storm, or have died upon the breach.

Wor. I did make one general assault, but was so vigorously repulsed, that, despairing of ever gaining her for a mistress, I have altered my conduct, given my addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a wife.

Plume. So, as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and, because you approached her like a goddess, she used you like a dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of them all——Come, Worthy, your obsequious and distant airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her pride by your humility. Would you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduced to a meaner opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do, should be to lie with her chambermaid, and hire three or four wenches in the neighbourhood to report, that I had got them with child.—Suppose we lampooned all the pretty women in town, and left her out; or what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her, with one or two of the ugliest?

Wor. These would be mortifications I must confess; but we live in such a precise, dull place, that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no——

Plume. What, no bastards! and so many recruiting officers in town! I thought 'twas a maxim among them, to leave as many recruits in the country as they carried out.

Wor. Nobody doubts your good will, noble captain, in serving your country; witness our friend Molly, at the Castle; there have been tears in town about that business, captain.

Plume. I hope Sylvia has not heard of it.

Wor. Oh, sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor Sylvia.

Plume. Your affairs had quite put mine out of my head. 'Tis true, Sylvia and I had once agreed to go

to bed together, could we have adjusted preliminaries; but she would have the wedding before consummation, and I was for consummation before the wedding: we could not agree.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other conditions?

Plume. Your pardon, sir, I'll marry upon no condition at all—If I should, I am resolved never to bind myself down to a woman for my whole life, till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour. Suppose I married a woman without a leg—such a thing might be, unless I examined the goods beforehand.—If people would but try one another's constitutions before they engaged, it would prevent all these elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say that—

Plume. I hate country towns for that reason.—If your town has a dishonourable thought of Sylvia, it deserves to be burnt to the ground—I love Sylvia, I admire her frank, generous disposition—there's something in that girl more than woman—In short, were I once a general, I would marry her.

Wor. 'Faith, you have reason—for were you but a corporal, she would marry you—but my Melinda coquets it with every fellow she sees—I'll lay fifty pounds she makes love to you.

Plume. I'll lay you a hundred, that I return it if she does—Lookye, Worthy, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, 'faith; I would not value the conquest, without the credit of the victory.

Enter KITE.

Kite. Captain, captain! a word in your ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but friends.

Kite. You know, sir, that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw, Mrs Molly—My wife, Mr Worthy.

Wor. O ho! very well. I wish you joy, Mr Kite.

Kite. Your worship very well may; for I have got both a wife and a child in half an hour.—But as I was saying—you sent me to comfort Mrs Molly—my wife, I mean—but what d'ye think, sir? she was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how?

Kite. Why, sir, a footman in a blue livery had brought her ten guineas to buy her baby-clothes.

Plume. Who, in the name of wonder, could send them?

Kite. Nay, sir, I must whisper that—Mrs Sylvia.

Plume. Sylvia! generous creature!

Wor. Sylvia! impossible!

Kite. Here are the guineas, sir—I took the gold as part of my wife's portion. Nay, farther, sir, she sent word the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with this news, called after me, and told me, that his lady would speak to me—I went, and upon hearing that you were come to town, she gave me half a guinea for the news, and ordered me to tell you, that Justice Balance, her father, who is just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a girl for you, Worthy!—Is there any thing of woman in this? no, 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship. Shew me another woman that would lose an inch of her prerogative that way, without tears, fits, and reproaches. The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises, and can part with the lover,

though she dies for the man.—Come, Worthy—where's the best wine? for there I'll quarter.

Wor. At Horton's.

Plume. Let's away, then.—Mr Kite, go to the lady, with my humble service, and tell her, I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, Kite—have you seen the other recruiting captain!

Kite. No, sir; I'd have you to know I don't keep such company.

Plume. Another! who is he?

Wor. My rival, in the first place, and the most unaccountable fellow—but I'll tell you more as we go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment.

MELINDA *and* SYLVIA *meeting.*

Mel. Welcome to town, cousin Sylvia. [*Salute.*] I envied you your retreat in the country; for Shrewsbury, methinks, and all your heads of shires, are the most irregular places for living: here we have smoke, scandal, affectation, and pretension; in short, every thing to give the spleen—and nothing to divert it—then the air is intolerable.

Syl. Oh, madam! I have heard the town commended for its air.

Mel. But you don't consider, Sylvia, how long I have lived in it; for I can assure you that to a lady the least nice in her constitution, no air can be good above half a year. Change of air I take to be the most agreeable of any variety in life.

Syl. As you say, cousin Melinda, there are several sorts of air.

Mel. Psha! I talk only of the air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste.—Have not you, Sylvia, found a vast difference in the taste of airs?

Syl. Pray, cousin, are not vapours a sort of air? Taste air! you might as well tell me I may feed upon air! but pr'ythee, my dear Melinda! don't put on such an air to me. Your education and mine were just the same, and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the Welsh mountains made our fingers ache in a cold morning, at the boarding-school.

Mel. Our education, cousin, was the same, but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of a horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled neither with spleen, cholic, nor vapours. I need no salts for my stomach, no hartshorn for my head, nor wash for my complexion; I can gallop all the morning after the hunting-horn, and all the evening after a fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my father, but drink and shoot flying; and I am sure I can do every thing my mother could, were I put to the trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't, for I am told your captain is come to town.

Syl. Ay, Melinda, he is come, and I'll take care he sha'n't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, cousin!

Syl. "And there's a pleasure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know."

Mel. Thou poor romantic Quixote!—hast thou the vanity to imagine that a young sprightly officer, that rambles o'er half the globe in half a year, can confine his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice, in an obscure part of the world?

Syl. Psha! what care I for his thoughts? I should not like a man with confined thoughts; it shews a nar-

rowness of soul. In short, Melinda, I think a petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tired of my sex.

Mel. That is, you are tired of an appendage to our sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in petticoats as if you were in breeches.—O' my conscience, Sylvia, hadst thou been a man, thou hadst been the greatest rake in Christendom.

Syl. I should have endeavoured to know the world, which a man can never do thoroughly without half a hundred friendships, and as many amours. But now I think on't, how stands your affair with Mr Worthy?

Mel. He's my aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, madam?

Syl. I say, that you should not use that honest fellow so inhumanly? he's a gentleman of parts and fortune, and besides that he's my Plume's friend; and by all that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself in breeches in good earnest—But, to be plain with you, I like Worthy the worse for being so intimate with your captain; for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly coxcomb.

Syl. Oh, madam! you never saw him perhaps, since you were mistress of twenty thousand pounds: you only knew him when you were capitulating with Worthy for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, madam?

Syl. My meaning needs no interpretation, madam.

Mel. Better it had, madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I would be glad to take up with a rakehelly officer, as you do.

Syl. Again! lookye, madam, you are in your own house.

Mel. And if you had been in yours, I should have excused you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, madam; I sha'n't desire to have my visit returned.

Mel. The sooner, therefore, you make an end of this, the better.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations; and so, madam, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. What's the matter, madam?

Mel. Did not you see the proud nothing, how she swelled upon the arrival of her fellow?

Lucy. Her fellow has not been long enough arrived, to occasion any great swelling, madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor sha'n't, if I can help it.—Let me see—I have it; bring me pen and ink—Hold, I'll go write in my closet.

Lucy. An answer to this letter, I hope, madam? [*Presents a Letter.*

Mel. Who sent it?

Lucy. Your captain, madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I'm tired of him: send it back unopened.

Lucy. The messenger's gone, madam.

Mel. Then how should I send an answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment.

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE *and* PLUME.

Bal. Lookye, captain, give us but blood for our money, and you sha'n't want men. Ad's my life, captain, get us but another marshal of France, and I'll go myself for a soldier.

Plume. Pray, Mr Balance, how does your fair daughter?

Bal. Ah, captain! what is my daughter to a marshal of France? we're upon a nobler subject; I want to have a particular description of the last battle.

Plume. The battle, sir, was a very pretty battle as any one should desire to see; but we were all so intent upon victory, that we never minded the battle: all that I know of the matter is, our general commanded us to beat the French, and we did so; and, if he pleases but to say the word, we'll do it again. But pray, sir, how does Mrs Sylvia?

Bal. Still upon Sylvia! for shame, captain! you are engaged already—wedded to the war: victory is your mistress, and 'tis below a soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a mistress, I confess—but as a friend, Mr Balance——

Bal. Come, come, captain, never mince the mat-

ter: would not you seduce my daughter, if you could?

Plume. How, sir? I hope she is not to be seduced.

Bal. 'Faith, but she is, sir; and any woman in England of her age and complexion, by your youth and vigour. Lookye, captain, once I was young, and once an officer, as you are, and I can guess at your thoughts now by what mine were then; and I remember very well that I would have given one of my legs to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman like me, as I was then like you.

Plume. But, sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Bal. Not much of that.

Plume. There the comparison breaks: the favours, sir, that——

Bal. Pho, pho! I hate set speeches: if I have done you any service, captain, it was to please myself. I love thee, and if I could part with my girl, you should have her as soon as any young fellow I know; but I hope you have more honour than to quit the service, and she more prudence than to follow the camp: But she's at her own disposal; she has five thousand pounds in her pocket, and so—Sylvia, Sylvia! [*Calls.*

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. There are some letters, sir, come by the post from London; I left them upon the table in your closet.

Bal. And here is a gentleman from Germany.—[*Presents* PLUME *to her.*] Captain, you'll excuse me; I'll go read my letters, and wait on you. [*Exit.*

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Plume. You are indebted to me a welcome, madam, since the hopes of receiving it from this fair hand was the principal cause of my seeing England.

Syl. I have often heard that soldiers were sincere; may I venture to believe public report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis backed by private insurance; for I swear, madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon, it was with the hope of making myself more worthy of your esteem; and if ever I had thoughts of preserving my life, 'twas for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my feet, or where you will; but you know, sir, there is a certain will and testament to be made beforehand.

Plume. My will, madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open that parchment, which was drawn the evening before the battle of Hockstet, you will find whom I left my heir.

Syl. *Mrs Sylvia Balance.* [*Opens the Will, and reads.*] Well, captain, this is a handsome and substantial compliment; but I can assure you I am much better pleased with the bare knowledge of your intention, than I should have been in the possession of your legacy: but, methinks, sir, you should have left something to your little boy at the Castle.

Plume. That's home. [*Aside.*]—My little boy! lack-a-day, madam! that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine: why, the girl, madam, is my serjeant's wife, and so the poor creature gave out that I was the father, in hopes that my friends might support her in case of necessity.—That was all, madam—my boy! no, no, no!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, my master has received some ill news from London, and desires to speak with you immediately; and he begs the captain's pardon, that he can't wait on him, as he promised.

Plume. Ill news! Heavens avert it! nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous, worthy gentleman afflicted. I'll leave you to comfort him;

and be assured that if my life and fortune can be any way serviceable to the father of my Sylvia, he shall freely command both.

Syl. The necessity must be very pressing that would engage me to endanger either. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment.

Enter BALANCE *and* SYLVIA.

Syl. Whilst there is life there is hope, sir; perhaps my brother may recover.

Bal. We have but little reason to expect it; the doctor acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands he fears I shall have no son.—Poor Owen! but the decree is just; I was pleased with the death of my father, because he left me an estate; and now I am punished with the loss of an heir to inherit mine. I must now look upon you as the only hopes of my family; and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts and new prospects.

Syl. My desire in being punctual in my obedience, requires that you would be plain in your commands, sir.

Bal. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about three thousand pounds a-year; this fortune gives you a fair claim to quality and a title: you must set a just value upon yourself, and, in plain terms, think no more of Captain Plume.

Syl. You have often commended the gentleman, sir.

Bal. And I do so still; he's a very pretty fellow; but though I liked him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and family. Five thousand pounds, indeed, I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness; but—od's my life! three thousand pounds a-year would ruin him, quite turn his brain—A captain of foot worth three thousand pounds a year! 'tis a prodigy in nature!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's one with a letter below for your worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Bal. Come, shew me the messenger.

[*Exit with* SERVANT.

Syl. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am Prince Prettyman exactly.—If my brother dies, ah, poor brother! if he lives, ah, poor sister! It is bad both ways. I'll try it again—Follow my own inclinations, and break my father's heart; or obey his commands, and break my own? Worse and worse.—Suppose I take it thus: A moderate fortune, a pretty fellow, and a pad; or a fine estate, a coach and six, and an ass.—That will never do neither.

Enter BALANCE *and a* SERVANT.

Bal. Put four horses to the coach. [*To a* SERVANT, *who goes out.*]—Ho, Sylvia!

Syl. Sir.

Bal. How old were you when your mother died?

Syl. So young that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Bal. Have I ever denied you any thing you asked of me?

Syl. Never, that I remember.

Bal. Then, Sylvia, I must beg that once in your life you would grant me a favour.

Syl. Why should you question it, sir?

Bal. I don't; but I would rather counsel than command. I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as the advice of your friend, that you would take the coach this moment, and go into the country.

Syl. Does this advice, sir, proceed from the contents of the letter you received just now?

Bal. No matter; I will be with you in three or four days, and then give my reasons; but before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Syl. Propose the thing, sir.

Bal. That you will never dispose of yourself to any man without my consent.

Syl. I promise.

Bal. Very well; and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent; and so, Sylvia, the coach is ready. Farewell. [*Leads her to the Door, and returns.*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the contents of this letter a little nearer. [*Reads.*

SIR,

My intimacy with Mr Worthy has drawn a secret from him, that he had from his friend Captain Plume; and my friendship and relation to your family oblige me to give you timely notice of it. The captain has dishonourable designs upon my cousin Sylvia. Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than amended; and that you would immediately send my cousin into the country, is the advice of,

Sir, your humble servant,

MELINDA.

Why, the devil's in the young fellows of this age;

they are ten times worse than they were in my time: had he made my daughter a whore, and forswore it, like a gentleman, I could almost have pardoned it; but to tell tales beforehand is monstrous.—Hang it! I can fetch down a woodcock or a snipe, and why not a hat and cockade? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter WORTHY.

Worthy, your servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, sir, to be the messenger of ill news.

Bal. I apprehend it, sir: you have heard that my son Owen is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say he's dead, sir.

Bal. He's happy, and I am satisfied: the stroke of Heaven I can bear; but injuries from men, Mr Worthy, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, sir, you are under no apprehensions of wrong from any body.

Bal. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour, in believing I could know any thing to your prejudice, without resenting it as much as you should.

Bal. This letter, sir, which I tear in pieces, to conceal the person that sent it, informs me that Plume has a design upon Sylvia, and that you are privy to it.

Wor. Nay, then, sir, I must do myself justice, and endeavour to find out the author. [*Takes up a Bit.*]—Sir, I know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents, Melinda shall tell me. [*Going.*

Bal. Hold, sir; the contents I have told you already; only with this circumstance—that her intimacy with Mr Worthy had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me! Dear sir! let me pick up the pieces of this letter, 'twill give me such a

power over her pride to have her own an intimacy under her hand.—This was the luckiest accident! [*Gathering up the Letter.*] The aspersion, sir, was nothing but malice; the effect of a little quarrel between her and Mrs Sylvia.

Bal. Are you sure of that, sir?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battle just now, as she overheard it: but I hope, sir, your daughter has suffered nothing upon the account.

Bal. No, no, poor girl! she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death, that, to avoid company, she begged leave to go into the country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Bal. I could not refuse her, she was so pressing; the coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, sir?—I find her fortune will give her the same airs with Melinda, and then Plume and I may laugh at one another.

Bal. Like enough; women are as subject to pride as men are; and why mayn't great women as well as great men forget their old acquaintance? But come, where's this young fellow? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal.—I am glad my daughter's gone fairly off though. [*Aside.*]—Where does the captain quarter?

Wor. At Horton's; I am to meet him there two hours hence, and we should be glad of your company.

Bal. Your pardon, dear Worthy! I must allow a day or two to the death of my son. The decorum of mourning is what we owe the world, because they pay it to us; afterwards I'm yours over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

[*Exeunt apart.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter KITE, *with* COSTAR PEARMAIN *in one Hand, and* THOMAS APPLETREE *in the other, drunk.*

KITE *sings.*

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
O'er the hills and far away,
Over, &c.

[The Mob sing the Chorus.

We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills and far away.
Over, &c.

Kite. Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play;—we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes—why, why you are a king—you are an emperor, and I'm a prince—now, an't we?

Tho. No, serjeant, I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. I'll be a justice of peace.

Kite. A justice of peace, man!

Tho. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done; you are a justice of peace, and you are a king, and I am a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

Cost. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen!

Cost. Ay, of England, that's greater than any king of them all.

Kite. Bravely said, 'faith! huzza for the queen. [*Huzza.*] But harkye, you Mr Justice, and you Mr Queen, did you ever see the king's picture?

Both. No! no! no!

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of them set in gold, and as like his majesty, God bless the mark! see here, they are set in gold.

[*Takes two Broad Pieces out of his Pocket; presents one to each.*

Tho. The wonderful works of nature!

* * * [*Looking at it.*

What's this written about? here's a posy, I believe.—Ca-ro-lus!—What's that, serjeant?

Kite. O! Carolus! why, Carolus is Latin for King George; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard.—Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know; I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away.

[*They Sing, and put up the Money.*

Enter PLUME, *singing.*

Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it; I'll make one among ye. Who are these hearty lads?

Kite. Off with your hats; 'ounds! off with your hats: this is the captain, the captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh! I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I'se scarcely d'off mine for any captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are those jolly lads, serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows that are willing to serve the king: I have entertained them just now as volunteers, under your honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Wounds, Tummus, what's this! are you listed?

Tho. Flesh! not I: are you, Costar?

Cost. Wounds! not I.

Kite. What! not listed? Ha! ha! ha! a very good jest, i'faith.

Cost. Come, Tummus, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, gentlemen; behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Tummas, honest Costar!

Tho. No, no! we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you both centinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, serjeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, sir; they disobey command,

sir; and one of them should be shot, for an example to the other.

Cost. Shot! Tummas?

Plume. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter?

Tho. We don't know; the noble serjeant is pleas'd to be in a passion, sir; but——

Kite. They disobey command; they deny their being listed.

Tho. Nay, serjeant, we don't downright deny it, neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known. Have either of you received any of the king's money?

Cost. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Kite. They have each of them received one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cost. Wounds! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be listed and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I: look ye here, sir:

Cost. Nothing but the king's picture, that the serjeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a guinea, one-and-twenty shillings; t'other has the fellow on't.

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen: the goods are found upon you; those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

Cost. So it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin.

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed.

Cost. Flesh, but we an't, Tummus: I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

[CAPTAIN *and* SERJEANT *whisper the while.*

Plume. 'Twill never do, Kite—your damned tricks will ruin me at last—I won't lose the fellows, though,

if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my serjeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me or neighbour Costar here to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjuration.

Plume. Lookye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog—Come, how was't?

Tho. Nay, then we'll speak. Your serjeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon—and—

Cost. Nay, Tummas, let me speak, you know I can read.——And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Plume. How? by way of a present! the son of a whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you!—Scoundrel! rogue! villain!

[*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*

Both. O brave noble captain! huzza! A brave captain, 'faith!

Cost. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw—Wounds! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Enter PLUME.

Plume. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you!—Lookye, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow; I come among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper to steal slaves.

Cost. Mind that, Tummas.

Plume. I desire no man to go with me but as I went myself; I went a volunteer, as you or you may do; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tho. Mind that, Costar. A sweet gentleman!

Plume. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the king's money was in your pockets—my serjeant was ready to take his oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing; you are both of you at your liberty.

Cost. Thank you, noble captain——Icod! I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, Costar, would he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young, tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have yours: what think you of a purse of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dashed out his brains with the butt end of your firelock, eh?

Cost. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain—give me a shilling; I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear Costar! do'na: be advised.

Plume. Here, my hero, here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it; do'na, dear Costar.

[*Cries, and pulls back his Arm.*

Cost. I will—I will—Waunds! my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself—I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy hand; and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread.—Bring your friend with you, if you can. [*Aside.*

Cost. Well, Tummas, must we part?

Tho. No, Costar, I cannot leave thee.—Come, captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honester, simpler lads in your company than we two have been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my lad. [*Gives him Money.*] Now, your name?

Tho. Tummas Appletree.

Plume. And yours?
Cost. Costar Pearmain.
Plume. Well said, Costar! Born where?
Tho. Both in Herefordshire.
Plume. Very well. Courage, my lads: Now we'll

[Sings.] *Over the hills and far away.*
Courage, boys, its one to ten
But we return all gentlemen;
While conq'ring colours we display,
Over the hills and far away.

Kite, take care of them.

Enter KITE.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows, now? Here, you have complained to the captain; I am to be turned out, and one of you will be sejeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?
Both Rec. I.
Kite. So you shall—in your guts.—March, you sons of whores! [*Beats them off.*

* * *

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Market Place.

Enter PLUME *and* WORTHY.

Wor. I cannot forbear admiring the equality of our fortune: we love two ladies, they meet us half way,

and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms, fortune drops in their laps, pride possesses their hearts, a maggot fills their heads, madness takes them by the tails; they snort, kick up their heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore —a couple of poor melancholy monsters. What shall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine; the letter, you know, and the fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Plume. No; I think myself above administering to the pride of any woman, were she worth twelve thousand a-year; and I ha'n't the vanity to believe I shall gain a lady worth twelve hundred. The generous, good-natured Sylvia, in her smock, I admire; but the haughty and scornful Sylvia, with her fortune, I despise.—What! sneak out of town, and not so much as a word, a line, a compliment!—'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha! ha! ha! ay, and the window-bars too, to come at her. Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter KITE.

Kite. Captain! captain! Sir, look yonder; she's a-coming this way. 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest, little tit!

Plume. Now, Worthy, to shew you how much I'm in love—here she comes. But, Kite, what is that great country fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, sir.

Enter Rose, *followed by her Brother* Bullock, *with Chickens on her Arm, in a Basket.*

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender chickens, young and tender chickens.

Plume. Here, you chickens.

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, sir?

Wor. Yes, child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, Worthy, that's not fair; market for yourself—Come, child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your service. [*Courtesies.*

Wor. Then must I shift for myself, I find. [*Exit.*

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say? [*Chucks her under the Chin.*

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your basket to the bottom, my dear!

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your hand; feel, sir; I warrant my ware is as good as any in the market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come, then, we won't quarrel about the price; they're fine birds.—Pray, what's your name, pretty creature?

Rose. Rose, sir. My father is a farmer within three short miles o' the town; we keep this market; I sell chickens, eggs, and butter, and my brother Bullock there sells corn.

Bul. Come, sister, haste—we shall be late home. [*Whistles about the Stage.*

Plume. Kite! [*Tips him the wink, he returns it.*] Pretty Mrs Rose—you have—let me see—how many?

Rose. A dozen, sir, and they are richly worth a crown.

Bul. Come, Ruose; I sold fifty strake of barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgle and higgle for a penny more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, oaf? I can make as much out of a groat as you can out of fourpence, I'm sure—The gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a chapman, I know how to make the best of him—And so, sir, I say for a crown-piece the bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a guinea, my dear!

Rose I can't change your money, sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my lodging is hard by, chicken! and we'll make change there.

[*Goes off, she follows him.*

Kite. So, sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these hussars eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards pick his teeth with a palisado.

Bul. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things; but pray, sir, what is a ravelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minced pie, but the crust is confounded hard, and the plums are somewhat hard of digestion.

Bul. Then your palisado, pray what may he be?—Come, Ruose, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your palisado is a pretty sort of bodkin, about the thickness of my leg.

Bul. That's a fib, I believe. [*Aside.*]—Eh! where's Ruose? Ruose, Ruose! 'Sflesh! where's Ruose gone?

Kite. She's gone with the captain.

Bul. The captain! wauns! there's no pressing of women, sure.

Kite. But there is, sure.

Bul. If the captain should press Ruose, I should be ruined——Which way went she? Oh! the devil take your ravelins and palisadoes! [*Exit.*

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest Bullock, or I shall miss of my aim.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Why, thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your captain; admirable in your way I find.

Kite. Yes, sir, I understand my business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualified?

Kite. You must know, sir, I was born a gipsey, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old; there I learned canting and lying: I was bought from my mother Cleopatra by a certain nobleman for three pistoles; there I learned impudence and pimping: I was turned off for wearing my lord's linen, and drinking my lady's ratafia, and turned bailiff's follower; there I learned bullying and swearing: I at last got into the army; and there I learned whoring and drinking: so that if your worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, viz. canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, whoring, drinking, and a halberd, you will find the sum total amount to a Recruiting Serjeant.

Wor And pray what induced you to turn soldier?

Kite. Hunger and ambition. But here comes Justice Balance.

Enter BALANCE *and* BULLOCK.

Bal. Here you, serjeant, where's your captain? here's a poor foolish fellow comes clamouring to me with a complaint that your captain has pressed his sister.—Do you know any thing of this matter, Worthy?

Wor. Ha! ha! ha! I know his sister is gone with Plume to his lodging, to sell him some chickens.

Bal. Is that all? the fellow's a fool.

Bul. I know that, an't like your worship; but if

your worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before your worship, for fear of the worst.

Bal. Thou'rt mad, fellow; thy sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too. [*Aside.*

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the captain can list women?

Bul. I know not whether they list them, or what they do with them, but I'm sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country.

Bal. But how came you not to go along with your sister?

Bul. Lord, sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the day I shall die: but this gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe—You thought no harm, friend, did you?

Kite. Lack-a-day, sir, not I——only that I believe I shall marry her to-morrow.

Bal. I begin to smell powder.—Well, friend, but what did that gentleman with you?

Bul. Why, sir, he entertained me with a fine story of a great sea-fight between the Hungarians, I think it was, and the wild Irish.

Kite. And so, sir, while we were in the heat of battle—the captain carried off the baggage.

Bal. Serjeant, go along with this fellow to your captain, give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench, though he has listed her.

Bul. Ay, and if she ben't free for that, he shall have another man in her place.

Kite Come, honest friend, you shall go to my quarters instead of the captain's. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* KITE *and* BULLOCK.

Bal. We must get this mad captain his complement of men, and send him packing, else he'll overrun the country.

Wor. You see, sir, how little he values your daughter's disdain.

Bal. I like him the better: I was just such another fellow at his age: But how goes your affair with Melinda?

Wor. Very slowly. My mistress has got a captain too, but such a captain!—as I live, yonder he comes!

Bal. Who, that bluff fellow in the sash? I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you and every body at first sight: his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal acquaintance of any man living, for he won't be alone, and nobody will keep him company twice: then he's a Cæsar among the women, *veni, vidi, vici*, that's all. If he has but talked with the maid, he swears he has lain with the mistress; but the most surprising part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious and the most trifling in the world.

Bal. I have known another acquire so much by travel as to tell you the names of most places in Europe, with their distances of miles, leagues, or hours, as punctually as a post-boy; but for any thing else as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man, sir; add but the traveller's privilege of lying, and even that he abuses: this is the picture, behold the life.

Enter BRAZEN.

Brazen. Mr Worthy, I'm your servant, and so forth —Harkye, my dear!

Wor. Whispering, sir, before company is not manners, and when nobody's by 'tis foolish.

Brazen. Company! *mort de ma vie!* I beg the gentleman's pardon—who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Brazen. So I will.—My dear! I am your servant, and so forth—Your name, my dear?

Bal. Very laconic, sir.

Brazen. Laconic! a very good name truly. I have known several of the Laconics abroad. Poor Jack Laconic! he was killed at the battle of Landen. I remember that he had a blue ribband in his hat that very day, and after he fell, we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket.

Bal. Pray, sir, did the French attack us, or we them, at Landen?

Brazen. The French attack us! No, sir, we attacked them on the——I have reason to remember the time, for I had two-and-twenty horses killed under me that day.

Wor. Then, sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Bal. Or perhaps, sir, like my countrymen, you rid upon half a dozen horses at once.

Brazen. What do ye mean, gentlemen? I tell you they were killed, all torn to pieces by cannon-shot, except six I staked to death upon the enemy's *chevaux de frise*.

Bal. Noble captain! may I crave your name?

Brazen. Brazen, at your service.

Bal. Oh, Brazen! a very good name. I have known several of the Brazens abroad.

Wor. Do you know one Captain Plume, sir?

Brazen. Is he any thing related to Frank Plume in Northamptonshire?—Honest Frank! many, many a dry bottle have we cracked hand to fist. You must have known his brother Charles, that was concerned in the India company; he married the daughter of Old Tonguepad, the master in Chancery, a very pretty woman, only she squinted a little; she died in child-bed of her first child, but the child survived: 'twas a daughter, but whither it was called Margaret or Margery, upon my soul, I can't remember. [*Looking on his Watch.*] But, gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the

walk by the water—Worthy, your servant; Laconic, yours. [*Exit.*

Bal. If you can have so mean an opinion of Melinda, as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him, so much for gaining herself a lover, as to set up a rival. Were there any credit to be given to his words, I should believe Melinda had made him this assignation. I must go see; sir, you'll pardon me. [*Exit.*

Bal Ay, ay, sir, you're a man of business—But what have we got here?

Enter ROSE, *singing.*

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a captain's lady, and ride single, upon a white horse with a star, upon a velvet-side-saddle; and I shall go to London, and see the tombs, and the lions, and the king and queen. Sir, an please your worship, I have often seen your worship ride through our grounds a-hunting, begging your worship's pardon. Pray, what may this lace be worth a-yard? [*Shewing some Lace.*

Bal. Right Mechlin, by this light! Where did you get this lace, child?

Rose. No matter for that, sir; I came honestly by it.

Bal. I question it much. [*Aside.*

Rose. And see here, sir, a fine Turkey-shell snuff-box, and fine mangere: see here. [*Takes snuff affectedly.*] The captain learned me how to take it with an air.

Bal. Oh ho! the captain! now the murder's out. And so the captain taught you to take it with an air?

Rose. Yes; and give it with an air too. Will your worship please to taste my snuff?

[*Offers the Box affectedly.*

Bal. You are a very apt scholar, pretty maid! And pray, what did you give the captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a soldier, and two or three sweethearts I have in the country; they shall all go with the captain. Oh! he's the finest man, and the humblest withal! Would you believe it, sir? he carried me up with him to his own chamber, with as much fam-mam-mil-yararality, as if I had been the best lady in the land.

Bal. Oh! he's a mighty familiar gentleman as can be.

Enter PLUME, *singing.*

Plume. *But it is not so*
With those that go
Thro' frost and snow——
Most apropos,
My maid with the milking pail.
[*Takes hold of* ROSE.

How, the justice! then I'm arraigned, condemned, and executed.

Bal. Oh, my noble captain!

Rose. And my noble captain, too, sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath! child, are you mad?—Mr Balance, I am so full of business about my recruits, that I ha'n't a moment's time to——I have just now three or four people to——

Bal. Nay, captain, I must speak to you—

Rose. And so must I too, captain.

Plume. Any other time, sir—I cannot, for my life, sir—

Bal. Pray, sir——

Plume. Twenty thousand things—I would—but—now, sir, pray—Devil take me—I cannot—I must—
[*Breaks away.*

Bal. Nay, I'll follow you. [*Exit.*

Rose. And I too. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Walk by the Severn Side.

Enter MELINDA, *and her Maid* LUCY.

Mel. And pray was it a ring, or buckle, or pendant, or knots; or in what shape was the almighty gold transformed, that has bribed you so much in his favour?

Lucy. Indeed, madam, the last bribe I had from the captain, was only a small piece of Flanders' lace, for a cap.

Mel Ay, Flanders' lace is a constant present from officers to their women They every year bring over a cargo of lace, to cheat the king of his duty, and his subjects of their honesty.

Lucy. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another, madam.

Mel. Has any of them been bartering with you, Mrs Pert, that you talk so like a trader?

Lucy. One would imagine, madam, by your concern for Worthy's absence, that you should use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concerned for his absence? I'm only vexed that I have had nothing said to me these two days: as one may love the treason and hate the traitor. Oh! here comes another captain, and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to me; but indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has the assurance to fancy himself a fine gentleman.

Lucy. If he should speak o' th' assignation I should be ruined! [*Aside.*

Enter BRAZEN.

Brazen. True to the touch, 'faith! [*Aside.*]—Madam, I am your humble servant, and all that, madam. A fine river, this same Severn—Do you love fishing, madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy amusement for lovers.

Brazen. I'll go and buy hooks and lines presently; for you must know, madam, that I have served in Flanders against the French, in Hungary against the Turks, and in Tangier against the Moors, and I was never so much in love before; and split me, madam, in all the campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a woman as your ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw, I never had so fine a compliment: but you soldiers are the best bred men, that we must allow.

Brazen. Some of us, madam; but there are brutes among us too, very sad brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable. I have had very considerable offers, madam—I might have married a German princess, worth fifty thousand crowns a-year, but her stove disgusted me. The daughter of a Turkish bashaw fell in love with me, too, when I was a prisoner among the infidels; she offered to rob her father of his treasure, and make her escape with me; but I don't know how, my time was not come: hanging and marriage, you know, go by destiny: Fate has reserved me for a Shropshire lady, worth twenty thousand pounds. Do you know any such person, madam?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb! [*Aside.*]—To be sure, a great many ladies of that fortune would be proud of the name of Mrs Brazen.

Brazen. Nay, for that matter, madam, there are women of very good quality of the name of Brazen.

Enter WORTHY.

Mel. Oh, are you there, gentleman?—Come, captain, we'll walk this way. Give me your hand.

Brazen. My hand, heart's blood, and guts, are at your service.—Mr Worthy, your servant, my dear!

[*Exit, leading* MELINDA.

Wor. Death and fire! this is not to be borne!

Enter PLUME.

Plume. No more it is, 'faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The March beer at the Raven. I have been doubly serving the king, raising men, and raising the excise. Recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise.

Wor. You a'n't drunk?

Plume. No, no, whimsical only; I should be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolic.

Plume. Just so.

Wor. Then recover me that vessel, from that Tangerine.

Plume. She's well rigged, but how is she manned?

Wor. By Captain Brazen, that I told you of today; she is called the Melinda, a first rate I can assure you; she sheered off with him just now, on purpose to affront me; but according to your advice I would take no notice, because I would seem to be above a concern for her behaviour; but have a care of a quarrel.

Plume. No, no; I never quarrel with any thing in my cups, but an oyster-wench, or a cook-maid, and if they ben't civil, I knock them down. But hearkye, my friend, I'll make love, and I must make love—I tell ye what, I'll make love like a platoon.

Wor. Platoon! How's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop, and stand, 'faith: most ladies are gained by prostrations.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [*Exit.*

Plume So! now must I look as sober and demure as a whore at a christening.

Enter BRAZEN *and* MELINDA.

Brazen. Who's that, madam?

Mel. A brother officer of yours, I suppose, sir.

Brazen. Ay—my dear! [*To* PLUME.

Plume. My dear! [*Runs and embrace.*

Brazen. My dear boy! how is't? Your name, my dear! If I be not mistaken I have seen your face.

Plume. I never saw you in my life, my dear—— but there's a face well known as the sun's, that shines on all, and is by all adored.

Brazen. Have you any pretensions, sir?

Plume. Pretensions!

Brazen. That is, sir, have you ever served abroad?

Plume. I have served at home, sir, for ages served this cruel fair, and that will serve the turn, sir.

Mel. So, between the fool and the rake, I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my hands!

Brazen. Will you fight for the lady, sir?

Plume. No, sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

Thou peerless princess of Salopian plains,
Envy'd by nymphs and worshipp'd by the swains—

Brazen. Oons, sir! not fight for her?

Plume. Pr'ythee be quiet—I shall be out—

Behold how humbly does the Severn glide,
To greet thee, princess of the Severn side.

Brazen. Don't mind him, madam—if he were not so well dressed, I should take him for a poet; but I'll shew you the difference presently. Come, madam,

we'll place you between us, and now the longest sword carries her. [*Draws.*

Mel. [*Shrieking.*]

Enter WORTHY.

Oh, Mr Worthy! save me from these madmen!

[*Exit with* WORTHY.

Plume. Ha! ha! ha! why don't you follow, sir, and fight the bold ravisher?

Brazen. No, sir. you are my man.

Plume. I don't like the wages; I won't be your man.

Brazen. Then you're not worth my sword.

Plume. No! pray what did it cost?

Brazen. It cost me twenty pistoles in France, and my enemies thousands of lives in Flanders.

Plume. Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter SYLVIA, *in Man's Apparel.*

Syl. Save ye, save ye, gentlemen!

Brazen. My dear, I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the gentleman?

Brazen. No, but I will presently.—Your name, my dear?

Syl. Wilful, Jack Wilful, at your service.

Brazen. What, the Kentish Wilfuls, or those of Staffordshire?

Syl. Both, sir, both; I'm related to all the Wilfuls in Europe, and I'm head of the family at present.

Plume. Do you live in the country, sir?

Syl. Yes, sir, I live where I stand; I have neither home, house, or habitation, beyond this spot of ground.

Brazen What are you, sir?

Syl. A rake.

Plume. In the army, I presume.

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately. Lookye, gentlemen, he that bids the fairest, has me.

Brazen. Sir, I'll prefer you; I'll make you a corporal this minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my companion; you shall eat with me.

Brazen. You shall drink with me. Then you shall receive your pay, and do no duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a field-officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for serjeant.

Brazen. Can you read and write, sir?

Syl. Yes.

Brazen. Then your business is done—I'll make you chaplain to the regiment.

Syl. Your promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse. There is one Plume, that I hear much commended in town; pray, which of you is Captain Plume?

Plume. I am Captain Plume.

Brazen. No, no, I am Captain Plume.

Syl. Heyday!

Plume. Captain Plume! I'm your servant, my dear!

Brazen. Captain Brazen! I'm yours—The fellow dares not fight. [*Aside.*

Enter KITE.

Kite. Sir, if you please——

[*Goes to whisper* PLUME.

Plume. No, no, there's your captain.—Captain Plume, your serjeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Brazen. He's an incorrigible sot. Here, my Hector of Holborn, here's forty shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the banns. Lookye, friend, you shall list with Captain Brazen.

Syl. I will see Captain Brazen hanged first; I will list with Captain Plume: I am a free-born Englishman, and will be a slave my own way. Lookye, sir, will you stand by me? [*To* BRAZEN.

Brazen. I warrant you, my lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain Brazen, [*To* PLUME.] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent coxcomb.

Brazen. Ay, ay, a sad dog.

Syl. A very sad dog. Give me the money, noble Captain Plume.

Plume. Then you won't list with Captain Brazen?

Syl. I won't.

Brazen. Never mind him, child; I'll end the dispute presently.—Harkye, my dear!

[*Takes* PLUME *to one Side of the Stage, and entertains him in dumb Shew.*

Kite. Sir, he in the plain coat is Captain Plume; I am his serjeant, and will take my oath on't.

Syl. What! you are serjeant Kite?

Kite. At your service.

Syl. Then I would not take your oath for a farthing.

Kite. A very understanding youth of his age: but I see a storm coming.

Syl. Now, serjeant, I shall see who is your captain, by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My captain scorns assistance, sir.

Brazen. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your sword? But you are a young fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that; but pr'ythee, resign the man, pr'ythee do: you are a very honest fellow.

Plume. You lie; and you are a son of a whore.

[*Draws, and makes up to* BRAZEN.

Brazen. Hold, hold; did not you refuse to fight for the lady? [*Retiring.*

Plume. I always do, but for a man I'll fight knee-deep; so you lie again.

[PLUME *and* BRAZEN *fight a traverse or two about the Stage;* SYLVIA *draws, and is held by* KITE, *who sounds to Arms with his Mouth, takes* SYLVIA *in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage.*

Brazen. Hold! where's the man?

Plume. Gone.

Brazen. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.*] Now let's embrace, my dear!

Plume. With all my heart, my dear! [*Putting up.*] I suppose Kite has listed him by this time.

[*Embraces.*

Brazen. You are a brave fellow: I always fight with a man before I make him my friend; and if once I find he will fight I never quarrel with him afterwards. And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear friend! that lady we frightened out of the walk just now, I found in bed this morning, so beautiful, so inviting; I presently locked the door—but I'm a man of honour—but I believe I shall marry her nevertheless—her twenty thousand pounds, you know, will be a pretty conveniency. I had an assignation with her here, but your coming spoiled my sport. Curse you, my dear, but don't do so again——

Plume. No, no, my dear! men are my business at present. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Walk.

Enter Rose *and* Bullock, *meeting.*

Rose. Where have you been, you great booby? you are always out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bul. Preferment! who should prefer me?

Rose. I would prefer you! who should prefer a man, but a woman? Come, throw away that great club, hold up your head, cock your hat, and look big.

Bul. Ah, Ruose, Ruose! I fear somebody will look big sooner than folk think of. Here has been Cartwheel, your sweetheart; what will become of him?

Rose. Lookye, I'm a great woman, and will provide for my relations: I told the captain how finely he played upon the tabor and pipe, so he set him down for drum-major.

Bul. Nay, sister, why did not you keep that place for me? you know I have always loved to be a drumming, if it were but on a table, or on a quart pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a commission in my pocket, I fancy my breeches would become me as well as any ranting fellow of them all; for I take a bold step, a rakish toss, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients in the composition of a captain. What's here? Rose,

my nurse's daughter! I'll go and practise. Come, child, kiss me at once. [*Kisses her.*] And her brother too. Well, honest Dungfork, do you know the difference between a horse and a cart, and a cart-horse, eh?

Bul. I presume that your worship is a captain, by your clothes and your courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, would you be contented to list, friend?

Rose. No, no; though your worship be a handsome man, there be others as fine as you. My brother is engaged to Captain Plume.

Syl. Plume! do you know Captain Plume?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me. He took the ribbands out of his shirt sleeves, and put them into my shoes: see there—I can assure you that I can do any thing with the captain.

Bul. That is, in a modest way, sir—Have a care what you say, Ruose; don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the captain but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So!——And pray what do you expect from this captain, child?

Rose. I expect, sir!—I expect—but he ordered me to tell nobody—but suppose he should promise to marry me?

Syl. You should have a care, my dear! men will promise any thing beforehand.

Rose. I know that; but he promised to marry me afterwards.

Bul. Wauns! Ruose, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards! After what?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens—I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter PLUME.

Plume. What, Mr Wilful! so close with my market woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, sir, ay, and closer yet, sir.—Come, my pretty maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume. No, no, friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her; so I have as good a right as you have.

Plume. Thou'rt a bloody impudent fellow!

Syl. Sir, I would qualify myself for the service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the service?

Syl Yes, sir; so let her go.

Rose. Pray, gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice.—Will you belong to me or to that gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider; you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural inconstancy of her sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, sir, what will you give me?

Bul. Dunna be angry, sir, that my sister should be mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, child! I'll set thee above scandal; you shall have a coach with six before and six behind; an equipage to make vice fashionable, and put virtue out of countenance.

Plume. Pho! that's easily done: I'll do more for thee, child; I'll buy you a furbelow-scarf, and give you a ticket to see a play.

Bul. A play! wauns! Ruose, take the ticket, and let's see the show.

Syl. Lookye, captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain Brazen this minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her; I'll change a woman for a man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you captains used to sell your men.

Bul. Pray, captain, do not send Ruose to the Western Indies.

Plume. Ha! ha! ha! West Indies! No, no, my honest lad, give me thy hand, nor you nor she shall move a step farther then I do. This gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs Rose.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, sir, as the captain would?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you; my circumstances are not so good as the captain's; but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be—What would you be?

Bul. Oh, sir, if you had not promised the place of drum-major!

Plume. Ay, that is promised; but what think you of barrack-master? you are a person of understanding, and barrack-master you shall be—But what's become of this same Cartwheel you told me of, my dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him—Come, brother barrack-master—We shall find you at home, noble captain?

[*Exeunt* Rose *and* Bullock.

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, sir, here are your forty shillings.

Syl. Captain Plume, I despise your listing money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for love—of that wench, I mean.—Now let me beg you to lay aside your recruiting airs, put on the man of honour, and tell me plainly what usage I must expect when I am under your command?

Plume. Your usage will chiefly depend upon your behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small fault I will excuse it; if a great one, I'll discharge you; for something tells me I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me that if you do discharge me 'twill be the greatest punishment you can inflict; for were we this moment to go upon the greatest dangers in your profession, they would be less ter-

rible to me than to stay behind you.—And now, your hand, this lists me—and now you are my captain.

Plume. Your friend.—'Sdeath! there's something in this fellow that charms me.

Syl. One favour I must beg—this affair will make some noise, and I have some friends that would censure my conduct, if I threw myself into the circumstance of a private centinel of my own head—I must therefore take care to be impressed by the act of parliament: you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that—Will you lodge at my quarters in the mean time?

Syl. No, no, captain; you forget Rose; she's to be my bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot: pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter MELINDA *and* LUCY.

Lucy. You are thoughtful, madam; am not I worthy to know the cause?

Mel. Oh, Lucy! I can hold my secret no longer. You must know, that hearing of a famous fortune-teller in town, I went disguised to satisfy a curiosity which has cost me dear. The fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom-favourites: he has told me the most surprising things of my past life.

Lucy. Things past, madam, can hardly be reckoned surprising, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprising that was to come.

Mel. One thing very surprising; he said, I should die a maid!

Lucy. Die a maid! come into the world for nothing!—Dear madam! if you should believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four-and-twenty-hours—And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! why I passed for you.

Lucy. So 'tis I that am to die a maid—But the devil was a liar from the beginning; he can't make me die a maid—I've put it out of his power already. [*Aside.*

Mel. I do but jest. I would have passed for you, and called myself Lucy; but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune, and gave me the whole history of my life. He told me of a lover I had in this country, and described Worthy exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present indifference—I fled to him for refuge here to-day; he never so much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly told me that he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct; excused his not waiting on me home, made me a careless bow, and walked off—'Sdeath! I could have stabbed him or myself, 'twas the same thing—Yonder he comes—I will so use him!

Lucy. Don't exasperate him; consider what the fortune-teller told you. Men are scarce, and as times go it is not impossible for a woman to die a maid.

Enter WORTHY.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warmed; I must strike while the iron is hot—You've a great deal of courage, madam, to venture into the walks where you were so lately frightened.

Mel. And you have a quantity of impudence, to appear before me, that you so lately have affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, madam; I left you here because I had business in another place, and came hither thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the walk.

Wor. The walk is broad enough for us both.

[*They walk by one another, he with his Hat cocked, she fretting, and tearing her Fan; he offers her his Box, she strikes it out of his Hand; while he is gathering it up,* BRAZEN *enters, and takes her round the Waist; she cuffs him.*]

Brazen. What, here before me, my dear!

Mel. What means this insolence?

Lucy. Are you mad? don't you see Mr Worthy?

[*To* BRAZEN.

Brazen. No, no; I'm struck blind—Worthy! odso! well turned—My mistress has wit at her fingers' ends—Madam, I ask your pardon; 'tis our way abroad—Mr Worthy, you're the happy man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has bestowed upon you.

Mel. I'm sorry the favour miscarried, for it was designed for you, Mr Worthy; and be assured 'tis the last and only favour you must expect at my hands——Captain, I ask your pardon. [*Exit with* LUCY.

Brazen. I grant it——You see, Mr Worthy, 'twas only a random-shot; it might have taken off your head as well as mine. Courage, my dear! 'tis the fortune of war; but the enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons! sir, what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Brazen. I'll shew you. [*Exit.*

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and Plume's advice has ruined me. 'Sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty spirit, be ruled by a man that's a stranger to her pride?

Enter PLUME.

Plume. Ha! ha! ha! a battle royal! Don't frown so, man; she's your own, I'll tell you: I saw the fury of her love in the extremity of her passion. The wild-

ness of her anger is a certain sign that she loves you to madness. That rogue, Kite, began the battle with abundance of conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my life on't: he plays his part admirably.

Wor. But what could be the meaning of Brazen's familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no logician, if you pretend to draw consequences from the actions of fools—Whim, unaccountable whim, hurries them on, like a man drunk with brandy before ten o'clock in the morning—— But we lose our sport; Kite has opened above an hour ago: let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber, a Table with Books and Globes.

KITE, *disguised in a strange Habit, sitting at a Table.*

Kite. [*Rising.*] By the position of the heavens, gained from my observation upon these celestial globes, I find that Luna was a tide-waiter, Sol a surveyor, Mercury a thief, Venus a whore, Saturn an alderman, Jupiter a rake, and Mars a serjeant of grenadiers—and this is the system of Kite the conjurer.

Enter PLUME *and* WORTHY.

Plume. Well, what success?

Kite. I have sent away a shoemaker and a tailor already; one's to be a captain of marines, and the other a major of dragoons—I am to manage them at night——Have you seen the lady, Mr Worthy?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do—Have you shewed her her name, that I tore off from the bottom of the letter?

Kite. No, sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.

Plume. What letter?

Wor. One that I would not let you see, for fear that you should break windows in good earnest. Here, captain, put it into your pocket-book, and have it ready upon occasion. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Kite. Officers, to your posts. Tycho, mind the door.

[*Exeunt* PLUME *and* WORTHY.—SERVANT *opens the Door.*

Enter MELINDA *and* LUCY.

Kite. Tycho, chairs for the ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself; we sha'n't stay, doctor.

Kite. Your ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a husband—For your part, madam, you won't stay for a husband. [*To* LUCY.

Lucy. Pray, doctor, do you converse with the stars, or the devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the destinies of men in search, I consult the stars; when the affairs of women come under my hands, I advise with my t'other friend.

Mel. And have you raised the devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes, madam, and he's now under the table.

Lucy. Oh, Heavens protect us! Dear madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do ye come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, fool.—Do you think, sir, that because I'm a woman I'm to be fooled out of my reason, or frighted out of my senses? Come, shew me this devil.

Kite. He's a little busy at present, but when he has done he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your name in his pocket-book.

Mel. Ha! ha! my name! Pray, what have you or he to do with my name?

Kite. Lookye, fair lady! the devil is a very modest person, he seeks nobody unless they seek him first; he's chained up, like a mastiff, and can't stir unless he be let loose—You come to me to have your fortune told—do you think, madam, that I can answer you of my own head? No, madam; the affairs of women are so irregular, that nothing less than the devil can give any account of them. Now to convince you of your incredulity, I'll shew you a trial of my skill.—Here you Cacodemo del Plumo, exert your power, draw me this lady's name, the word Melinda, in proper letters and characters of her own hand-writing—do it at three motions—one—two—three—'tis done—Now, madam, will you please to send your maid to fetch it?

Lucy. I fetch it! the devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My name, in my own hand-writing! that would be convincing indeed!

Kite. Seeing is believing. [*Goes to the Table, and lifts up the Carpet.*] Here, Tre, Tre, poor Tre, give me the bone, sirrah.—There's your name upon that square piece of paper. Behold—

Mel. 'Tis wonderful! my very letters to a tittle!

Lucy. 'Tis like your hand, madam; but not so like your hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your hand at all.

Kite. Here's a chambermaid now will outlie the devil!

Lucy. Lookye, madam, they sha'n't impose upon us; people can't remember their hands no more than they can their faces—Come, madam, let us be certain; write your name upon this paper, then we'll compare the two hands.

[*Takes out a Paper, and folds it.*

Kite. Any thing for your satisfaction, madam—Here is pen and ink.

[MELINDA *writes*, LUCY *holds the Paper.*

Lucy. Let me see it, madam; 'tis the same—the very same—But I'll secure one copy for my own affairs. [*Aside.*

Mel. This is demonstration.

Kite. 'Tis so, madam—the word demonstration comes from Dæmon, the father of lies.

Mel. Well, doctor, I'm convinced: and now, pray, what account can you give of my future happiness?

Kite. Before the sun has made one course round this earthly globe, your fortune will be fixed for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! so near the crisis of my fate?

Kite. Let me see—About the hour of ten to-morrow morning you will be saluted by a gentleman who will come to take his leave of you, being designed for travel; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the barrel, one runs plump into the other—In short, if the gentleman travels, he will die abroad, and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of a man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine gentleman, and a lover; that is, a man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, doctor?

Kite. Because, madam—because it is so—A woman's reason is the best for a man's being a fool.

Mel. Ten o'clock, you say?

Kite. Ten—about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here, doctor. [*Gives Money.*] Lucy, have you any questions to ask?

Lucy. Oh, madam! a thousand.

Kite. I must beg your patience till another time,

for I expect more company this minute; besides, I must discharge the gentleman under the table.

Lucy. O, pray, sir, discharge us first!

Kite. Tycho, wait on the ladies down stairs.

[*Exeunt* MELINDA *and* LUCY.

Enter WORTHY *and* PLUME.

Kite. Mr Worthy, you were pleased to wish me joy to-day; I hope to be able to return the compliment to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best compliment to you that ever I made in my life, if you do; but I must be a traveller, you say?

Kite. No further than the Chops of the Channel, I presume, sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Heyday! you don't profess midwifery, doctor?

Kite. Away to your ambuscade.

[*Exeunt* WORTHY *and* PLUME.

Enter BRAZEN.

Brazen. Your servant, my dear.

Kite Stand off, I have my familiar already.

Brazen. Are you bewitched, my dear?

Kite. Yes, my dear! but mine is a peaceable spirit, and hates gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself: [*Draws a Circle round him.*] and now, captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Brazen. Lines! what dost talk of lines! you have something like a fishing-rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, man—what's your name, my dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Brazen. Conundrum? rat me! I knew a famous doctor in London of your name—Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in Algebra.

Brazen. Algebra! 'tis no country in Christendom, I'm sure, unless it be some place in the Highlands of Scotland.

Kite. Right—I told you I was bewitched.

Brazen. So am I, my dear! I am going to be married—I have had two letters from a lady of fortune, that loves me to madness, fits, cholic, spleen, and vapours——shall I marry her in four-and-twenty hours, ay or no?

Kite. Certainly.

Brazen. Gadso, ay——

Kite. —Or no—but I must have the year and the day of the month when these letters were dated.

Brazen. Why, you old bitch! did you ever hear of love letters dated with the year and day of the month? do you think billetdoux are like bank bills?

Kite. They are not so good, my dear—but if they bear no date, I must examine the contents.

Brazen. Contents! that you shall, old boy! here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you received, if you please. [*Takes the Letter.*] Now, sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute, I'll send this letter enclosed to you with the determination of the stars upon it to your lodgings.

Brazen. With all my heart—I must give him—[*Puts his Hands in his Pockets.*] Algebra! I fancy, doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity—Here—[*Gives him Money.*] And if I succeed, I'll build a watch-tower on the top of the highest mountain in Wales, for the study of astrology, and the benefit of the Conundrums. [*Exit.*

Enter PLUME *and* WORTHY.

Wor. O doctor! that letter's worth a million;

let me see it: and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see it. [*Opening the Letter.*] If she be a jilt—Damn her, she is one—there's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! then I'll travel in good earnest—By all my hopes, 'tis Lucy's hand.

Plume. Lucy's!

Wor. Certainly—'tis no more like Melinda's character, than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly Lucy's contrivance to draw in Brazen for a husband—But are you sure 'tis not Melinda's hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of paper I gave you just now that the devil wrote Melinda upon?

Kite. Here, sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they are not the same; and is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter which made Mr Balance send his daughter into the country?

Wor. The very same: the other fragments I shewed you just now.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious heresy of believing that angelic creature could change. Poor Sylvia!

Wor. Rich Sylvia, you mean, and poor captain; ha! ha! ha!—Come, come, friend, Melinda is true, and shall be mine; Sylvia is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my hopes——but for her sake, I'll recant my opinion of her sex.

By some the sex is blamedwithout design,
Light harmless censure, such as yours and mine,
Sallies of wit, and vapours of our wine:
Others the justice of the sex condemn,

And, wanting merit to create esteem,
Would hide their own defects by censuring them:
But they, secure in the r all-conq'ring charms,
Laugh at our vain attempts, our false alarms.
He magnifies their conquests who complains,
For none would struggle, were they not in chains.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

JUSTICE BALANCE'S *House.*

Enter BALANCE *and* SCALE.

Scale. I say, 'tis not to be borne, Mr Balance.

Bal. Lookye, Mr Scale, for my own part I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army—I only speak in reference to Captain Plume—for the other spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does—Oh! here they come.

Enter SYLVIA, BULLOCK, ROSE, PRISONERS, *and* CONSTABLE.

Const. May it plea your worships, we took them in the very act, *re infecta*, sir—The gentleman, indeed, behaved himself like a gentleman, for he drew

his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Bal. Give the gentleman his sword again—Wait you without. [*Exeunt* CONSTABLE *and* WATCH.]—I'm sorry, sir, [*To* SYLVIA.] to know a gentleman upon such terms, that the occasion of our meeting should prevent the satisfaction of an acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no apology for your warrant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour—my innocence is upon an equal foot with your authority.

Scale. Innocence! have you not seduced that young maid?

Syl. No, Mr Goosecap; she seduced me.

Bul. So she did, I'll swear—for she proposed marriage first.

Bal. What, then you are married, child? [*To* ROSE.

Rose. Yes, sir, to my sorrow.

Bal. Who was witness?

Bul. That was I—I danced, threw the stocking, and spoke jokes by their bedside, I'm sure.

Bal. Who was the minister?

Bul. Minister! we are soldiers, and want no minister—they were married by the articles of war.

Bal. Hold thy prating, fool——Your appearance, sir, promises some understanding; pray, what does this fellow mean?

Syl. He means marriage, I think—but that, you know, is so odd a thing, that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred. Our sword, you know, is our honour; that we lay down—the Hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after—Leap, rogue; follow, whore—the drum beats a ruff, and so to bed: that's all: the ceremony is concise.

Bul. And the prettiest ceremony, so full of pastime and prodigality——

Bal. What! are you a soldier?

Bul. Ay, that I am—Will your worship lend me your cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise?

Bal. Take it. [*Strikes him over the Head.*]—Your name, pray, sir? [*To* SYLVIA.

Syl. Captain Pinch! I cock my hat with a pinch, I take snuff with a pinch, pay my whores with a pinch; in short, I can do any thing at a pinch but fight.

Bal. And pray, sir, what brought you into Shropshire?

Syl. A pinch, sir: I know you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money, and so——

Bal. I understand you, sir—Here, constable——

Enter CONSTABLE.

Take this gentleman into custody, till further orders.

Rose. Pray, your worship, don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world, for all he talks so.

Scale. Come, come, child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once? 'tis the first time they ever went together.

Bal. Harkye, constable. [*Whispers him.*

Const. It shall be done, sir—Come along, sir.

[*Exeunt* CONSTABLE. BULLOCK, *and* SYLVIA.

Bal. Come, Mr Scale, we'll manage the spark presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Market Place.

Enter PLUME *and* KITE.

Plume. A baker, a tailor, a smith, butchers, carpenters, and journeymen shoemakers, in all thirty-nine—I believe the first colony planted in Virginia had not more trades in their company than I have in mine.

Kite. The butcher, sir, will have his hands full, for we have two sheep-stealers among us—I hear of a fellow, too, committed just now for stealing of horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the dragoons—Have we never a poulterer among us?

Kite. Yes, sir, the king of the gipsies is a very good one; he has an excellent hand at a goose or a turkey—Here's Captain Brazen, sir. I must go look after the men.

Enter BRAZEN, *reading a Letter.*

Brazen. Um, um, um, the canonical hour——Um, um, very well—My dear Plume! give me a buss.

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my dear! What hast got in thy hand, child?

Brazen. 'Tis a project for laying out a thousand pounds.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Brazen. You can't imagine, my dear, that want twenty thousand pounds! I have spent twenty times

as much in the service—But if this twenty thousand pounds should not be in specie——

Plume. What twenty thousand?

Brazen. Harkye—— [*Whispers.*

Plume. Married!

Brazen. Presently; we're to meet about half a mile out of town, at the waterside—and so forth—[*Reads.*] *For fear I should be known by any of Worthy's friends, you must give me leave to wear my mask till after the ceremony which will make me for ever yours.*—Lookye there, my dear dog!

[*Shews the Bottom of the Letter to* PLUME.

Plume. Melinda! and by this light her own hand! Once more, if you please, my dear—Her hand exactly—Just now, you say?

Brazen. This minute; I must be gone.

Plume. Have a little patience, and I'll go with you.

Brazen. No, no, I see a gentleman coming this way that may be inquisitive; 'tis Worthy, do you know him?

Plume. By sight only.

Brazen. Have a care, the very eyes discover secrets. [*Exit.*

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. To boot and saddle, captain; you must mount.

Plume. Whip and spur, Worthy, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall; Melinda and I are agreed; she's gone to visit Sylvia, we are to mount and follow; and could we carry a parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your head; Melinda has secured a parson already.

Wor. Already! do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her hand—Brazen and

she are to meet half a mile hence, at the water side, there to take boat, I suppose, to be ferried over to the Elysian Fields, if there be any such thing in matrimony.

Wor. I parted with Melinda just now; she assured me she hated Brazen, and that she resolved to discard Lucy for daring to write letters to him in her name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of Lucy in this —I tell ye, I saw Melinda's hand as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you, she's gone this minute to Justice Balance's country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this minute to the waterside.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Madam Melinda has sent word that you need not trouble yourself to follow her, because her journey to Justice Balance's is put off, and she's gone to take the air another way. [*To* WORTHY.

Wor. How! her journey put off?

Plume. That is, her journey was a put off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain—But how, where, when is she to meet Brazen?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a mile hence, at the waterside.

Wor. Up or down the water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my horses are ready—I shall return presently. [*Exit.*

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall: the justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Court of Justice.

BALANCE, SCALE, *and* SCRUPLE, *upon the Bench*; CONSTABLE, KITE, MOB.

KITE *and* CONSTABLE *advance.*

Kite. Pray, who are those honourable gentlemen upon the bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice Balance, he on the right is Justice Scale, and he on the left is Justice Scruple, and I am Mr Constable; four very honest gentlemen.

Kite. O dear, sir! I am your most obedient servant. [*Saluting the* CONSTABLE.] I fancy, sir, that your employment and mine are much the same; for my business is to keep people in order, and, if they disobey, to knock them down; and then we are both staff officers.

Const. Nay, I'm a serjeant myself—of the militia.—Come, brother, you shall see me exercise. Suppose this a musket; now I'm shouldered.

[*Puts his Staff on his right Shoulder.*

Kite. Ay, you are shouldered pretty well for a constable's staff; but for a musket, you must put it on the other shoulder, my dear!

Const. Adso! that's true—Come, now give the word of command.

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will—we will be silent.

Kite. Silence, you dog, silence!

[*Strikes him over the Head with his Halbert.*

Const. That's the way to silence a man with a witness.—What do you mean, friend?

Kite. Only to exercise you, sir.

Const. Your exercise differs so much from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it; if my own captain had given me such a rap, I had taken the law of him.

Enter PLUME.

Bal. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scrup. Come, honest captain, sit by me. [PLUME *ascends, and sits upon the Bench.*]—Now, produce your prisoners——Here, that fellow there, set him up.—Mr Constable, what have you to say against this man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an' please you.

Bal. No; what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an' please your worship.

Scale. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what sort of men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an' please ye; I can't read.

Scrup. A very pretty constable, truly. I find we have no business here.

Kite. May it please the worshipful bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being the counsel for the king.

Bal. Come, serjeant, you shall be heard, since nobody else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This man is but one man, the country may spare him, and the army wants him; besides, he's cut out by nature for a grenadier; he's five feet ten inches high; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the

Cheshire round with any man in the country; he gets drunk every Sabbath-day, and he beats his wife.

Wife. You lie, sirrah, you lie; an please your worship, he's the best natured pains taking'st man in the parish, witness my five poor children.

Scrup. A wife and five children! You constable, you rogue, how durst you impress a man that has a wife and five children?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Bal. Hold, gentlemen.—Harkye, friend, how do you maintain your wife and five children?

Plume. They live upon wild-fowl and venison, sir; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges within five miles round.

Bal. A gun! nay if he be so good at gunning, he shall have enough on't. He may be of use against the French, for he shoots flying to be sure.

Scrup. But his wife and children, Mr Balance?

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you would send him away; you know I have a child every year, and you are afraid that they should come upon the parish at last.

Plume. Lookye there, gentlemen; the honest woman has spoke it at once; the parish had better maintain five children this year, than six or seven the next. That fellow, upon his high feeding, may get you two or three beggars at a birth.

Wife. Lookye, Mr Captain, the parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my teeming-time, if there be a man left in the parish.

Bal. Send that woman to the house of correction, ——and the man——

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you please.

[*Takes him down.*

Scale. Here, you constable, the next. Set up

that black-faced fellow, he has a gun-powder look; what can you say against this man, constable?

Const. Nothing, but that he's a very honest man.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company for the novelty's sake.

Bal. What are you, friend?

Mob. A collier: I work in the coal-pits.

Scrup. Lookye, gentlemen, this fellow has a trade, and the act of parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

Kite. May it please your worship, this man has no visible means of a livelihood, for he works underground.

Plume. Well said, Kite; besides, the army wants miners.

Bal. Right, and had we an order of government for't, we could raise you, in this and the neighbouring county of Stafford, five hundred colliers, that would run you under ground like moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

Scrup. Well, friend, what have you to say for yourself?

Mob. I'm married.

Kite. Lack-a-day! so am I.

Mob. Here's my wife, poor woman.

Bal. Are you married, good woman?

Woman. I'm married in conscience.

Kite. May it please your worship, she's with child in conscience.

Scale. Who married you, mistress?

Woman. My husband: we agreed that I should call him husband, to avoid passing for a whore, and that he should call me wife, to shun going for a soldier.

Plume. A very pretty couple!—What say you, Mr Kite? Will you take care of the woman?

Kite. Yes, sir, she shall go with us to the sea-side, and there, if she has a mind to drown herself, we'll take care nobody shall hinder her.

Bal. Here, constable, bring in my man. [*Exit* CONSTABLE.]—Now, captain, I'll fit you with a man such as you never listed in your life.

Enter CONSTABLE *and* SYLVIA.

Oh, my friend Pinch! I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! is that your respect to the bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you, nor your bench neither.

Scrup. Lookye, gentlemen, that's enough; he's a very impudent fellow, and fit for a soldier.

Scale. A notorious rogue, I say, and very fit for a soldier.

Const. A whoremaster, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Bal. What think you, captain?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a soldier! Send your own lazy lubberly sons at home; fellows that hazard their necks every day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face.

Const. May it please your worships, I have a woman at the door to swear a rape against this rogue.

Syl. Is it your wife, or daughter, booby?

Bal. Pray, captain, read the articles of war; we'll see him listed immediately.

Plume. [Reads.] *Articles of war, against mutiny and desertion, &c.*

Syl. Hold, sir——Once more, gentlemen, have a care what you do; for you shall severely smart for any violence you offer to me;—and you, Mr Balance,

I speak to you particularly, you shall most heartily repent it.

Plume. Lookye, young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a horse for you as high as the ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that ever you made in your life.

Syl. You have made a fine speech, good Captain Huff-cap! but you had better be quiet; I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false! I am descended of as good a family as any in your county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench, and I am heir to twelve hundred pounds a-year.

Bal. He's certainly mad.—Pray, captain, read the articles of war.

Syl. Hold, once more.—Pray, Mr Balance, to you I speak; suppose I were your child, would you use me at this rate?

Bal. No, 'faith: were you mine, I would send you to Bedlam first, and into the army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my father, sir; he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a man as ever served his country; I'm his only child; perhaps the loss of me may break his heart.

Bal. He's a very great fool if it does.—Captain, if you don't list him this minute, I'll leave the court.

Plume. Kite, do you distribute the levy money to the men, while I read.

Kite. Ay, sir.—Silence, gentlemen!

[PLUME *reads the Articles of War.*

Bal. Very well; now, captain, let me beg the favour of you not to discharge this fellow upon any account whatsoever.—Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your worship.

Bal. No more! There were five, two hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, sir; but this rogue of a constable let the rest escape, for a bribe of eleven shillings a man, because he said the act allowed him but ten, so the odd shilling was clear gains.

All Just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offered to let me go away for two guineas, but I had not so much about me: this is truth, and I am ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it: give me the book—'tis for the good of the service.

Mob. May it please your worship, I gave him half a crown, to say that I was an honest man; but now since that your worships have made me a rogue, I hope I shall have my money again.

Bal. 'Tis my opinion, that this constable be put into the captain's hands, and if his friends don't bring four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night, captain, you shall carry him to Flanders.

Scale. Scrup. Agreed, agreed.

Plume. Mr Kite, take the constable into custody.

Kite. Ay, ay, sir.—[*To the* CONSTABLE.] Will you please to have your office taken from you? or will you handsomely lay down your staff as your betters have done before you? [CONSTABLE *drops his Staff.*

Bal. Come, gentlemen, there needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court.—Captain, you shall dine with me.

Kite. Come, Mr Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the law of me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in BALANCE'S *House.*

Enter BALANCE *and* STEWARD.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening, sir; and then, searching for her in the chamber that was my young master's, we found her clothes there; but the suit that your son left in the press, when he went to London, was gone.

Bal. The white, trimm'd with silver?

Stew. The same.

Bal. You ha'n't told that circumstance to any body?

Stew. To none but your worship.

Bal. And be sure you don't. Go into the dining-room, and tell Captain Plume that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall. [*Exit.*

Bal. Was ever man so imposed upon! I had her promise, indeed, that she would never dispose of herself without my consent—I have consented with a witness, given her away as my act and my deed—and this, I warrant, the captain thinks will pass. No, I shall never pardon him the villainy, first, of robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me, to think that I could be so wretchedly imposed upon: her extravagant passion might encourage her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be his. I'll know the truth presently.

Enter PLUME.

Pray, captain, what have you done with our young gentleman soldier?

Plume He's at my quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my men.

Bal. Does he keep company with the common soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Bal. He lies with you, I presume?

Plume. No, 'faith; the young rogue fell in love with Rose, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to town.

Bal. So that between you both, Rose has been finely managed.

Plume. Upon my honour, sir, she had no harm from me.

Bal. All's safe, I find—Now, captain, you must know, that the young fellow's impudence in court was well grounded; he said I should heartily repent his being listed, and so I do, from my soul.

Plume. Ay! for what reason?

Bal. Because he is no less than what he said he was—born of as good a family as any in this county, and he is heir to twelve hundred pounds a-year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it—for I wanted but a man of that quality to make my company a perfect representative of the whole commons of England.

Bal. Won't you discharge him?

Plume. Not under a hundred pounds sterling.

Bal. You shall have it, for his father is my intimate friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Bal. Nay, sir, you shall have your price.

Plume. Not a penny, sir; I value an obligation to you much above an hundred pounds.

Bal. Perhaps, sir, you sha'n't repent your genero-

sity——Will you please to write his discharge in my pocket-book? [*Gives his Book.*] In the mean time, we'll send for the gentleman.—Who waits there?

Enter SERVANT.

Go to the captain's lodging, and enquire for Mr Wilful; tell him his captain wants him here immediately.

Serv. Sir, the gentleman's below at the door, enquiring for the captain.

Plume. Bid him come up.—Here's the discharge, sir.

Bal. Sir, I thank you—'Tis plain he had no hand in't. [*Aside.*

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. I think, captain, you might have used me better, than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken crew; and you, Mr Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten with as good a man as your worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality—but now you are at liberty; I have discharged you.

Syl. Discharged me!

Bal. Yes, sir, and you must once more go home to your father.

Syl. My father! then I am discovered——Oh sir! [*Kneeling.*] I expect no pardon.

Bal. Pardon! no, no, child; your crime shall be your punishment.—Here, captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal power, for her chastisement. Since she will be a wife, be you a husband, a very husband. —When she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has

been unfashionably kind; and use her worse than you would any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you Sylvia, in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it jest, sir.

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Bal. If you please to take her, sir.

Plume. Why then I have saved my legs and arms, and lost my liberty; secure from wounds, I am prepared for the gout; farewell subsistence, and welcome taxes.—Sir, my liberty and the hope of being a general, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred pounds a-year—But to your love, madam, I resign my freedom, and to your beauty, my ambition—greater in obeying at your feet, than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr Balance, that your daughter is lost.

Bal. So am not I, sir, since an honest gentleman has found her.

Enter MELINDA.

Mel. Pray, Mr Balance, what's become of my cousin Sylvia.

Bal. Your cousin Sylvia is talking yonder with your cousin Plume.

Mel. and Wor. How!

Syl. Do you think it strange, cousin, that a woman should change? But I hope you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from constancy: I altered my outside, because I was the same within, and only laid by the woman, to make sure of my man: that's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantic, cousin; but since success has crowned your adventures, you will have the world on your side, and I shall be willing to go with the tide, provided you'll pardon an injury I offered you in the letter to your father.

Plume. That injury, madam, was done to me, and the reparation I expect, shall be made to my friend: make Mr Worthy happy, and I shall be satisfied.

Mel. A good example, sir, will go a great way—When my cousin is pleased to surrender, 'tis probable I sha'n't hold out much longer.

Enter BRAZEN.

Brazen. Gentlemen, I am yours—Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, sir.

Brazen. So am I—You have got a pretty house here, Mr Laconic.

Bal. 'Tis time to right all mistakes—My name, sir, is Balance.

Brazen. Balance! Sir, I am your most obedient—I know your whole generation—had not you an uncle that was governor of the Leeward Islands, some years ago?

Bal. Did you know him?

Brazen. Intimately, sir; he played at billiards to a miracle.—You had a brother too, that was a captain of a fire-ship—poor Dick—he had the most engaging way with him of making punch—and then his cabin was so neat—but his poor boy Jack was the most comical bastard—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! a pickled dog, I shall never forget him.

Plume. Have you got your recruits, my dear?

Brazen. Not a stick, my dear!

Plume. Probably I shall furnish you, my dear! Instead of the twenty thousand pounds you talked of,

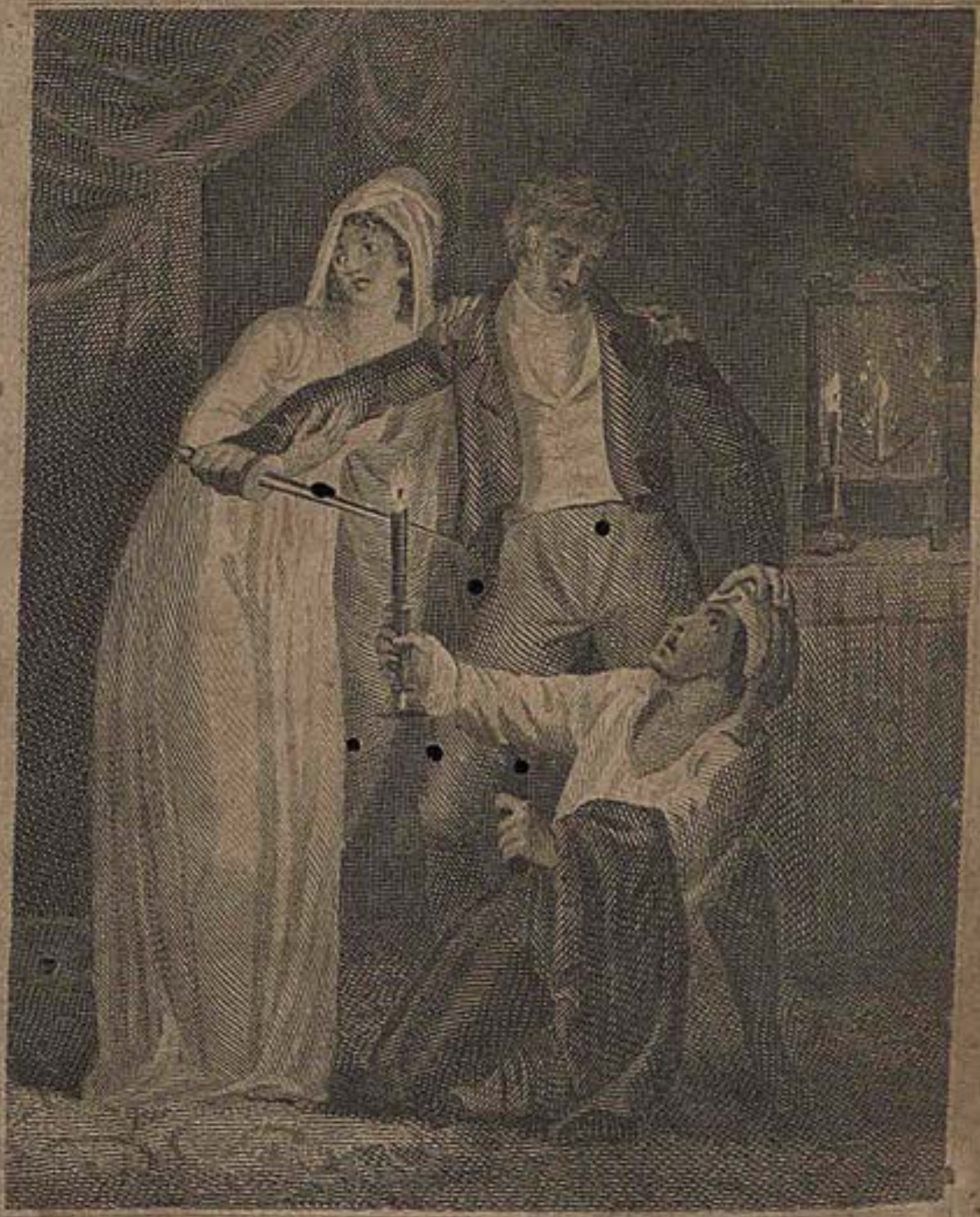
you shall have the twenty brave recruits that I have raised, at the rate they cost me——My commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow, that has more merit, and less good fortune; whilst I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentleman, to serve my king and country at home.

With some regret I quit the active field,
Where glory full reward for life does yield;
But the recruiting trade, with all its train
Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,
And raise recruits the matrimonial way.

[Exeunt omnes.

THE END.

BEAUX STRATAGEM



SCRUB — O PRAY SIR SPARE ALL I HAVE AND TAKE MY LIFE.

ACT V. SCENE III.

THE

BEAUX STRATAGEM;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GEORGE FARQUHAR, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

It is an honour to the morality of the present age, that this most entertaining comedy is but seldom performed; and never, except some new pantomime, or other gaudy spectacle, be added, as an afterpiece, for the attraction of an audience.

The well-drawn characters, happy incidents, and excellent dialogue, in "The Beaux Stratagem," are but poor atonement for that unrestrained contempt of principle which pervades every scene. Plays of this kind are far more mischievous than those which preserve less appearance of delicacy. Every auditor and reader shrinks from those crimes which are recommended in unseemly language, and from libertinism united with coarse manners; but in adorning vice with wit, and audacious rakes with the vivacity and elegance of men of fashion, youth, at least, will be decoyed into the snare of admiration.

Charmed with the spirit of Archer and Aimwell, the reader may not, perhaps, immediately perceive, that those two fine gentlemen are but arrant impostors; and that the lively, though pitiable Mrs Sullen, is no other than a deliberate violator of her marriage

vow. Highly delighted with every character, he will not, perhaps, at first observe, that all the wise and witty persons of this comedy are knaves, and all the honest people fools.

It is said that this play was written in six weeks—it is more surprising still, that it was written by a dying man!

Farquhar was a gentleman of elegant person and bewitching address, who, having experienced the vicissitudes of life, as a man of fashion, an actor, a captain in the army, an author, a lover, and a husband, and having encountered bitter disappointment in some of his adventures—though amply gratified by others—he, at the age of twenty-nine, sunk into a dejection of spirits and decline of health; and in this state, he wrote the present drama.—It had only been acted a night or two, when the author, in the midst of those honours, which he derived from its brilliant reception—died.

As a proof that Farquhar was perfectly sensible of his dangerous state, and that he regained cheerfulness as his end approached, the following anecdote is told:—

The famed actress, Mrs Oldfield, performed the part of Mrs Sullen, when the comedy was first produced, and being highly interested in its success, from the esteem she bore the author, when it drew near the last rehearsal, she desired Wilkes, the actor, to go to him, and represent—that she advised him to make some alteration in the catastrophe of the piece; for that she was apprehensive, the free manner in

which he had bestowed the hand of Mrs Sullen upon Archer, without first procuring a divorce from her husband, would offend great part of the audience. "Oh," replied Farquhar, gaily, when this message was delivered to him, "tell her, I wish she was married to me instead of Sullen; for then, without the trouble of a divorce, I would give her my bond, that she should be a widow within a few days."

In this allusion he was prophetic;—and the apparent joy, with which he expected his dissolution, may be accounted for on the supposition—that the profligate characters, which he has pourtrayed in "The Beaux Stratagem," were such as he had uniformly met with in the world,—and he was rejoiced to leave them all behind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY-LANE.	COVENT-GARDEN.
AIMWELL	*Mr Holland*	*Mr Brunton.*
SIR CHARLES FREEMAN	*Mr Bartley.*	*Mr Claremont.*
ARCHER	*Mr Elliston.*	*Mr Lewis.*
SULLEN	*Mr Powell.*	*Mr Murray.*
FOIGARD	*Mr Johnstone.*	*Mr Rock.*
BONIFACE	*Mr Palmer.*	*Mr Davenport.*
GIBBET	*Mr Wewitzer.*	*Mr Emery.*
HOUNSLOW	*Mr Maddocks.*	*Mr Atkins.*
BAGSHOT	*Mr Webb.*	*Mr Abbot.*
SCRUB	*Mr Bannister.*	*Mr Munden.*
LADY BOUNTIFUL	*Mrs Sparks.*	*Mrs Emery.*
MRS SULLEN	*Mrs Jordan.*	*Mrs Glover.*
DORINDA	*Miss Mellon.*	*Miss Brunton.*
CHERRY	*Miss De Camp.*	*Mrs Martyr.*
GIPSEY	*Mrs Scott.*	*Mrs Beverly.*

SCENE—Lichfield.

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Inn.

Enter BONIFACE, *running.—Bar Bell rings.*

Bon. Chamberlain! Maid! Cherry! Daughter Cherry! All asleep? all dead?

Enter CHERRY, *running.*

Cher. Here! here! Why d'ye bawl so, father? d'ye think we have no ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young minx: —The company of the Warrington coach has stood in the hall this hour, and nobody to show them to their chambers.

Cher. And let them wait, father;—there's neither red coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another inn to-night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the coach man should overturn them to-morrow—[*Ringing.* Coming! coming!—Here's the London coach arrived

Enter several PEOPLE *with Trunks, Bandboxes, and other Luggage, and cross the Stage.*

Bon. Welcome, ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, gentlemen——Chamberlain, show the lion and the rose. [*Exit with the* COMPANY.

Enter AIMWELL, *in a Riding Habit,* ARCHER *as Footman, carrying a Portmanteau.*

Bon. This way, this way, gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things; go to the stable, and see my horses well rubbed.

Arch. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, sir,——what will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Lichfield much famed for ale, I think: I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March.

Aim. You are very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll show you such ale——Here, tapster, broach number 1792, as the saying is:——Sir, you shall taste my anno domini——I have lived in Lichfield, man and boy, above eight and fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

Enter TAPSTER, *with a Tankard.*

Now, sir, you shall see: your worship's health: ha! delicious, delicious——fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so; or how should we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir: she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is, and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of Usquebaugh——but the poor woman was never well after; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the Usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so——she, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. 'Ods my life, sir, we'll drink her health.—[*Drinks.*] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women: her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a-year; and I believe she lays out one half on't in charitable uses, for the good of her neighbours: she cures rheumatisms,

ruptures, and broken shins in men; the king's evil, chin-cough, and chilblains in children; in short, she has cured more people in and about Lichfield within ten years, than the doctors have killed in twenty, and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles, the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune: she has a son too by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health.

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, 'faith: but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure: he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman truly! and married you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious woman, sir—but he's a—— He wants it here, sir.

[*Pointing to his Forehead.*

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my business; he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not——but I'cod he's no better than—sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You are very happy, Mr Boniface; pray what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen; pray how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of them; they are full of money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of them, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of them lodges in my house.

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. Landlord, there are some French gentlemen below, that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on them——Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is? [*To* ARCHER.

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from London?

Arch. No!

Bon. Going to London, mayhap?

Arch. No!

Bon. An odd fellow this; [*Bar Bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. [*Exit.*

Aim. The coast's clear, I see.—Now, my dear Archer, welcome to Lichfield!

Arch. I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! pr'ythee, leave canting; you need not change your style with your dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still my maxim, that there's no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty. Men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let them bustle; fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

Aim. Upon which topic we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto: would not any man swear now, that I am a man of quality, and you my servant, when, if our intrinsic value were known——

Arch. Come, come, we are the men of intrinsic value, who can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government: we have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our heads, from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from London hither to Lichfield, made me a lord, and you my servant.

Arch. That's more than you could expect already: but what money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred pounds.

Arch. And our horses, clothes, rings, &c. Why we have very good fortunes now for moderate people; and let me tell you, that this two hundred pounds, with the experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten thousand we have spent. ——Our friends, indeed, began to suspect that our pockets were low, but we came off with flying colours, showed no signs of want either in word or deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to Brussels was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our friends imagine, that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why, 'faith, if this project fails, it must e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the hundreds, if you will, upon this knight errantry; but, in the case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some counterscarp, where we may die as we lived, in a blaze.

Aim. With all my heart, and we have lived justly, Archer; we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoyed them.

Arch. Right; so much pleasure for so much money; we have had our pennyworths; and had I mil-

lions, I would go to the same market again. O London, London! well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: past pleasures, for aught I know, are best; such we are sure of; those to come may disappoint us. But you command for the day, and so I submit:—At Nottingham, you know, I am to be master.

Aim. And at Lincoln, I again.

Arch. Then, at Norwich, I mount, which, I think, shall be our last stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for Holland, bid adieu to Venus, and welcome Mars.

Aim. A match—

Enter BONIFACE.

Mum.

Bon. What will your worship please to have for supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

Aim. Good supper meat, I must confess——I can't eat beef, landlord.

Arch. And I hate pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, sirrah! do you know who you are? [*Aside.*

Bon. Please to bespeak something else; I have every thing in the house.

Aim. Have you any veal?

Bon. Veal, sir? we had a delicate loin of veal on Wednesday last.

Aim. Have you got any fish, or wild fowl?

Bon. As for fish, truly, sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; but then for wild-fowl!—We have a delicate couple of rabbits.

Aim. Get me the rabbits fricasseed.

Bon. Fricasseed! Lard, sir, they'll eat much better smothered with onions.

Arch. Pshaw! Rot your onions.

Aim. Again, sirrah?——Well, landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine; for when this fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing—Here, sirrah, reach me the strong box.

Arch. Yes, sir,——this will give us reputation.

[*Aside.—Brings the Box.*

Aim. Here, landlord, the locks are sealed down, both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred pounds; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after supper: But be sure you lay it where I may have it at a minute's warning; for my affairs are a little dubious at present; perhaps I may be gone in half an hour, perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your ostler to keep my horses ready saddled: But one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this fellow have none of your Anno Domini, as you call it;—for he's the most insufferable sot——Here, sirrah, light me to my chamber.

Arch. Yes, sir! [*Exit, lighted by* ARCHER.

Bon. Cherry, daughter Cherry.

Enter CHERRY.

Cher. D'ye call, father?

Bon. Ay, child; you must lay by this box for the gentleman, 'tis full of money.

Cher. Money! all that money! why sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliament man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going, perhaps, at a minute's warning; or of staying, perhaps, till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay! ten to one, father, he's a highwayman.

Bon. A highwayman! upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new-purchased booty.—Now, could we find him out, the money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our gang.

Bon. What horses have they?

Cher. The master rides upon a black.

Bon. A black! ten to one the man upon the black mare: and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience: I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own. Look ye, child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work: proofs we must have; the gentleman's servant loves drink; I'll ply him that way, and ten to one he loves a wench; you must ply him t'other way.

Cher. Father, would you have me give my secret for his?

Bon. Consider, child, there's two hundred pounds to boot. [*Ringing without.*] Coming, coming—child, mind your business. [*Exit* BONIFACE.

Cher. What a rogue is my father! My father? I deny it——My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her good-nature might have extended for the good of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest, and debauch his daughter into the bargain,——by a footman too!

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. What footman, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for, I'm sure, you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the

minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make love to you.

Cher. Love to me, friend?

Arch. Yes, child.

Cher. Child! manners; if you kept a little more distance, friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good night, saucebox. [*Going.*

Cher. A pretty fellow; I like his pride.—Sir—pray, sir—you see, sir, [ARCHER *returns.*] I have the credit to be entrusted with your master's fortune here, which sets me a degree above his footman; I hope, sir, you an't affronted?

Arch. Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.——'Sdeath, child, you have a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know what to do with them.

Cher. Why, sir, don't I see every body!

Arch. Ay, but if some women had them, they would kill every body.——Pr'ythee instruct me; I would fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you, madam; my addresses have been always confined to people within my own sphere, I never aspired so high before. [ARCHER *sings.*

But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,
That a man would swear you're right,
As arm was e'er laid over.
Such an air
You freely wear
To ensnare,
As makes each guest a lover:
Since then, my dear, I'm your guest,
Pr'ythee give me of the best,
Of what is ready drest.
Since then, my dear, &c.

Cher. Will you give me that song, sir?

Arch. Ay, my dear, take it while it is warm. [*Kisses her.*] Death and fire! her lips are honeycombs.

Cher. And I wish there had been a swarm of bees too, to have stung you for your impudence.

Arch. There's a swarm of Cupids, my little Venus, that has done the business much better.

Cher. This fellow is misbegotten, as well as I. [*Aside.*] What's your name, sir?

Arch. Name! egad, I have forgot it. [*Aside.*] Oh, Martin.

Cher. Where was you born?

Arch. In St Martin's parish.

Cher. What was your father?

Arch. Of—of—St Martin's parish.

Cher. Then, friend, good night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handsome.

Cher. That you're a footman.

Arch. That you're an angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my hand.

Arch. Give me a kiss. [*Kisses her.*

Boniface. [*Calls without.*] Cherry, Cherry!

Cher. I'm——My father calls; you plaguy devil, how durst you stop my breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare.

Arch. A fair challenge, by this light; this is a pretty fair opening of an adventure; but we are knight-errants, and so fortune be our guide! [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in LADY BOUNTIFUL'S *House.*

MRS SULLEN *and* DORINDA *meeting.*

Dor. 'Morrow, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

Mrs Sul. Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me: but I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the liturgy against bad husbands.

Dor. But there's a form of law at Doctors' Commons; and I swear, sister Sullen, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that; for, besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband, and friend to the wife, your examples give me such an impression of matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life—But supposing, madam, that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? my brother is, first, the most constant man alive?

Mrs Sul. The most constant husband, I grant ye.

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs Sul. No, he always sleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs Sul. A maintenance! do you take me, madam, for an hospital child, that I must sit down and bless my benefactors, for meat, drink, and clothes?

As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things, called pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the pleasures that the country affords.

Mrs Sul. Country pleasures! racks and torments! dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over stiles? or that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoaking tobacco with my husband; and stilling rosemary-water with the good old gentlewoman my mother-in-law?

Dor. I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I could wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refined; but pray, madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that laboured so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a country life?

Mrs Sul. Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town: Did you ever hear of a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pounds? If you can shew me such a man, I'll lay you fifty pounds you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them in their landscapes; every Phyllis has her Corydon, every murmuring stream, and every flowery mead, give fresh alarms to love—Besides, you'll find, their couples were never married:——But yonder I see my Corydon, and a sweet swain it is, Heaven knows—Come, Dorinda, don't be angry; he's my husband, and your brother, and between both, is he not a sad brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him; you're the best judge.

Mrs Sul. O sister, sister! if ever you marry, be

ware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks—There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little.—Now you shall see; but take this by the way; he came home this morning, at his usual hour of four, waked me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his man and he had rolled about the room like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night-cap——Oh matrimony! matrimony!—He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose.——O the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!——But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. My head aches consumedly.

Mrs Sul. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning? it may do your head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, brother?

Sul. Pshaw!

Mrs Sul. Will you please to dress, and go to church with me? the air may help you.

Sul. Scrub!

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What day o' the week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your worship.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a dram; and, d'ye hear, set out the venison pasty, and a tankard of strong beer, upon the hall table, I'll go to breakfast.

[*Going.*

Dor. Stay, stay, brother, you sha'n't get off so; you were very naughty last night, and must make your wife reparation: come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs Sul. But I can't, sir.

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs Sul. But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs Sul. What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Sul. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get things ready to shave my head. [*Exit.*

Mrs Sul. Have a care of coming near his temples, Scrub, for fear you meet something there that may turn the edge of your razor. [*Exit* SCRUB.] Inveterate stupidity! did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O sister, sister! I shall never have good of the beast till I get him to town; London, dear London, is the place for managing and breaking a husband.

Dor. And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife?

Mrs Sul. No, no, child; 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man would enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a lady would be arbitrary with her husband, she wheedles her booby up to town——A man dare not play the tyrant in London, because there are so many

examples to encourage the subject to rebel. O Dorinda, Dorinda! a fine woman may do any thing in London: On my conscience, she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

Dor. I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in Lichfield; you have drawn the French count to your colours already.

Mrs Sul. The French are a people that can't live without their gallantries.

Dor. And some English that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs Sul. Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouse my lethargic, sottish husband, is to give him a rival; security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarmed to make them alert in their duty; women are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

Dor. This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinced into a passion for you; but, I believe, there's a natural aversion on his side; and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs Sul. I own it; we are united contradictions, fire and water. But I could be contented, with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious vulgar, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, could I bring him but to dissemble a little kindness, to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, sister, but that instead of rousing your husband by this artifice to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury?

Mrs Sul. Let him:—if I can't entice him to the one, I would provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye?

Mrs Sul. You must assist me.

Dor. What, against my own brother?

Mrs Sul. He is but your half-brother, and I'm your entire friend: If I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me; till then, I expect you should go along with me in every thing; while I trust my honour in your hands, you may trust your brother's in mine—The count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs Sul. You like nothing; your time is not come; love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or other:—You'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye—But come, my lady's tea is ready. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Inn.

Enter AIMWELL, *dressed, and* ARCHER.

Aim. And was she the daughter of the house?

Arch The landlord is so blind as to think so; but, I dare swear, she has better blood in her veins.

Aim. Why dost thou think so?

Arch. Because the baggage has a pert *je ne-sçai-quoi;* she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

Aim. By which discoveries, I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, 'faith: the lady gives herself airs, forsooth: nothing under a gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one word more o' that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your sport there, and every where else: look ye, Aimwell, every man in his own sphere.

Aim. Right; and therefore you must pimp for your master.

Arch. In the usual forms, good sir, after I have served myself.—But to our business—You are so well dressed, Tom, and make so handsome a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in a country church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that impression favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to advantage: the appearance of a stranger in a country church draws as many gazers as a blazing star; no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers run buzzing round the congregation in a moment:—Who is he? whence comes he? do you know him?—Then I, sir, tip the verger half-a-crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the bishop or the dean, if he be the commanding officer; single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a-bleeding by the strength of imagination, and show the whole church my concern, by my endeavouring to hide it: after the sermon, the whole town gives me to her for a lover; and, by persuading the lady that I am dying for her, the tables are turned, and she, in good earnest, falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, Tom, without a precedent; but, instead of riveting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix them upon a fortune; that's our business at present.

Aim. Pshaw! no woman can be a beauty without a fortune.—Let me alone for a marksman.

Arch. Tom!

Aim. Ay!

Arch. When where you at church before, pray?

Aim. Um—I was there at the coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a blessing by going to church now?

Aim. Blessing? nay, Frank, I ask but for a wife! [*Exit.*

Arch. Truly, the man is not very unreasonable in his demands. [*Exit, at the opposite Door.*

Enter BONIFACE *and* CHERRY.

Bon. Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought Martin to confess?

Cher. Pray, father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a man; I'm but young, you know, father, and don't understand wheedling.

Bon. Young! why, you jade, as the saying is, can any woman wheedle that is not young? Your mother was useless at five-and-twenty! Would you make your mother a whore, and me a cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you, silence confesses it, and his master spends his money so freely, and is so much a gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a highwayman.

Enter GIBBET, *in a Cloak.*

Gib. Landlord! Landlord! is the coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr Gibbet, what's the news?

Gib. No matter; ask no questions; all fair and honourable. Here, my dear Cherry. [*Gives her a Bag.*] Two hundred sterling pounds, as good as ever hanged or saved a rogue; lay them by with the rest. And here—three wedding or mourning rings—'tis much the same, you know——Here, two silver-hilted swords; I took those from fellows that never show any part of their swords but the hilts: here is a diamond necklace, which the lady hid in the privatest part in the coach, but I found it out: this gold watch I took from a pawnbroker's wife; it was left in her hands by a person of quality; there's the arms upon the case.

Cher. But who had you the money from?

Gib. Ah! poor woman! I pitied her—from a poor lady, just eloped from her husband; she had made up her cargo, and was bound for Ireland, as hard as she

could drive: she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so, faith, I left her half-a-crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear Cherry; I have a present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A pot of ceruse, my child, that I took out of a lady's under-petticoat pocket.

Cher. What, Mr Gibbet, do you think that I paint?

Gib. Why, you jade, your betters do; I am sure, the lady that I took it from had a coronet upon her handkerchief——Here, take my cloak, and go secure the premises.

Cher. I will secure them. [*Exit.*

Bon. But, hark ye, where's Hounslow and Bagshot?

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other gentlemen o' the pad on this road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the house just now.

Gib. The devil! how d'ye smoke them?

Bon. Why, the one's gone to church.

Gib. To church! that's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon. And the other is now in his master's chamber: he pretends to be a servant to the other; we'll call him out, and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr Martin! Mr Martin!

Enter ARCHER, *brushing a Hat, and singing.*

Gib. The roads are consumed deep; I'm as dirty as Old Brentford at Christmas.——A good pretty fellow—Who's servant are you, friend?

Arch. My master's.

Gib. Really?

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much—The fellow has been at the bar, by his evasions:—But pray, sir, what is your master's name?

Arch. *Tall, all, dall.* [Sings and brushes the Hat.] This is the most obstinate spot——

Gib. I ask you his name?

Arch. Name, sir.—*Tall, all, dall*—I never asked him his name in my life. *Tall, all, dall.*

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain; he talks now as if he were before a judge: but pray, friend, which way does your master travel?

Arch. On horseback.

Gib. Very well again; an old offender—Right; but, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, sir! *Tall, all.*

Gib. I'm afraid thy fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha! ha! ha! Mr Martin, you're very arch —This gentleman is only travelling towards Chester, and would be glad of your company, that's all—Come, Captain, you'll stay to-night, I suppose; I'll show you a chamber——Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewell, friend——

[*Exeunt* GIBBET *and* BONIFACE.

Arch. Captain, your servant——Captain! a pretty fellow! 'Sdeath, I wonder that the officers of the army don't conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

Enter CHERRY.

Cher. Gone, and Martin here! I hope he did not listen: I would have the merit of the discovery all my own, because I would oblige him to love me. [*Aside.*]—Mr Martin, who was that man with my father?

Arch. Some recruiting serjeant, or whipped-out trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find. [*Aside.*

Arch. Come, my dear, have you conned over the catechism I taught you last night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well, an apt scholar. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*] Where does love enter?

Cher. Into the eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the objects of that passion?

Cher. Youth, beauty, and clean linen.

Arch. The reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in nature, and the third at court.

Arch. That's my dear—What are the signs and tokens of that passion?

Cher. A stealing look, a stammering tongue, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good child, kiss me.—What must a lover do to obtain his mistress?

Cher. He must adore the person that disdains him, he must bribe the chambermaid that betrays him, and court the footman that laughs at him!——He must, he must——

Arch. Nay, child, I must whip you if you don't mind your lesson; he must treat his——

Cher. O! ay, he must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruin, and throw himself away.

Arch. Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine! Come, my dear, why is love called a riddle?

Cher. Because being blind, he leads those that see; and, though a child, he governs a man.

Arch. Mighty well—And why is love pictured blind?

Cher. Because the painters, out of their weakness, or privilege of their art, chose to hide those eyes they could not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little scholar, kiss me again.—And why should love, that's a child, govern a man?

Cher. Because that a child is the end of love.

Arch. And so ends love's catechism——And now, my dear, we'll go in, and make my master's bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr Martin——You have taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learned by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your discourse and your habit are contradictions, and it would be nonsense in me to believe you a footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, sir, nothing in that garb shall ever tempt me; for, though I was born to servitude, I hate it:—Own your condition, swear you love me, and then——

Arch. And then we shall go make my master's bed?

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know, then, that I am born a gentleman, my education was liberal; but I went to London a younger brother, fell into the hands of sharpers, who stripped me of my money; my friends disowned me, and now my necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my hand—promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you master of two thousand pounds.

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand pounds, that I have this mi-

nute in my own custody; so throw off your livery this instant, and I'll go find a parson.

Arch. What said you? A parson!

Cher. What! do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! No, no, but—two thousand pounds, you say?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do?—But hark ye, child, what need you make me master of yourself and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your own hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I would marry you, but——

Cher. O, sweet sir, I'm your humble servant; you're fairly caught: Would you persuade me that any gentleman, who could bear the scandal of wearing a livery, would refuse two thousand pounds, let the condition be what it would?—No, no, sir; but I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect that I ought to pay you. [*Going.*

Arch. Fairly bit, by Jupiter!—Hold! hold! And have you actually two thousand pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free; and, be assured, that I have discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will.—In the meanwhile, be satisfied that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you; but beware of my father—— [*Exit.*

Arch. So—we're like to have as many adventures in our inn, as Don Quixotte had in his—Let me see—two thousand pounds! if the wench would promise to die when the money were spent, egad, one would marry her; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live—Lord knows how long! then an innkeeper's daughter; ay, that's the devil—there my pride brings me off.

For whatsoe'er the sages charge on pride,
The angels' fell, and twenty faults beside,
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,
Pride saves man oft, and woman too, from falling.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

LADY BOUNTIFUL'S *House.*

Enter MRS SULLEN *and* DORINDA.

Mrs Sul. Ha! ha! my dear sister, let me embrace thee: now we are friends indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours as a pledge for mine. Now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the subjects of the sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight?

Mrs Sul. Pshaw! now you spoil all; why should not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you, the gentleman has got to his confidant already, has avowed his passion, toasted your health, called you ten thousand angels, has run over your lips, eyes, neck, shape, air, and every thing, in a description that warms their mirth to a second enjoyment.

Dor. Your hand, sister, I an't well.

Mrs. Sul. So—come, child, up with it—hem a little—so—now, tell me, don't you like the gentleman that we saw at church just now?

Dor. The man's well enough.

Mrs Sul. Well enough! Is he not a demigod, a Narcissus, a star, the man i' the moon?

Dor. O, sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs Sul. Shall I send to your mother, child, for a

little of her cephalick plaister to put to the soles of your feet? Or shall I send to the gentleman for you —Come, unbosom yourself—the man is perfectly a pretty fellow; I saw him when he first came into church.

Dor. I saw him too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person.

Mrs Sul. Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward coquette behaviour, no airs to set himself off, no studied looks nor artful postures,—but nature did it all.

Mrs Sul. Better and better——One touch more; come—

Dor. But then his looks—Did you observe his eyes?

Mrs Sul. Yes, yes, I did—his eyes; well, what of his eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandering; they seemed to view, but never gazed on any thing but me—and then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aimed to tell me, that he could with pride die at my feet, though he scorned slavery any where else.

Mrs Sul. The physic works purely—How d'ye find yourself now, my dear?

Dor. Hem! much better, my dear.—O, here comes our Mercury.—

Enter SCRUB.

Well, Scrub, what news of the gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole packet of news.

Dor. Open it quickly; come.

Scrub. In the first place, I enquired who the gentleman was? They told me he was a stranger. Secondly, I asked, what the gentleman was? They answered and said, that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I enquired what countryman he was? They replied, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I de-

manded, whence he came? Their answer was, they could not tell. And, fifthly, I asked, whither he went? And they replied they knew nothing of the matter.—And this is all I could learn.

Mrs Sul. But what do the people say? can't they guess?

Scrub. Why, some think he's a spy; some guess he's a mountebank; some say one thing, some another;—but, for my own part, I believe he's a jesuit.

Dor. A jesuit! Why a jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his horses always ready saddled, and his footman talks French!

Mrs Sul. His footman!

Scrub. Ay; he and the Count's footman were jabbering French, like two intriguing ducks in a millpond: and, I believe, they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

Dor. What sort of livery has the footman?

Scrub. Livery! lord, madam, I took him for a captain, he's so bedizened with lace: and then he has a silver-headed cane dangling at his knuckles—he carries his hands in his pockets, and walks just so—[*Walks in a French Air.*] and has a fine long perriwig, tied up in a bag.——Lord, madam, he's clear another sort of a man than I.

Mrs Sul. That may easily be—But what shall we do now, sister?

Dor. I have it——This fellow has a world of simplicity, and some cunning, the first hides the latter by abundance——Scrub.

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, madam, it would be a satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale, because you are butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, madam, I am butler every Sunday.

Mrs Sul. O brave sister! o' my conscience, you understand the mathematics already—'Tis the best plot in the world,—your mother, you know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be got to the ale-house, with his scoundrels, and the house will be our own—so we drop in by accident, and ask the fellow some questions ourselves. In the country, you know, any stranger is company, and we are glad to take up with the butler in a country dance, and happy if he'll do us the favour.

Scrub. Oh, madam! you wrong me: I never refused your ladyship the favour in my life.

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. Ladies, dinner's upon table.

Dor. Scrub, we'll excuse your waiting—Go where we ordered you.

Scrub. I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Inn.

Enter AIMWELL *and* ARCHER.

Arch. Well, Tom, I find you are a marksman.

Aim. A marksman! who so blind could be as not discern a swan among the ravens?

Arch. Well, but hark ye, Aimwell——

Aim. Aimwell! call me Oroondates, Cesario, Amadis, all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. O, Archer, I read her thousands in her looks! she looked like Ceres in her harvest; corn, wine, and oil, milk and honey; gardens, groves, and purling streams, played on her plenteous face.

Arch. Her face!—her pocket, you mean. The

corn, wine, and oil, lies there. In short, she has twenty thousand pounds, that's the English on't.

Aim. Her eyes——

Arch. Are demicannons, to be sure; so I won't stand their battery. [*Going.*

Aim. Pray excuse me; my passion must have vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these romantic airs will do your business? Were my temper as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantic by half.

Aim. Your adventures!

Arch. Yes.

The nymph, that with her twice ten hundred pounds,
With brazen engine hot, and coif clear starch'd,
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed—

There's a touch of sublime Milton for you, and the subject, but an innkeeper's daughter. I can play with a girl, as an angler does with his fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down the stream, till at last he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket.

Enter BONIFACE.

Bon. Mr Martin, as the saying is—yonder's an honest fellow below, my Lady Bountiful's butler, who begs the honour that you would go home with him, and see his cellar.

Arch. Do my *baissemains* to the gentleman, and tell him, I will do myself the honour to wait on him immediately, as the saying is.

Bon. I shall do your worship's commands, as the saying is. [*Exit, bowing obsequiously.*

Aim. What do I hear? soft Orpheus play, and fair Toftida sing.

Arch. Pshaw! damn your raptures; I tell you, here's a pump going to be put into the vessel, and

the ship will get into harbour, my life on't. You say, there's another lady very handsome there?

Aim. Yes faith.

Arch. I'm in love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a bill upon Cherry in the mean time?

Arch. No, no, friend; all her corn, wine, and oil, is ingrossed to my market—And, once more, I warn you, to keep your anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this light, you shall go to the bottom.—What! make prize of my little frigate, while I am upon the cruize for you! [*Exit.*

Enter BONIFACE.

Aim. Well, well, I won't—Landlord, have you any tolerable company in the house? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that arrived about an hour ago.

Aim. Gentlemen of his coat are welcome every where;—will you make him a compliment from me, and tell him, I should be glad of his company?

Bon. Who shall I tell him, sir, would——

Aim. Ha! that stroke was well thrown in——I'm only a traveller, like himself, and would be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your commands, as the saying is. [*Exit.*

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot—what title will you give yourself?

Aim. My brother's, to be sure: he would never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout. You know the rest of your cue.

Arch. Ay, ay. [*Exit.*

Enter GIBBET.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, sir; for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, sir, for you never saw me before——I hope. [*Aside.*

Aim. And pray, sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman—but my landlord—

Aim. O, sir, I ask your pardon; you are the captain he told me of?

Gib. At your service, sir.

Aim. What regiment, may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching regiment, sir; an old corps.

Aim. Very old, if your coat be regimental. [*Aside.*] You have served abroad, sir?

Gib. Yes, sir, in the plantations; 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service; I would have quitted it indeed, but a man of honour, you know——Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad——Any thing for the good of one's country.—I'm a Roman for that.

Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my life. [*Aside.*] You found the West Indies very hot, sir?

Gib. Ay, sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, sir, ha'n't I seen your face at Will's coffee-house?

Gib. Yes, sir, and at White's too.

Aim. And where is your company now, captain?

Gib. They a'nt come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect them here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. Across the country——The devil's in't if I

ha'n't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right—I must tack about. [*Aside.*

Aim. Is your company to quarter at Lichfield?

Gib. In this house, sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My company's but thin—Ha! ha! ha! we are but three;—ha! ha! ha!

Aim. You are merry, sir.

Gib. Ay, sir, you must excuse me; sir, I understand the world, especially the art of travelling: I don't care, sir, for answering questions directly upon the road—for I generally ride with a charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. [*Aside.*

Gib. I am credibly informed, that there are highwaymen upon this quarter—not, sir, that I could suspect a gentleman of your figure—But, truly, sir, I have got such a way of evasion on the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

Aim. Your caution may be necessary—Then, I presume, you are no captain?

Gib. Not I, sir; captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it. It stops a great many foolish enquiries that are generally made about gentlemen that travel;—it gives a man an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient.—And, thus far, I am a captain, and no farther.

Aim. And, pray, sir, what is your true profession?

Gib. O, sir, you must excuse me—upon my word, sir, I don't think it safe to tell ye.

Aim. Ha! ha! ha! upon my word, I commend you—

Enter BONIFACE.

Well, Mr Boniface, what's the news?

Bon. There's another gentleman below, as the saying is, that, hearing you were but two, would be glad to make the third man, if you'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A clergyman, as the saying is.

Aim. A clergyman!—is he really a clergyman? or is it only his travelling name, as my friend the captain has it?

Bon. O, sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the French officers in town.

Aim. Is he a Frenchman?

Bon. Yes, sir; born at Brussels.

Gib. A Frenchman, and a priest! I won't be seen in his company, sir;—I have a value for my reputation, sir.

Aim. Nay, but, captain, since we are by ourselves —Can he speak English, landlord?

Bon. Very well, sir; you may know him, as the saying is, to be a foreigner by his accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in England before?

Bon. Never, sir, but he's a master of languages, as the saying is—he talks Latin; it does me good to hear him talk Latin.

Aim. Then you understand Latin, Mr Boniface?

Bon. Not I, sir, as the saying is;—but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the saying is.

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. Save you, gentlemens bote.

Aim. A Frenchman!—Sir, your most humble servant.

Foig. Och, dear joy, I am your most faithful shervant; and yours alsho.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner.

Foig. My English is very well for the vords; but ve foreigners, you know, cannot bring our tongues about the pronunciation so soon.

Aim. A foreigner! A downright teague, by this light. [*Aside.*] Were you born in France, doctor?

Foig. I was educated in France, but I was borned at Brussels; I am a subject of the King of Spain, joy.

Gib. What King of Spain, sir? speak.

Foig. Upon my shoul, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, captain, that was too hard upon the doctor. he's a stranger.

Foig. O, let him alone, dear joy, I am of a nation that is not easily put out of countenance.

Aim. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the dispute—— Here landlord, is dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the table, as the saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen—pray—that door——

Foig. No, no, fait, the captain must lead.

Aim. No, doctor, the church is our guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is.

[*Exeunt*, FOIGARD *foremost.*

SCENE III.

A Gallery in LADY BOUNTIFUL'S *House.*

Enter ARCHER *and* SCRUB, *singing, and hugging one another;* SCRUB *with a Tankard in his Hand—* GIPSEY *listening at a Distance.*

Scrub. *Tal, all, dal*——Come, my dear boy, let us have that song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the family——But will you be sure to keep the secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough——You must know then, that my master is the Lord Viscount Aimwell: he fought

a duel t'other day in London, wounded his man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw, till he hears whether the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not. He never was in this part of England before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me. [*Exit.*

Scrub. And where were you, when your master fought?

Arch. We never know of our masters' quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our masters in the country here receive a challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their wives; the wife tells the servants, the servants alarm the tenants, and in half an hour you shall have the whole country up in arms.

Arch. To hinder two men from doing what they have no mind for.—But, if you should chance to talk now of this business——

Scrub. Talk! Ah, sir, had I not learned the knack of holding my tongue, I had never lived so long in a great family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are secrets in all families.

Scrub. Secrets, O lud!——But I'll say no more—Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard:—Here——

Arch. With all my heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh?——Here's your ladies' health—You have three, I think; and to be sure there must be secrets among them?

Scrub. Secrets! ah, friend, friend! I wish I had a friend.

Arch. Am not I your friend? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this minute—Give me a kiss——and now, brother Scrub——

Scrub. And now, brother Martin, I will tell you a

secret, that will make your hair stand an end.—You must know, that I am consumedly in love.

Arch. That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't!

Scrub. That jade, Gipsey, that was with us just now in the cellar, is the arrantest whore that ever wore a petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha!—are you in love with her person or her virtue, brother Scrub?

Scrub. I should like virtue best, because it is more durable than beauty; for virtue holds good with some women long and many a day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the country, I grant ye, where no woman's virtue is lost till a bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, could I bring her to a bastard, I should have her all to myself; but I dare not put it upon that lay, for fear of being sent for a soldier.—Pray, brother, how do you gentlemen in London like that same pressing act?

Arch. Very ill, brother Scrub;——'Tis the worst that ever was made for us;—formerly I remember the good days when we could dun our masters for our wages, and if they refused to pay us, we could have a warrant to carry them before a justice; but now if we talk of eating, they have a warrant for us, and carry us before three justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating; for the justices won't give their own servants a bad example. Now this is my misfortune—I dare not speak in the house, while that jade, Gipsey, dings about like a fury——once I had the better end of the staff.

Arch. And how comes the change now?

Scrub. Why, the mother of all this mischief is a priest.

Arch. A priest?

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd son of a whore of Babylon, that came over hither to say grace to the French officers, and eat up our provisions—There's not a

day goes over his head without a dinner or supper in this house.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the family?

Scrub. Because he speaks English as if he had lived here all his life, and tells lies as if he had been a traveller from his cradle.

Arch. And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affections of your Gipsey.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear friend—for I'm afraid he has made her a whore, and a papist—but this is not all; there's the French count and Mrs Sullen, they're in the confederacy, and for some private ends of their own too, to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful family yours, brother Scrub; I suppose the maiden lady has her lover too?

Scrub. Not that I know—She's the best of them, that's the truth on't; but they take care to prevent my curiosity, by giving me so much business that I'm a perfect slave—What d'ye think is my place in this family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, lord help you—I'll tell you—Of a Monday I drive the coach; on Tuesday I drive the plough; on Wednesday I follow the hounds; a Thursday I dun the tenants; on Friday I go to market; on Saturday I draw warrants; and a Sunday I draw beer.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha! if variety be a pleasure in life, you have enough on't, my dear brother——but what ladies are those?

Scrub. Ours, ours; that upon the right hand is Mrs Sullen, and the other Mrs Dorinda——don't mind them, sit still, man.

Enter MRS SULLEN *and* DORINDA.

Mrs Sul. I have heard my brother talk of Lord

Aimwell, but they say that his brother is the finer gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, sister.

Mrs Sul. He's vastly rich, and very close, they say.

Dor. No matter for that; if I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him: I have heard say, that people may be guessed at by the behaviour of their servants; I could wish we might talk to that fellow.

Mrs Sul. So do I; for I think he's a very pretty fellow; come this way, I'll throw out a lure for him presently.

[*They walk towards the opposite Side of the Stage;* MRS SULLEN *drops her Fan,* ARCHER *runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*

Arch. Corn, wine, and oil, indeed——but, I think the wife has the greatest plenty of flesh and blood; she should be my choice—Ay, ay, say you so?—madam—your ladyship's fan.

Mrs Sul. O, sir, I thank you—What a handsome bow the fellow made!

Dor. Bow! why I have known several footmen come down from London, set up here for dancing masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

Arch. [*Aside.*] That project, for aught I know, had been better than ours——Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant that you saw at church to-day: I understood he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might show me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him.

Arch. Oh, yes, madam, but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs Sul. What, then you don't usually drink ale?

Arch. No, madam, my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water; 'tis prescribed me by the physicians, for a remedy against the spleen—

Scrub. O la! O la!—A footman have the spleen!

Mrs Sul. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other fashions, it wears out, and so descends to their servants; though in a great many of us, I believe it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

Dor. How affectedly the fellow talks!——How long, pray, have you served your present master?

Arch. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs Sul. And, pray, which service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs Sul. That flight was above the pitch of a livery.— And, sir, would not you be satisfied to serve a lady again?

Arch. As groom of the chambers, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs Sul. I suppose you served as footman before?

Arch. For that reason I would not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London: my Lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I served, called me up one morning, and told me, Martin, go to my Lady Allnight, with my humble service; tell her, I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs Rebecca, that the preliminaries

of the affair she knows of, are stopped till we know the concurrence of the person that I know of; for which there are circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that in the mean time there is a person about her ladyship, that, from several hints and surmises, was accessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance——

Mrs Sul. } Ha! ha! where are you going, sir?
Dor. }

Arch. Why, I ha'n't half done——The whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; so I happened to misplace two syllables, and was turned off, and rendered incapable.

Dor. The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw.—But, friend, if your master be married,——I presume you still serve a lady?

Arch. No, madam, I take care never to come into a married family: the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main point gained——My lord is not married, I find. [*Aside.*

Mrs Sul. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services, you had not a better provision made for you.

Arch. I don't know how, madam——I am very well as I am——

Mrs Sul. Something for a pair of gloves.

[*Offering him Money.*

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused; my master, madam, pays me, nor dare I take money from any other hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands.

Scrub. Brother Martin, brother Martin!

Arch. What do you say, brother Scrub?

Scrub. Take the money, and give it to me.

[*Exeunt* ARCHER *and* SCRUB.

Dor. This is surprising: did you ever see so pretty well-bred fellow?

Mrs Sul. The devil take him for wearing that livery.

Dor. I fancy, sister, he may be some gentleman, a friend of my lord's, that his lordship has pitched upon for his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who, ten to one, was his second.

Mrs Sul. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so—for I like him.

Dor. What! better than the count?

Mrs Sul. The count happened to be the most agreeable man in the place; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my husband——But I should like this fellow better in a design upon myself.

Dor. But now, sister, for an interview with this lord and this gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

Mrs Sul. Patience. Wou'd you prevent their désires, and give the fellows no wishing time? Look ye, Dorinda, if my Lord Aimwell loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it——My business comes now upon the tapis,——Have you prepared your brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs Sul. And how did he relish it?

Dor. He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promised to be guided by me: but here he comes.—

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. What singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs Sul. The singing in your head, my dear, you complained of it all day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs Sul. I was ever so, since I became one flesh with you.

Sul. One flesh! rather two carcases joined unnaturally together.

Mrs Sul. Or rather a living soul coupled to a dead body.

Dor. So, this is fine encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my wife shows you what you must do!

Mrs Sul. And my husband shows you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you be silent?

Mrs Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs Sul. Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, hark ye—[*Whispers.*] I sha'n't be home till it be late. [*Exit.*

Mrs Sul. What did he whisper to ye?

Dor. That he would go round the back way, come into the closet, and listen, as I directed him.—But let me beg you once more, dear sister, to drop this project; for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to kindness, you may provoke him to rage; and then who knows how far his brutality may carry him?

Mrs Sul. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you; away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in LADY BOUNTIFUL'S *House.*

Enter LADY BOUNTIFUL *and* MRS SULLEN, DORINDA *meeting them.*

Dor. News, dear sister, news, news!

Enter ARCHER, *running.*

Arch. Where, where, is my Lady Bountiful?—— Pray which is the old lady of you three?

Lady B. I am.

Arch. O, madam, the fame of your ladyship's charity, goodness, benevolence, skill, and ability, have drawn me hither, to implore your ladyship's help in behalf of my unfortunate master, who is at this moment breathing his last.

Lady B. Your master! where is he?

Arch. At your gate, madam: drawn by the appearance of your handsome house, to view it nearer, and walking up the avenue, within five paces of the court-yard, he was taken ill of a sudden, with a sort of I know not what: but down he fell, and there he lies.

Lady B. Here, Scrub, Gipsey!

Enter SCRUB *and* GIPSEY.

All run, get my easy-chair down stairs, put the gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your ladyship for this charitable act.

Lady B. Is your master used to these fits?

Arch. O yes, madam, frequently—I have known him have five or six of a night.

Lady B. What's his name?

Arch. Lord, madam, he's dying; a minute's care or neglect may save or destroy his life.

Lady B. Ah, poor gentleman! come, friend, show me the way; I'll see him brought in myself.

[*Exit with* ARCHER.

Dor. Oh, sister, my heart flutters about strangely; I can hardly forbear running to his assistance.

Mrs Sul. And I'll lay my life he deserves your assistance more than he wants it: did not I tell you that my lord would find a way to come at you? Love's his distemper, and you must be the physician; put on all your charms, summon all your fire into your eyes, plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

Dor. O, sister, I'm but a young gunner! I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece should recoil, and hurt myself.

Mrs Sul. Never fear, you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear sister, you have missed your mark so unfortunately, that I sha'n't care for being instructed by you.

Enter AIMWELL, *in a Chair, carried by* ARCHER *and* SCRUB; LADY BOUNTIFUL, GIPSEY. AIMWELL *counterfeiting a Swoon.*

Lady B. Here, here, let's see—the hartshorn drops

—Gipsey, a glass of fair water, his fit's very strong. —Bless me, how his hands are clench'd!

Arch. For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?—Pray, madam, [*To* DORINDA.] take his hand and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head. [DORINDA *takes his Hand.*

Dor. Poor gentleman—Oh—he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully——

Lady B. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

Arch. Oh, madam, he's perfectly possessed in these cases—he'll bite you, if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my hand, my hand!

Lady B. What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got this hand open you see with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

Mrs Sul. I find, friend, you are very learned in these sort of fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself; I find myself extremely ill at this minute. [*Looking hard at* MRS SULLEN.

Mrs Sul. [*Aside.*] I fancy I could find a way to cure you.

Lady B. His fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, madam.——

Lady B. Where did his illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To-day, at church, madam.

Lady B. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touched with something in his eyes, which at the first he only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

Lady B. Wind, nothing but wind.——Your master should never go without a bottle to smell to—— Oh!——he recovers——the lavender water——some

feathers to burn under his nose—Hungary water to rub his temples——Oh, he comes to himself. Hem a little, sir, hem——Gipsey, bring the cordial water.

[AIMWELL *seems to awake in amaze.*

Dor. How do you, sir?

Aim. Where am I? [*Rising.*

Sure I have passed the gulf of silent death,
And now am landed on the Elysian shore.
Behold the goddess of those happy plains,
Fair Proserpine—let me adore thy bright divinity.

[*Kneels to* DORINDA, *and kisses her Hand.*

Mrs Sul. So, so, so; I knew where the fit would end.

Aim. Eurydice, perhaps——
How could thy Orpheus keep his word,
And not look back upon thee;
No treasure but thyself could sure have bribed him
To look one minute off thee.

Lady B. Delirious, poor gentleman.

Arch. Very delirious, madam, very delirious.

Aim. Martin's voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my lord—How does your lordship?

Lady B. Lord! did you mind that, girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good hands, sir—You were taken just now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by this good lady's house; her ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to yourself, as you see——

Aim. I am so confounded with shame, madam, that I can now only beg pardon——And refer my acknowledgments for your ladyship's care till an opportunity offers of making some amends—I dare be no longer troublesome—Martin, give two guineas to the servants. [*Going.*

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the air: you don't look, sir, as if you were perfectly recovered.

[ARCHER *talks to* LADY BOUNTIFUL *in dumb Show.*

Aim. That I shall never be, madam: my present illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my grave.

Lady B. Come, sir, your servant has been telling me that you are apt to relapse, if you go into the air —Your good manners sha'n't get the better of ours— You shall sit down again, sir:—Come, sir, we don't mind ceremonies in the country—Here, Gipsey, bring the cordial water.—Here, sir, my service t'ye—— You shall taste my water; 'tis a cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making.

Lady B. Drink it off, sir: [AIMWELL *drinks.*] And how d'ye find yourself now, sir?

Aim. Somewhat better——though very faint still.

Lady B. Ay, ay, people are always faint after these fits. Come, girls, you shall show the gentleman the house; 'tis but an old family building, sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the air——You'll find some tolerable pictures—Dorinda, show the gentleman the way. I must go to the poor woman below.

[*Exeunt* LADY BOUNTIFUL *and* GYPSEY.

Dor. This way, sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait on you, for he understands pictures very well.

Mrs Sul. Sir, we understand originals, as well as he does pictures, so he may come along.

[*Exeunt* DORINDA *and* AIMWELL, MRS SULLEN *and* ARCHER—SCRUB *sits down.*

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. 'Save you, master Scrub.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be saved your way——I hate a priest, I abhor the French, and defy the devil—Sir, I'm a bold Briton, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep out popery and slavery.

Foig. Master Scrub, you would put me down in

politics, and so I would be speaking with Mrs Gipsey.

Scrub. Good Mr Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, sir; she's gone abroad, sir; she's—dead two months ago, sir.

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. How now, impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the doctor? Pray, sir, don't take it ill; for the common people of England are not so civil to strangers as——

Scrub. You lie, you lie:—'tis the common people, such as you are, that are civilest to strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to—Get you out, I say!

Scrub. I won't!

Gip. You won't, sauce-box!—Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your inn last night?

Scrub. The captain! ah, the devil, there she hampers me again;—the captain has me on one side, and the priest on t'other:—So between the gown and the sword, I have a fine time on't.

Gip. What, sirrah, won't you march?

Scrub. No, my dear, I won't march—but I'll walk:—And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[*Goes behind the Side Scene, and listens.*

Gip. Indeed, doctor, the count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

Folg. Ah, Mrs Gipsey, upon my shoul, now, gra, his complainings would mollify the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your commiseration; he veeps, and he dances, and he fistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings: in conclusion, joy, he's afflicted, *à la François*, and a stranger would not know whider to cry or to laugh with him.

Gip. What would you have me do, doctor?

Foig. Nothing, joy, but only hide the count in Mrs Sullen's closet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? it would be both a sin and a shame, doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty Louis d'ors, joy, for your shame; and I will give you an absolution for the shin.

Gip. But won't that money look like a bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall take it—If you receive the money before hand, 'twill be *logicè*, a bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a gratification.

Gip. Well, doctor, I'll take it *logicè*——But what must I do with my conscience, sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, joy; I am your priest, gra; and your conscience is under my hands.

Gip. But should I put the count into the closet—

Foig. Vell is dere any shin for a man's being in a closhet? one may go to prayers in a closhet.

Gip. But if the lady should come into her chamber and go to bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any shin in going to bed, joy?

Gip. Ah, but if the parties should meet, doctor?

Foig. Vel den——the parties must be responsible.—Do you begone after putting the count in the closhet; and leave the shins wid themselves—I will come with the count to instruct you in your chamber.

Gip. Well, doctor, your religion is so pure, that I'm resolved to die a martyr to't——Here's the key of the garden door; come in the back way, when 'tis late—I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. What witchcraft now have these two imps of the devil been a hatching here?—There's twenty

Louis d'ors! I heard that, and saw the purse: but I must give room to my betters. [*Exit.*

Enter AIMWELL, *leading* DORINDA, *and making love in dumb Show;* MRS SULLEN, *and* ARCHER.

Mrs Sul. Pray, sir, [*To* ARCHER.] how d'ye like that piece?

Arch. O, 'tis Leda—You find, madam, how Jupiter came disguised to make love—

Mrs Sul. Pray, sir, what head is that in the corner, there?

Arch. O, madam, 'tis poor Ovid in his exile.

Mrs Sul. What was he banished for?

Arch. His ambitious love, madam. [*Bowing.*] His misfortune touches me.

Mrs Sul. Was he successful in his amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark—He was too much a gentleman to tell.

Mrs Sul. If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs Sul. How d'ye like that Venus over the chimney?

Arch. Venus! I protest, madam, I took it for your picture: but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs Sul. Oh, what a charm is flattery! if you would see my picture, there it is, over that cabinet—How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire any thing, madam, that has the least resemblance of you——But methinks, madam,—[*He looks at the Picture and* MRS SULLEN *three or four Times, by Turns.*] Pray, madam, who drew it?

Mrs Sul. A famous hand, sir.

[*Exeunt* AIMWELL *and* DORINDA.

Arch. A famous hand, madam! Your eyes, indeed, are featured there; but where's the sparkling moisture, shining fluid, in which they swim? The picture,

indeed, has your dimples, but where's the swarm of killing Cupids, that should ambush there? The lips too are figured out; but where's the carnation dew, the pouting ripeness that tempts the taste in the original?

Mrs Sul. Had it been my lot to have matched with such a man! [*Aside.*

Arch. Your breasts too; presumptuous man! what! paint heaven! Apropos, madam, in the very next picture is Salmoneus, that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate Jove's thunder; I hope you served the painter so, madam.

Mrs Sul. Had my eyes the power of thunder, they should employ their lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest bed in that room, madam; I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bedchamber?

Mrs Sul. And what then, sir?

Arch. I think the quilt is the richest that ever I saw——I can't at this distance, madam, distinguish the figures of the embroidery: will you give me leave, madam?

Mrs Sul. The devil take his impudence—Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not offer it—I have a great mind to try.—[*Going.—Returns.*]'Sdeath, what am I doing?—And alone too;——Sister, sister! [*Exit.*

Arch. I'll follow her close——
For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,
A Briton, sure, may well the work perform.
[*Going.*

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. Martin, brother Martin!

Arch. O brother Scrub, I beg your pardon, I was not a going: here's a guinea my master ordered you.

Scrub. A guinea! hi, hi, hi, a guinea! eh——by this light it is a guinea; but I suppose you expect one-and-twenty shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for Gipsey.

Scrub. A guinea for her! Fire and faggot for the witch!——Sir, give me that guinea, and I'll discover a plot.

Arch. A plot?

Scrub. Ay, sir, a plot, a horrid plot—First, it must be a plot, because there's a woman in't: secondly, it must be a plot, because there's a priest in't: thirdly, it must be a plot, because there's French gold in't: and fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother Scrub.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery and a riddle—This, I know, that here has been the doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other, and Gipsey has sold herself to the devil; I saw the price paid down, my eyes shall take their oath on't.

Arch. And is all this bustle about Gipsey?

Scrub. That's not all; I could hear but a word here and there; but I remember they mentioned a count, a closet, a back door, and a key.

Arch. The count! did you hear nothing of Mrs Sullen?

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way; but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda I could not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to nobody, brother?

Scrub. Told! no, sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolved never to speak one word, *pro* nor *con*, till we have a peace.

Arch. You are i' the right, brother Scrub; here's a treaty a-foot between the count and the lady.—The priest and the chambermaid are plenipotentiaries——

It shall go hard, but I'll find a way to be included in the treaty. Where's the doctor now?

Scrub. He and Gipsey are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

Aim. [*From without.*] Martin, Martin!

Arch. I come, sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forget the other guinea, brother Martin.

Arch. Here, I give it with all my heart.

[*Exit* ARCHER.

Scrub. And I take it with all my soul. I'cod, I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs Gipsey; and if you should set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off. [*Exit* SCRUB.

Enter MRS SULLEN *and* DORINDA, *meeting.*

Mrs Sul. Well, sister.

Dor. And well, sister.

Mrs Sul. What's become of my lord?

Dor. What's become of his servant?

Mrs Sul. Servant! he's a prettier fellow and a finer gentleman by fifty degrees than his master.

Dor. O' my conscience, I fancy you could beg that fellow at the gallows' foot.

Mrs Sul. O' my conscience, I could, provided I could put a friend of yours in his room.

Dor. You desired me, sister, to leave you, when you transgressed the bounds of honour.

Mrs Sul. Thou dear censorious country girl—What dost mean? You can't think of the man without the bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought.

Mrs Sul. How a little love and conversation improve a woman! Why, child, you begin to live—you never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to before: my

lord has told me, that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

Mrs Sul. You are in the right, Dorinda; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread—But I'll lay you a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done—What did your fellow say to ye?

Mrs Sul. My fellow took the picture of Venus for mine.

Dor. But my lover took me for Venus herself.

Mrs Sul. Common cant! had my spark called me a Venus directly, I should have believed him a footman in good earnest.

Dor. But my lover was upon his knees to me.

Mrs Sul. And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

Dor. Mine vowed to die for me.

Mrs Sul. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine kissed my hand ten thousand times.

Mrs Sul. Mine has all that pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs Sul. Ay, ay, mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine offered marriage.

Mrs Sul. O lard! d'ye call that a moving thing?

Dor. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister: Why, my twenty thousand pounds may lie brooding here this seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natured clown, like yours;—whereas, if I marry my Lord Aimwell, there will be title, place, and precedence, the park, the play, and the drawing-room, splendour, equipage, noise, and flambeaux—Hey, my Lady Aimwell's servants there—lights, lights to the stairs—My Lady Aimwell's coach, put forward—stand by; make room for her ladyship ——Are not these things moving? What! melancholy of a sudden?

Mrs Sul. Happy, happy sister! your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has

slept, regardless of his charge——Long smiling years of circling joys for you, but not one hour for me!

[*Weeps.*

Dor. Come, my dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs Sul. O, Dorinda, I own myself a woman, full of my sex, a gentle, generous soul—easy and yielding to soft desires; a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge; and must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your husband, I suppose?

Mrs Sul. Husband!—Even husband is too soft a name for him.—But, come, I expect my brother here to-night or to-morrow! he was abroad when my father married me: perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

Dor. Will you promise not to make yourself uneasy in the meantime with my lord's friend?

Mrs Sul. You mistake me, sister—It happens with us as among the men, the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards; and there's a reason for it; those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course——Though, to confess the truth, I do love that fellow;—and if I met him dressed as he should be,——Look ye, sister, I have no supernatural gifts;——I can't swear I could resist the temptation——though I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Inn.

Enter AIMWELL *and* ARCHER *laughing.*

Arch. And the awkward kindness of the good motherly old gentlewoman——

Aim. And the coming easiness of the young one —'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at White's, Tom's, or Will's—But now—

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this—Strike while the iron is hot—The priest is the luckiest part of our adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me. If the plot lies as I suspect, I must put on the gentleman.—But here comes the doctor; I shall be ready. [*Exit.*

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. Shave you, noble friend.

Aim. O, sir, your servant: Pray, doctor, may I crave your name?

Foig. Fat naam is upon me! My naam is Foigard, joy.

Aim. Foigard! a very good name for a clergyman: Pray, Doctor Foigard, were you ever in Ireland?

Foig. Ireland! No, joy;—Fat sort of plaace is dat shame Ireland? Dey say de people are catched dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of them here, when they are old;—as for example—[*Takes* FOIGARD *by the Shoulder.*] Sir, I arrest you as a traitor against the government; you are a subject of England, and this morning showed me a commission, by which you served as chaplain in the French army: This is death by our law, and your reverence must hang for't.

Foig. Upon my shoul, noble friend, dis is strange

news you tell me, Fader Foigard a subject of England—de son of a Burgomaster of Brussels a subject of England? Ubooboo!

Aim. The son of a bog-trotter in Ireland: sir, your tongue will condemn you before any bench in the kingdom.

Foig. And is my tongue all my evidensh, joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, joy, for I will never spaake de English no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other evidence.—Here, Martin, you know this fellow?

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. [*In a Brogue.*] Shave you, my dear cussen, how does your health?

Foig. Ah! upon my shoul dere is my countryman and his brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynhere, ick wet neat wat heyzacht, ick univirston ewe, neat, sacrament.*

Aim. Altering your language won't do, sir, this fellow knows your person, and will swear to your face.

Foig. Faash! fey, is dere brogue upon my faash too?

Arch. Upon my shalvation dere ish, joy,——But, Cussen Mackshane, vill you not put a remembrance upon me?

Foig. Mackshane! by St Patrick, dat is my naam shure enough. [*Aside.*

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have it.

Foig. The devil hang you, joy——By tat acquaintance are you my cussen?

Arch. O, de devil hang your shelf, joy; you know we were little boys togeder upon de school, and your foster moder's son was married upon my nurse's chister, joy, and so we are Irish cussens.

Foig. Dē devil taake de relation! Vel, joy, and fat school was it?

Arch. I think it vas—aay—'Twas Tipperary.

Foig. Now, upon my shoul, joy, it was Kilkenny.

Aim. That's enough for us—self-confession—Come, sir, we must deliver you into the hands of the next magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to gaol, you are tried next assizes, and away you go swing into purgatory.

Foig. And is it sho wid you, cussen?

Arch. It will be sho wid you, cussen, if you don't immediately confess the secret between you and Mrs Gipsey—Look ye, sir, the gallows or the secret, take your choice.

Foig. The gallows! upon my shoul I hate that shame gallows, for it is a diseash dat is fatal to our family.—Vel den, there is nothing, shentlemens, but Mrs Sullen would spaak wid the count in her chamber at midnight, and dere is no harm, joy, for I am to conduct the count to the plaash myself.

Arch. As I guessed.—Have you communicated the matter to the count?.

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right again; why then, doctor;—you shall conduct me to the lady instead of the count.

Foig. Fat, my cussen to the lady! upon my shoul, gra, dat's too much upon the brogue.

Arch. Come, come, doctor, consider we have got a rope about your neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your windpipe, most certainly; we shall have another job for you in a day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's company coming this way; let's into my chamber, and there concert our affairs further.

Arch. Come, my dear cussen, come along.

Foig. Arra, the devil take our relashion! [*Exeunt.*

Enter BONIFACE, HOUNSLOW, *and* BAGSHOT, *at one Door*, GIBBET *at the opposite.*

Gib. Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enterprize.

Houns. Dark as hell.

Bag. And blows like the devil: our landlord here has shown us the window where we must break in, and tells us the plate stands in the wainscot cupboard in the parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr Bagshot, as the saying is, knives and forks, cups and cans, tumblers and tankards.—There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me: it was a present to the 'squire from his godmother, and smells of nutmeg and toast, like an East India ship.

Houns. Then you say we must divide at the stairhead.

Bon. Yes, Mr Hounslow, as the saying is——at one end of the gallery lies my Lady Bountiful and her daughter, and at the other, Mrs Sullen—as for the 'squire.——

Gib. He's safe enough; I have fairly entered him, and he's more than half seas over already—But such a parcel of scoundrels are got about him there, that, egad, I was ashamed to be seen in their company.

Bon. 'Tis now twelve, as the saying is—gentlemen, you must set out at one.

Gib. Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our arms fixed, and I'll come to you presently.

Houns. and Bag. We will.

[*Exeunt* HOUNSLOW *and* BAGSHOT.

Gib. Well, my dear Bonny, you assure me that Scrub is a coward?

Bon. A chicken, as the saying is—you'll have no creature to deal with but the ladies.

Gib. And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of address and good manners in robbing a lady:

I am the most gentleman that way that ever travelled the road.—But, my dear Bonny, this prize will be a galleon, a Vigo business——I warrant you, we shall bring off three or four thousand pounds.

Bon. In plate, jewels, and money, as the saying is, you may.

Gib. Why, then, Tyburn, I defy thee: I'll get up to town, sell off my horse and arms, buy myself some pretty employment in the law, and be as snug and as honest as e'er a long gown of them all.

Bon. And what think you, then, of my daughter Cherry for a wife?

Gib. Look ye, my dear Bonny, *Cherry is the goddess I adore*, as the song goes; but it is a maxim, that man and wife should never have it in their power to hang one another; for, if they should, the Lord have mercy upon them both! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Inn.

Knocking without.

Enter BONIFACE.

Bon. Coming, coming—a coach and six foaming horses at this time o' night! some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter SIR CHARLES FREEMAN.

Sir C. What, fellow! a public house, and abed when other people sleep?

Bon. Sir, I an't abed, as the saying is.

Sir C. I see that, as the saying is! Is Mr Sullen's family abed, think ye?

Bon. All but the 'squire himself, sir, as the saying is; he's in the house.

Sir C. What company has he?

Bon. Why, sir, there's the constable, Mr Gage the exciseman, the hunch-backed barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

Sir C. I find my sister's letters gave me the true picture of her spouse.

Enter SULLEN, *drunk.*

Bon. Sir, here's the 'squire.

Sul. The puppies left me asleep——sir.

Sir C. Well, sir.

Sul Sir, I am an unfortunate man—I have three thousand pounds a-year, and I can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

Sir C. That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, sir,—and unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my wife, and I had rather go to the devil by half.

Sir C. But I presume, sir, you won't see your wife to-night, she'll be gone to bed——you don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle.

Sul. What! not lie with my wife! Why, sir, do you take me for an atheist, or a rake?

Sir C. If you hate her, sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Sul. I think so too, friend——but I am a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

Sir C. Law! as I take it, Mr Justice, nobody ob-

serves law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the law orders me to send you to gaol, you must lie there, my friend.

Sir C. Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

Sul. A crime! oons, an't I married?

Sir C. Nay, sir, if you call marriage a crime, you must disown it for a law.

Sul. Eh!—I must be acquainted with you, sir,—but, sir, I should be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

Sir C. Truth, sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, sir, I am afraid the line of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sul. Look ye, sir, I have nothing to say to your sea of truth; but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the county.

Bon. I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a man that I liked before.

Bon. Pray, sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: are not man and wife one flesh?

Sir C. You and your wife, Mr Guts, may be one flesh, because you are nothing else——but rational creatures have minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir C. Ay, minds, sir; don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

Sul. In some people.

Sir C Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of his servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow——Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one!

Sir C. Sir, I know that my two hands are na-

turally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the actions of life; but I could not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir C. Why don't you part with her, sir?

Sul. Will you take her, sir?

Sir C. With all my heart.

Sul. You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison pasty into the bargain.

Sir C. You'll let me have her fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, sir, I have no quarrel to her fortune——I only hate the woman, sir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir C. But her fortune, sir——

Sul. Can you play at whist, sir?

Sir C. No, truly, sir.

Sul. Not at all-fours?

Sir C. Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this man bred? [*Aside.*] Burn me, sir, I can't go home; 'tis but two o'clock.

Sir C. For half an hour, sir, if you please—but you must consider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that is the reason I can't go to bed—Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in LADY BOUNTIFUL'S *House.*

MRS SULLEN *and* DORINDA *discovered; a Table and Lights.*

Dor. 'Tis very late, sister; no news of your spouse yet?

Mrs Sul. No; I'm condemned to be alone till towards four, and then, perhaps, I may be executed with his company.

Dor. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest; you'll go directly to bed, I suppose?

Mrs Sul. I don't know what to do; heigho!

Dor. That's a desiring sigh, sister.

Mrs Sul. This is a languishing hour, sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical minute, if the pretty fellow were here.

Mrs Sul. Here? what, in my bedchamber, at two o'clock i' th' morning, I undressed, the family asleep, my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet?——O, gad, sister!

Dor. Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow you—So, my dear, good night. [*Exit.*

Mrs Sul. A good rest to my dear Dorinda——Thoughts free! are they so? why, then, suppose him here, dressed like a youthful, gay, and burning bridegroom, [ARCHER *steals out of the Closet.*] with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, knees imploring [*Turns a little on one Side, and sees* ARCHER *in the Posture she describes.*]—Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other Side of the Stage.*] Have my thoughts raised a spirit? What are you, sir, a man or a devil?

Arch. A man, a man, madam. [*Rising.*

Mrs Sul How shall I be sure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you demonstration this minute. [*Takes her Hand.*

Mrs Sul. What, sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, madam, if you please.

Mrs Sul. In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the skies, madam—I'm a Jupiter in love, and you shall be my Alomena.

Mrs Sul. How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the window, madam; your cou-

sin Cupid lent me his wings, and your sister Venus opened the casement.

Mrs Sul. I'm struck dumb with admiration.

Arch. And I with wonder.

[*Looks passionately at her.*

Mrs Sul. What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful she looks!——the teeming jolly spring smiles in her blooming face, and when she was conceived, her mother smelt to roses, looked on lilies——

Lilies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,
When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.

[*Runs to her.*

Mrs Sul. Ah! [*Shrieks.*

Arch. Oons, madam, what do you mean? you'll raise the house.

Mrs Sul. Sir, I'll wake the dead before I bear this. What! approach me with the freedoms of a keeper! I'm glad on't; your impudence has cured me.

Arch. If this be impudence, [*Kneels.*] I leave to your partial self; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious, painful voyage, e'er bow'd before his saint with more devotion.

Mrs Sul. Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels. [*Aside.* Rise, thou prostrate engineer; not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart. Rise, and know that I am a woman, without my sex; I can love to all the tenderness of wishes, sighs, and tears—But go no farther—Still, to convince you that I'm more than woman, I can speak my frailty, confess my weakness even for——But——

Arch. For me! [*Going to lay hold on her.*

Mrs Sul. Hold, sir; build not upon that—for my most mortal hatred follows if you disobey what I

command you now—leave me this minute—If he denies, I'm lost. [*Aside.*

Arch. Then you'll promise——

Mrs Sul. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs Sul. To-morrow—when you will.

Arch. Your lips must seal the promise.

Mrs Sul. Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must. [*Kisses her.*] Raptures and paradise! and why not now, my angel? The time, the place, silence, and secrecy, all conspire—And the now conscious stars have pre-ordained this moment for my happiness.

[*Takes her in his Arms.*

Mrs Sul. You will not, cannot, sure!

Arch. If the sun rides fast, and disappoints not mortals of to-morrow's dawn, this night shall crown my joys.

Mrs Sul. My sex's pride assist me.

Arch. My sex's strength help me.

Mrs Sul. You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll die with you. [*Carrying her off.*

Mrs Sul. Thieves! thieves! murder!——

Enter SCRUB, *in his Breeches, and one Shoe.*

Scrub. Thieves! thieves! murder! popery!

Arch. Ha! [*Draws, and offers to stab* SCRUB.

Scrub. [*Kneeling.*] O pray, sir, spare all I have, and take my life.

Mrs Sul. [*Holding* ARCHER'S *Hand.*] What does the fellow mean?

Scrub. O, madam, down upon your knees, your marrowbones——he's one of them.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the rogues——I beg your pardon, one of the honest gentlemen, that just now are broke into the house.

Arch. How!

Mrs Sul. I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, madam, but I would have taken nothing but what you might very well have spared; but your crying, Thieves, has waked this dreaming fool, and so he takes them for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, sir; take all we have.

Mrs Sul. The fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

Scrub. Oons, madam, they're broke into the house with fire and sword; I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this minute.

Arch. What! thieves?

Scrub. Under favour, sir, I think so.

Mrs Sul. What shall we do, sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your ladyship a good night.

Mrs Sul. Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! lord, madam, did not you command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your immortal hatred?

Mrs Sul. Nay, but pray, sir——

[*Takes hold of him.*

Arch. Ha! ha! ha! now comes my turn to be ravished—You see now, madam, you must use men one way or other; but take this by the way, good madam, that none but a fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his love along with it—How are they armed, friend?

Scrub. With sword and pistol, sir.

[*He gets under the Table.*

Arch. Hush!——I see a dark lanthorn coming through the gallery——Madam, be assured I will protect you, or lose my life.

Mrs Sul. Your life! no, sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, sir, let me entreat you to begone.

Arch. No, madam, I'll consult my own safety, for the sake of yours; I'll work by stratagem: have you courage enough to stand the appearance of them?

Mrs Sul. Yes, yes; since I have escaped your hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, brother Scrub; don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear brother, let me kiss thee!

[*Kisses* ARCHER.

Arch. This way——Here——

[ARCHER *and* SCRUB *hide.*

Enter GIBBET, *with a dark Lanthorn in one Hand, and a Pistol in the other.*

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the chamber, and the lady alone.

Mrs Sul. Who are you, sir? What would you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack a day, madam, I'm only a younger brother, madam; and so, madam, if you make a noise, I'll shoot you through the head: but don't be afraid, madam. [*Laying his Lanthorn and Pistol upon the Table.*] These rings, madam; don't be concerned, madam; I have a profound respect for you, madam; your keys, madam; don't be frighted, madam; I'm the most of a gentleman. [*Searching her Pockets.*] This necklace, madam; I never was rude to any lady! I have a veneration—for this necklace.

[*Here* ARCHER, *having come round, and seized the Pistol, takes* GIBBET *by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.*

Arch. Hold, profane villain, and take the reward of thy sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! pray, sir, don't kill me; I an't prepared.

Arch. How many is there of them, Scrub?

Scrub Five and forty, sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold! hold! sir; we are but three, upon my honour.

Arch. Scrub, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, sir; kill him, kill him!

Arch. Run to Gipsey's chamber; there you'll find the doctor; bring him hither presently. [*Exit* SCRUB, *running.*] Come, rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

Mrs Sul. Pray, sir, don't kill him: You fright me as much as him.

Arch. The dog shall die, madam, for being the occasion of my disappointment.—Sirrah, this moment is your last. * *

Gib. Sir, I'll give you two hundred pounds to spare my life.

Arch. Have you no more, rascal?

Gib. Yes, sir, I can command four hundred; but I must reserve two of them to save my life at the sessions. * *

Enter SCRUB *and* FOIGARD.

Arch. Here, doctor: I suppose Scrub and you, between you, may manage him:——Lay hold of him.

[FOIGARD *lays hold of* GIBBET.

Gib. What! turned over to the priest already——Look ye, doctor, you come before your time; I an't condemned yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my dear joy, I vil secure your body and your shoul too; I will make you a good catholic, and give you an absolution.

Gib. Absolution! Can you procure me a pardon, doctor?

Foig. No, joy.——

Gib. Then you and your absolution may go to the devil.

Arch. Convey him into the cellar, there bind him: —Take the pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him through the head,—and come back to us with all the speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay; come, doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him.

[*Exeunt* SCRUB, GIBBET, *and* FOIGARD.

Mrs Sul. But how came the doctor?

Arch. In short, madam——[*Shrieking without.*] 'Sdeath! the rogues are at work with the other ladies; —I'm vexed I parted with the pistol; but I must fly to their assistance—Will you stay here, madam, or venture yourself with me?

Mrs Sul. Oh, with you, dear sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the Arm, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment.

Enter HOUNSLOW *and* BAGSHOT, *with Swords drawn, dragging in* LADY BOUNTIFUL *and* DORINDA.

Houns. Come, come, your jewels, mistress.

Bag. Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman.

Enter AIMWELL.

Aim. Turn this way, villains; I durst engage an army in such a cause. [*He engages them both.*

Enter ARCHER *and* MRS SULLEN.

Arch. Hold! hold! my lord; every man his bird, pray.

[*They engage Man to Man; the Rogues are thrown down, and disarmed.*

Arch. Shall we kill the rogues?

Aim. No, no; we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, madam, lend me your garter.

[*To* MRS SULLEN, *who stands by him.*

Mrs Sul. The devil's in this fellow; he fights, loves, and banters all in a breath: here's a rope, that the rogues brought with them, I suppose.

Arch. Right, right, the rogue's destiny, a rope to hang himself——Come, my lord,——this is but a scandalous sort of an office, [*Binding the* ROGUES *together.*] if our adventure should end in this sort of hangmanwork; but I hope there is something in prospect that——

Enter SCRUB.

Well, Scrub, have you secured your Tartar?

Scrub. Yes, sir, I left the priest and him disputing about religion.

Aim. And pray carry these gentlemen to reap the benefit of the controversy.

[*Delivers the Prisoners to* SCRUB, *who leads them out.*

Mrs Sul. Pray, sister, how came my lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the gentleman here?

Mrs Sul. I'll tell you the greatest piece of villainy— [*They talk in dumb Show.*

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have been more successful in your adventure than the housebreakers.

Arch. No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal——Press her this minute to marry you,——now while she's hurried between the palpitation of

her fear, and the joy of her deliverance, now while the tide of her spirits are at high-flood:——throw yourself at her feet, speak some romantic nonsense or other;—confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her:—The priest is now in the cellar, and dare not refuse to do the work.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being observed?

Arch. You a lover, and not find a way to get off!—Let me see.

Aim. You bleed, Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this wound will do the business—I'll amuse the old lady and Mrs Sullen about dressing my wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

Lady B. Gentlemen, could we understand how you would be gratified for the services——

Arch. Come, come, my lady, this is no time for compliments; I'm wounded, madam.

Lady B. and *Mrs Sul.* How! wounded!

Dor. I hope, sir, you have received no hurt?

Aim. None but what you may cure——

[*Makes love in dumb Show.*

Lady B. Let me see your arm, sir—I must have some powder-sugar, to stop the blood——O me! an ugly gash; upon my word, sir, you must go into bed.

Arch. Ay, my lady, a bed would do very well——Madam, [*To* MRS SULLEN.] will you do me the favour to conduct me to a chamber?

Lady B. Do, do, daughter,——while I get the lint, and the probe, and plaister ready.

[*Runs out one Way*; AIMWELL *carries off* DORINDA *another.*

Arch. Come, madam, why don't you obey your mother's commands?

Mrs Sul. How can you, after what is past, have the confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after

what is past, have the confidence to deny me?—— Was not this blood shed in your defence, and my life exposed for your protection?—Look ye, madam, I'm none of your romantic fools, that fight giants and monsters for nothing; my valour is downright Swiss; I am a soldier of fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs Sul. 'Tis ungenerous in you, sir, to upbraid me with your services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, madam, not to reward them.

Mrs Sul. How! at the expense of my honour?

Arch. Honour! Can honour consist with ingratitude? If you would deal like a woman of honour, do like a man of honour; d'ye think I would deny you in such a case?

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. Madam, my lady ordered me to tell you, that your brother is below at the gate.

Mrs Sul. My brother! Heavens be praised:—Sir, he shall thank you for your services; he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your brother, madam?

Mrs Sul. Sir Charles Freeman:——You'll excuse me, sir; I must go and receive him. [*Exit.*

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman! 'Sdeath and hell! ——My old acquaintance. Now, unless Aimwell has made good use of his time, all our fair machine goes souse into the sea, like an Eddistone. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Gallery in the same House.

Enter AIMWELL *and* DORINDA.

Dor. Well, well, my lord, you have conquered :—your late generous action will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding; though, I must own, your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

Aim. The sweets of Hybla dwell upon her tongue—Here, doctor !——

Enter FOIGARD, *with a Book.*

Foig. Are you prepared bote ?

Dor. I'm ready. But first, my lord, one word—I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage in my own family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me.—Pray, my lord, consider a little———

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my honour, or my love ?

Dor. Neither—I do believe you equally just as brave; and were your whole sex drawn out for me to chuse, I should not cast a look upon the multitude, if you were absent.—But, my lord, I'm a woman; colours, concealments, may hide a thousand faults in me—therefore, know me better first ; I hardly dare affirm, I know myself in any thing, except my love.

Aim. Such goodness who could injure! I find myself unequal to the task of villain ; she has gained my soul, and made it honest like her own—I cannot hurt her. [*Aside.*] Doctor, retire. [*Exit* FOIGARD.] Ma-

dam, behold your lover, and your proselyte, and judge of my passion by my conversion.—I'm all a lie, nor dare I give a fiction to your arms;—I am all a counterfeit, except my passion.

Dor. Forbid it, Heaven!—A counterfeit!

Aim. I am no lord, but a poor, needy man, come with a mean, a scandalous design, to prey upon your fortune:—But the beauties of your mind and person have so won me from myself, that, like a trusty servant, I prefer the interest of my mistress to my own.

Dor. Pray, sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the man whose title I usurped; but stranger to his honour or his fortune.

Dor. Matchless honesty!—Once I was proud, sir, of your wealth and title, but now am prouder that you want it: now I can show, that my love was justly levelled, and had no aim but love.—Doctor, come in.

Enter FOIGARD *at one Door*, GIPSEY *at another, who whispers* DORINDA.

Your pardon, sir; we sha'n't want you now, sir. You must excuse me—I'll wait on you presently.

[*Exit with* GIPSEY.

Foig. Upon my shoul, now, dis is foolish. [*Exit.*

Aim. Gone! and bid the priest depart?—It has an ominous look!

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. Courage, Tom——Shall I wish you joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons, man! what 'ha' you been doing?

Aim. O, Archer, my honesty, I fear, has ruined me.

Arch. How!

Aim. I have discovered myself.

Arch. Discovered! and without my consent?—

What! have I embarked my small remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my partnership?

Aim. O, Archer, I own my fault.

Arch. After conviction—'tis then too late for pardon.—You may remember, Mr Aimwell, that you proposed this folly—As you begun, so end it—Henceforth, I'll hunt my fortune single—so farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear Archer, but a minute.

Arch. Stay! What, to be despised, exposed, and laughed at?—No, I would sooner change conditions with the worst of the rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful smile from the proud knight, that once I treated as my equal.

Aim. What knight?

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman, brother to the lady that I had almost——But, no matter for that, 'tis a cursed night's work, and so I leave you to make the best on't.

Aim. Freeman!—One word, Archer—Still I have hopes; methought, she received my confession with pleasure.

Arch. 'Sdeath! who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch. To herself, I warrant her; as you should have been.

Aim. By all my hopes, she comes! and smiling comes.

Enter DORINDA, *gaily.*

Dor. Come, my dear lord, I fly with impatience to your arms.—The minutes of my absence were a tedious year.—Where's this priest?

Enter FOIGARD.

Arch. Oons! a brave girl!

Dor. I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.

Dor. Come, priest, do your office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste! couple them any way. [*Takes* AIMWELL'S *Hand.*] Come, madam, I'm to give you———

Dor. My mind's altered—I won't.

Arch. Eh!

Aim. I'm confounded!

Foig. Upon my shoul, and so is myshelf!

Arch. What's the matter now, madam?

Dor. Look ye, sir, one generous action deserves another.—This gentleman's honour obliged him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him. In short, sir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount Aimwell, and I wish your lordship joy. —Now, priest, you may begone;—if my lord is now pleased with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

Aim. Archer, what does she mean?

Dor. Here's a witness for my truth.

Enter SIR CHARLES *and* MRS SULLEN.

Sir C. My dear Lord Aimwell, I wish you joy!

Aim. Of what?

Sir C. Of your honour and estate. Your brother died the day before I left London; and all your friends have writ after you to Brussels: among the rest, I did myself the honour.

Arch. Hark ye, sir knight, don't you banter now?

Sir C. 'Tis truth, upon my honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant stars, that formed this accident.

Arch. Thanks to the womb of time, that brought it forth—away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my guardian angel, that led me to the prize. [*Taking* DORINDA's *Hand.*

Arch. And double thanks to the noble Sir Charles Freeman.—My lord, I wish you joy. My lady, I wish you joy.—Egad, Sir Charles, you're the honestest fellow living.—'Sdeath! I'm grown strangely airy upon this matter.——My lord, how d'ye?——A word, my lord: Don't you remember something of a previous agreement, that entitles me to the moiety of this lady's fortune, which, I think, will amount to ten thousand pounds?

Aim. Not a penny, Archer: you would have cut my throat just now, because I would not deceive this lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your throat still, if you should deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect; and to end the dispute, the lady's fortune is twenty thousand pounds, we'll divide stakes; take the twenty thousand pounds, or the lady.

Dor. How! is your lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, madam! his lordship knows very well, that I'll take the money; I leave you to his lordship, and so we are both provided for.

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. Arra fait, de people do say, you be all robbed, joy.

Aim. The ladies have been in some danger, sir, as you saw.

Foig. Upon my shoul, our inn be rob too.

Aim. Our inn! By whom?

Foig. Upon my shalvation, our landlord has robbed himself, and run away wid da money.

Arch. Robbed himself!

Foig. Ay, fait! and me too, of a hundred pounds.

Arch. Robbed you of a hundred pounds!

Foig. Yes, fait, honey, that I did owe to him.

Aim. Our money's gone, Frank!

Arch. Rot the money! my wench is gone.

Sir C. This good company meets opportunely in favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate sister: I intend to part her from her husband. Gentlemen, will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you!—'Sdeath! who would not?

Foig. Ay, upon my shoul, we'll all ashist.

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. What's all this?——They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been robbed.

Mrs Sul. Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it—had not these two gentlemen interposed.

Sul. How came these gentlemen here?

Mrs Sul. That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my conscience, de question be apropos, for all dat.

Sir C. You promised, last night, sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

Sul. Humph!

Arch. Humph! what do you mean by humph?—Sir, you shall deliver her——In short, sir, we have saved you and your family, and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with them, and set fire to your house.—What does the man mean? Not part with his wife?

Foig. Arra, not part wid your wife! Upon my shoul, de man dosh not understand common civility.

Mrs Sul. Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move by consent: compulsion would spoil us. Let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know, first, who are to be our judges.—Pray, sir, who are you?

Sir C. I am Sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your wife.

Sul. And you, good sir?

Aim. Thomas, Viscount Aimwell, come to take away your sister.

Sul. And you, pray, sir?

Arch. Francis Archer, Esq. come——

Sul. To take away my mother, I hope.—Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome: I never met with three more obliging people since I was born.—And now, my dear, if you please, you shall have the first word.

Arch. And the last, for five pounds. [*Aside.*

Mrs Sul. Spouse.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs Sul. How long have you been married?

Sul. By the almanack, fourteen months—but, by my account, fourteen years.

Mrs Sul. 'Tis thereabout, by my reckoning.

Foig. Upon my conscience, dere accounts vil agree.

Sir C. What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs Sul. In the first place, I can't drink ale with him.

Sul. Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs Sul. I can't hunt with you.

Sul. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs Sul. I hate cocking and racing.

Sul. And I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs Sul. Your silence is intolerable.

Sul. Your prating is worse.

Mrs Sul. Is there, on earth, a thing we can agree in?

Sul. [redacted]

Mrs [redacted] art.

Sul. Your hand.

Mrs Sul. Here.

Sul. These hands joined us; these shall part us—Away!

Mrs Sul. East.

Sul. West.

Mrs Sul. North.

Sul. South: as far as the poles asunder.

Foig. Upon my shoul, a very pretty sheremony!

Sir C. Now, Mr Sullen, there wants only my sister's fortune to make us easy.

Sul. Sir Charles, you love your sister, and I love her fortune; every one to his fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sul. Not a stiver.

Arch. What is her portion?

Sir C. Ten thousand pounds, sir.

Arch. I'll pay it: my lord, I thank him, has enabled me; and, if the lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This night's adventure has proved strangely lucky to us all—For Captain Gibbet, in his wakl, has made bold, Mr Sullen, with your study and scrutoire, and has taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with your lady, bills, bonds, leases, receipts, to an infinite value; I took them from him, and will deliver them to Sir Charles.

Sul. How! my writings! my head aches consumedly.—Well, gentlemen, you shall have her fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir Charles, to be merry, and celebrate my sister's wedding and my divorce, you may command my house. But my head aches consumedly;—Scrub, bring me a dram.

Foig. And put a sup in the top for myself.

[*Exeunt* FOIGARD *and* SULLEN.

Arch. 'Twould be hard to guess which of these parties is the better pleased, the couple joined, or the couple parted; the one rejoicing in hopes of an un-

tasted happiness, and the other in their deliverance from an experienced misery.

Both happy in their several states, we find:
Those parted by consent, and those conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee;
Consent is law enough to set you free.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

CATO

JUBA — SEE MARCIA FLY
THE HAPPY JUBA LIVES!

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Painted by Cook. Pub. by Longman & Co 1816. Engraved by C. Heath.

CATO;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

REMARKS.

The author of this tragedy, to whose vigorous mind the English are indebted for their choicest moral works, came into the world with a frame so weak, that he was christened immediately on his birth, in consequence of the symptoms he gave of a speedy dissolution. The hand, which reared him, did a more than ordinary service to the age in which he lived, and to succeeding generations. Addison's pious writings, untainted by the rigour of superstition, have softened the harsh spirit of ancient religion, whilst they have confirmed all its principles.

He was the son of the Reverend Launcelot Addison, Rector of Milston, in the county of Wilts, at which place he was born, on the 6th of May, 1672.

After passing through some inferior schools, he was placed at the Charter House; where he contracted that intimacy with Steele, which grew to a friendship honourable to them both, from its duration, and the instructions which their joint labour bestowed on mankind.

At the age of fifteen, young Addison was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, where he applied himself so closely to study, that, in a few years, his Latin poetry gained him high reputation in both Universities; and at the age of twenty-two, he became known to the nation at large, by his English compositions.

He was now pressed by his father to take holy orders; which, notwithstanding his sedate turn of mind, and his habits of piety, he positively refused. Mr Tickell has alleged, that it was Addison's extreme modesty, a constitutional timidity, which made him resolve against being in the church—but he became a statesman; and, surely, that is a character which requires as much courage as a clergyman's, when the church is not under persecution.

The first dramatic work from the pen of Addison, was an opera, called "Rosamond," which having but indifferent success, he next assisted Steele in his play of "The Tender Husband," for which the author surprised him by a dedication, openly to avow the obligation.

These two friends now united their efforts in that well-known periodical work, "The Spectator;" by which they reformed the manners, as well as the morals, of their readers, and established their own literary fame. But, as the talents of Addison were superior to those of Steele, so are the papers in this work, which were written by him, esteemed above the rest;—and, as a mark of distinction, he had the laudable, or his friend Steele the honest, pride, to

affix a letter at the end of every such paper, by which it should be known for his. The Muse Clio furnished the four letters which have been thus used in "The Spectator," as Addison's honourable stamp of authorship.

In the periodical work of "The Guardian," he had likewise some share—and, in 1713, he produced, what Dr Johnson has called, "the noblest work of Addison's genius"—"Cato."

Notwithstanding the merit of this play, it is certain, that it was indebted to the political circumstances of the times, for that enthusiastic applause with which it was received by the town.

The joy or sorrow which an author is certain to experience upon every new production, is far more powerful in the heart of a dramatist, than in that of any other writer. The sound of clamorous plaudits raises his spirits to a kind of ecstacy; whilst hisses and groans, from a dissatisfied audience, strike on the ear like a personal insult, avowing loud and public contempt for that, in which he has been labouring to show his skill.

Addison, with his timid nature, felt all the excruciating tortures of an ambitious, yet a fearful, dramatist.—He could not stay at home on the first night of "Cato:" for to be told, at once, that his tragedy was driven from the stage with derision, had been to his tremulous nerves, like the dart of death. Not less peril might have befallen him as an auditor—he therefore was neither present on the first performance,

nor absent from the theatre:—but, placing himself on a bench in the green-room, his body motionless, his soul in tumult, he kept by his side a friend, whom he dispatched every minute towards the stage, to bring him news of what was passing there. He thus secured, he conceived, progressive information of his fate, without the risk of hearing it from an enraged multitude. But, such was the vehemence of applause, that shouts of admiration forced their way through the walls of the green-room, before his messenger could return with the gladsome tidings.—Yet, not till the last sentence was spoken, and the curtain fairly dropped upon Cato and his weeping friends, did the author venture to move from the inanimate position in which he was fixed.—This acute dread of failure, now heightened the joy of success; and never was success more complete.

"Cato," says Pope, in a letter to one of his friends, written at the time, "was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours."

The most fortunate of all occurrences took place, from the skill with which Addison drew this illustrious Roman—he gave him so much virtue, that both Whigs and Tories declared him of their party; and instead of any one, on either side, opposing his sentences in the cause of freedom, all strove which should the most honour them.

Both auditors and readers, since that noted period, much as they may praise this tragedy, complain, that it wants the very first requisite of a dramatic

work—power to affect the passions. This criticism shows, to the full extent, how men were impassioned, at that time, by their political sentiments. They brought their passions with them to the playhouse fired on the subject of the play; and all the poet had to do was to extend the flame.

It is a charge against this drama, that the love scenes are all insipid; but it should be considered, that neither Cato, nor his family, with strict propriety, could love any thing but their country.—As this is a love, which women feel in a much less degree than men, and, as bondage, not liberty, is woman's wish, "Cato," with all his patriotism, must ever be a dull entertainment to the female sex; and men of course receive but little pleasure from elegant amusements, of which women do not partake.

The language and sentiments contained here are worthy of the great Addison and the great Cato; and if, as it is objected, the characters are too elevated to be natural, yet, they accord with that idea of nature, which imagination conceives of such remarkable personages.

The author of "Cato" had planned other tragedies and celebrated works, which the subsequent part of his days did not give him leisure to execute; for, on the death of Queen Anne, the Lords Justices made him their Secretary:—he was soon after appointed principal Secretary of State; these, and other public employments, prevented his completing farther literary designs.—Or, it may be thought, that the loss of

his domestic tranquillity, at this time, by his marriage with the Countess Dowager of Warwick, might possibly impede every future attempt for the favour of the muses, to whom this, his wife, had not the slightest affinity. It is supposed, she embittered, by arrogance and discontent, the remainder of this good man's life, which terminated on the 17th of June, 1719, in the 47th year of his age. He died at Holland House, near Kensington, and left an only child, a daughter, by the Countess.

Lady Warwick had also a son by her former husband, a very fine, spirited, and accomplished youth, for whose welfare the dying Addison showed peculiar concern, for in the extremity of his disorder, having dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of recovery, he desired that the young Lord Warwick might be called to his bed-side. He came—but life was now fast departing from his revered father-in-law, and he uttered not a word. After an afflicting pause, the young man said, "Dear sir, you sent for me; I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands: I shall hold them most sacred." Grasping his hand, Addison softly replied, "I sent for you that you might see in what peace a Christian can die." He spoke with difficulty, and instantly expired.

It is to this circumstance Mr Tickell refers in his lines on Addison's death, where he has this passage:

"He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
A price for knowledge, taught us how to die."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CATO	*Mr Cooke.*
PORTIUS	*Mr Siddons.*
MARCUS	*Mr H. Johnston.*
SEMPRONIUS	*Mr Cory.*
JUBA	*Mr Brunton.*
SYPHAX	*Mr Murray.*
LUCIUS	*Mr Claremont.*
DECIUS	*Mr Williams.*
LUCIA	*Miss Marriott.*
MARCIA	*Mrs Litchfield.*

MUTINEERS, GUARDS, &c.

SCENE,—The Governor's Palace in Utica.

CATO.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Hall.

Enter PORTIUS *and* MARCUS.

Por. The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome——our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and seeks
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortured, e'en to madness, when I think
On the proud victor—ev'ry time he's named

Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter;
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base, degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n, such virtue, join'd with such success,
Distracts my very soul! our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:—
Oh, Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs

That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpity'd, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs.—Were but my Lucia kind——
Por. Thou seest not, that thy brother is thy rival;
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof;
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul,
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.
Marc. Alas! the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing but upbraids my weakness.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, that grows into the soul,
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse;
I feel it here; my resolution melts.
Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him;
The sense of honour, and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?
Marc. No more! no more! your words leave stings behind them.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue, that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?
Por. Oh, Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.
Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul, that swells

With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[*Exit* MARCUS.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*
Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd together,
To this poor hall, his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult
If he can yet oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. Oh, my Portius!
Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be blest indeed!

Por. Alas, Sempronius! would'st thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale, trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius;

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.
Por. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I'll straight away,
To animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.
[*Exit.*

Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief.
Cato has used me ill; he has refused
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes——

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Sempronius, all is ready;
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.
Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Ev'n while we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
But, tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?

That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.

Syph. Alas! he's lost!
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here,)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion, ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, and fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.

Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Meanwhile, I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and, underhand,
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd-for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste;
Oh, think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!

Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

Syph. I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches!

Enter JUBA.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observed of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart:
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against these wond'rous sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets these people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank;
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:

To make man mild, and sociable to man,
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts,—
The embellishments of life,—virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, kind heavens! Excuse an old man's warmth;
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions?
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts?
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to Cato:
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that our souls can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises those boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down;
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,—
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern

What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could, with equal glory,
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious.
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigured with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of *Numidia*.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Jub. What would'st thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. No more, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.

The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles,
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace,
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees, I beg you would consider—

Jub. Ha! Syphax, is't not she?—She moves this way;
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will the woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[*Exit* SYPHAX.

Enter MARCIA *and* LUCIA.

Jub. Hail, charming maid! How does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be grieved, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe,
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. Oh, Marcia, let me hope thy kind concern
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
And strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Marcia. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approved of by the gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Marcia. My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand ranged in its just array,
And dreadful pomp, then will I think on thee;
Oh, lovely maid! then will I think on thee;
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit* JUBA.

Lucia. Marcia, you're too severe;
How could you chide, and drive so sternly from you,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Marcia. How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake?

Lucia. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.
Marcia. Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired distress.
Tell me, who raises up this conflict in thee?
Lucia. I need not blush to name them, when I say
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.
Marcia. But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most;
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.
Lucia. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?—
Oh, Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
Marcus is furious, wild in his complaints;
I hear him with a secret kind of dread,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
Marcia. Alas, poor youth! And can'st thou throw him from thee?
How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.
Lucia. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.
Marcia. Lucia, no;
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fallen on him.
Lucia. Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effect that it will have on Marcus.
Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine?
Marcia. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit th' event of things.

Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Flourish of Trumpets.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, *and* SENATORS, *discovered.*

Sem. Rome still survives in this assembled senate.
Let us remember, we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.
Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
The occasion of our meeting.

A Sound of Trumpets.

Hark! he comes.—
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO, PORTIUS, *and* MARCUS.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,

And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought,
By time and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sem. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, slav'ry or death!
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens;
Rouse up for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, to battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason;
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring phrensy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,

Might not the impartial world too justly say
We lavish'd at our death the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.
Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already: Heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.
Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate: we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter JUNIUS.

Junius. Fathers, even now a herald is arrived
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him enter.
[*Exit* JUNIUS.
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIUS, JUNIUS, *and* TITUS.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—

Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. These very reasons, thou hast urged, forbid it.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom——

Cato. Nay, more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar; he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate:
You do not thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By sheltering men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high, unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.

But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The fate of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

[*Exeunt* DECIUS, JUNIUS, *and* TITUS.

Sem. Cato, we thank thee.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account,
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
Oh! could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom and revenge my country,
By heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony!

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come; no more, Sempronius,
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome—I stand reproved.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Luc. Cato, we all go in to your opinion;
Cæsar's behaviour has convinced the senate,
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sem We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill

This little interval, this pause of life
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful,)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.
[*Exeunt* SENATORS.

Enter JUBA.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolved,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheathed, and turn its edge on Cæsar.
Jub. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when, some days before his death,
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And as his griefs gave way, "My son, he said,
However fortune may dispose of me,
Be Cato's friend: he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear them."
Cato. Thy sire, good Juba, was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heav'n thought otherwise.
Jub. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.
Jub. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,

Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.
Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.
Jub. I do not mean to boast his power and greatness,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.
Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!
Reduced, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?
Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.
Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills, else would they never fall
On Heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.
Jub. I'm charm'd, whene'er thou talk'st; I pant for virtue;
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.
Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato:

Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.
Jub. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.
Cato. What does Juba say?
Tell me thy wishes, Prince.
Jub. Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
Cato. What can Juba ask,
That Cato will refuse?
Jub. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
Cato. Adieu, young prince; I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember,
The hand of fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death. [*Exit.*

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. How's this, my prince? What, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if you stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.
Jub. Syphax, I'm undone!
Syph. I know it well.
Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.
Syph. And so will all mankind.
Jub. I've open'd to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.
Syph. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with!
Jub. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like Juba?
Syph. Alas, my prince, how are you changed of late!
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,

To beat the thicket, where the tyger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you roused him to the chase! I've seen you,
Ev'n in the Lybian dog-days, hunt him down;
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Jub. Pr'ythee, no more.

Syph. How would the old king smile,
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

Jub. Syphax, this old man's talk, though honey flow'd
In ev'ry word, would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeased, and Marcia's lost for ever.

Syph. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice;
Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. As how, dear Syphax?

Syph. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unused to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man? Would'st thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

Syph. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and inexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Jub. Would'st thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

Syph. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds

All under Heav'n, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(The gods on earth) are all the spurious blood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.
Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.
Syph. My prince, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, the extravagance of virtue!
Jub. If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!
Syph. Go, go; you're young.
Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance, unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.
Syph. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*
Jub. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.
Syph. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.
Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.
Syph. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service?—
Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*
Jub. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?
Syph. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?

What are his aims? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? To shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?
Jub. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.
Syph. Not hear me talk? what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.
Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart.
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.
Syph. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love, at any price,
And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.
Jub. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.
Syph. You did, indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service?
Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but thy zeal
To serve thy master, carry'd thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not;
It ought not to be sported with.
Syph. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures!
Jub. Give me thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:

Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre come into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.
Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joys grow burdensome, I sha'n't support it.
Jub. My friend, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion, that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.
[*Exit.*
Syph. Young men soon give, and soon forget, affronts;
Old age is slow in both.—A false old traitor!—
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee,
But hence, 'tis gone! I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.—

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolved to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.
Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate;
Lucius declared for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.
Syph. Who is this messenger?
Sem. I've practised with him,
And found a means to let the victor know,
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
Is Juba fix'd?
Syph. Yes—but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of ev'ry reason on him,
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.
Sem. Well, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him:

My friend, I now may hope, thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.
Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her.
But are thy troops prepared for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among the ranks?
Sem. All, all is ready;
The factious leaders are our friends, and spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
Within an hour, they'll storm the senate house.
Syph. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh, to see how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

Marc. Thanks to my stars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.
Por. The friendships of the world are oft, my brother,
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.
Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness;
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side;
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.
Por. When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
I know 'twere vain, but to suppress its force

Till better times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas, thou talk'st like one that never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant good!
A lover does not live by vulgar time;
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?

Marc. Thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her,
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her, thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him;
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?

Por. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse;
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons——

Marc. I know thou'lt say, my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou did'st but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. What should I do? If I disclose my passion,

Our friendship's at an end: If I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.
[*Aside.*
Marc. But see, where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.
Por. She sees us, and advances——
Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*

Enter LUCIA.

Lucia. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?
Por. Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies!
My heart bleeds for him:
Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.
Lucia. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship! Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might, perhaps, destroy him.
Por. Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think, my Lucia?
His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him!
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have passed these gloomy hours,

And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us,—
Lucia. No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves;
And, Portius, here I swear; to Heav'n I swear,
To Heav'n, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to join my plighted hand with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs upon us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts—as far as I am able.
Por. What hast thou said? Recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.
Lucia. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heav'n.
May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjured heads, o'erwhelm me if I break it!
Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks, a monument of wrath!
Lucia. Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause
That robs him of his son—farewell, my Portius!
Farewell, though death is in the word,—for ever!
Por. Thou must not go; my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.
Lucia. If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!
Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength, I cannot bear it.
We must not part.
Lucia. What dost thou say? Not part!

Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made:
Are not there heav'ns, and gods, that thunder o'er us?
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way;
I sicken at the sight. Once more farewell,
Farewell, and know, thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st,
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

[*Exit* LUCIA.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands she? am I doom'd
To life or death?

Por. What would'st thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture? Thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrify'd.
Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts,
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

Por. I'm grieved I undertook it.

Marc. What, does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
And triumph in my pain?

Por. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was, to chuse so cold a friend,
To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death——

Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserved this treatment?

Marc. What have I said? Oh! Portius, Oh forgive me!
A soul, exasperated in ills, falls out.

With ev'ry thing—its friends, itself—but ha!
[*Trumpets.*
What means that sound of war?
What new alarm?
Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.
Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me: thy disdain
Has broke my heart; 'tis death must give me ease.
Por. Quick let us hence. Who knows if Cato's life
Stands sure? Oh, Marcus, I am warm'd; my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Part of the Senate House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, JUNIUS, TITUS, *and the* LEADERS *of the Mutiny.*

Sem. At length the winds are raised, the storm blows high;
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In all its fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile, I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends, and fellow-soldiers, may be safe. [*Exit.*
1 *Lead.* We are all safe; Sempronius is our friend.
Hark, Cato enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast;
This day will end our toils.
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *with* CATO, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, *and* MARCUS.

Cato. Where are those bold, intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty,
Drew you thus far, but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fired with such motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man, that's injured, strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd?
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. By heavens, they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost! [*Aside.*

Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men; they weep!
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care;
First let them each be broken on the rack,

Then, with what life remains, impaled, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake,
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Lucius, the base, degen'rate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour;
This curbs an impious bold offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold the punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Sem. Cato, I gladly execute thy will.

Cato. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:)
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt* CATO, *&c.*

1 *Lead.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

Sem. Villain, stand off; base, grov'ling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

1 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius!
Throw off the mask; there are none here but friends.

Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,

They're thrown neglected by; but, if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Guards! take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death.

1 Lead. Nay, since it comes to this—

Sem. Dispatch them quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[*Exeunt* GUARDS, *with the* LEADERS.

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Our first design, my friend, has proved abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play;
My troops are mounted;
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate, where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

Sem. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!

Syph. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

Sem. Think not that I can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

Sem. But how to gain admission? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards;
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

Sem. I thank thy friendly zeal! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,

When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto seized off Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smiled, pleased with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sunshine, and his skies.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Lucia. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

Marcia. Oh, Lucia, Lucia, might my big swol'n heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Lucia. I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be beloved
By Juba, and thy father's friend, Sempronius:
But which of these has power to charm like Portius?

Marcia. Still, I must beg thee not to name Sempronius.
Lucia, I like not that loud, boist'rous man;

Juba, to all the brav'ry of a hero,
Adds softest love and sweetness: he, I own,
Might make the proudest woman happy.

Lucia. But should your father give you to Sempronius?

Marcia. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
I hear the sound of feet! They march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtues we can boast,
The woman, that deliberates, is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *dressed like* JUBA, *with* NUMIDIAN GUARDS.

Sem. The deer is lodged, I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word; and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey:
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
—But, hark! what noise! Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left——
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards.—Ha! dastards! do you tremble?
Or act like men; or, by yon azure heaven,——

Enter JUBA.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habits of Numidia's prince?

Sem. One, that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

Jub. What can this mean? Sempronius!

Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

Jub. Nay, then, beware thy own, proud, barbarous man. [SEMPRONIUS *falls.*

Sem. Curse on my stars! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, and for a worthless woman?
This my close of life!
Oh, for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and Heav'n, and Cato tremble!
[*Dies.*

Jub. I'll hence to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate. [*Exit* JUBA.

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Lucia. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at ev'ry sound.
Oh, Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake—
I die away with horror at the thought!

Marcia. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Ha! a Numidian! Heav'n preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But ah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba lies dead before us!

Lucia. Now, Marcia, now, call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind,
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

Marcia. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience;
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

Lucia. What can I think, or say, to give thee comfort?

Marcia. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA, *listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows,
That man, that best of men, deserved it from me.
Jub. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? Oh, had I fall'n like him,
And could have been thus mourn'd, I had been happy.
Marcia. Oh, Juba! Juba! Juba!
He's dead, and never knew how much I loved him!
Lucia, who knows but his poor, bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!
Jub. Do I live, or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me!
Marcia. Ye dear remains of the most loved of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus——
Jub. See, Marcia, see, [*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too;
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
Marcia. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
Jub. A wretch,
Disguised like Juba on a cursed design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy, to see my Marcia's tears.
Marcia. I've been surprised in an unguarded hour,

But must not now go back; the love, that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Jub. My joy, my best beloved, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

Marcia. Lucia, thy arm. O! let me rest upon it!
The vital blood that had forsook my heart
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.
Oh, prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Exeunt* MARCIA *and* LUCIA.

Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

A March at a Distance.

Enter CATO *and* LUCIUS.

Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold Sempronius,

That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—
Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surprised at nothing.
—Oh, Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see, where Portius comes: what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?
Por. My heart is grieved,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.
Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
Por. Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay, and perish, like Sempronius.
Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman part.
[*Exit* PORTIUS.
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.
Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.
Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?
Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato

Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.
Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——
But Juba comes; the ingenuous prince appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!

Enter JUBA.

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.
Cato. What's thy crime?
Jub. I'm a Numidian.
Cato. And a brave one, too. Thou hast a Roman soul.
Jub. Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen
Cato. Alas, young prince!
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.
Jub. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.
Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserved;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortured in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Enter PORTIUS.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——
Cato. Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?
Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers.
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds,
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress'd with multitudes, he greatly fell.

m satisfy'd.
r did he fall, before
had pierced through the false heart of Sy-
hax.
e hoary traitor
the pangs of death, and bite the ground.
Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his
duty.
ortius, when I am dead, be sure you place
urn near mine.
Por. Long may they keep asunder!
Luc. Oh, Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO *meeting the Corpse.*—SENATORS *attending.*

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it,
That we can die but once, to serve our country!
My friends, why sits this sadness on your brows
Should have blush'd, if Cato's house had stood
ire, and flourish'd in a civil war.
us, behold thy brother, and remember,
hy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
hen Rome demands? but Rome is now no more;
Roman empire's fall'n; O! cursed ambition!
into Cæsar's hands: Our great forefathers
him nought to conquer but his country.
hold that upright man! Rome fills his eye
not o'er his own dear son.
[*Aside.*
Cæsar will blush to see
shamed of empire.

Cato. Cæsar ashamed! Has he not seen
Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself a
Cato. Lose not a thought on me; I'm o
ger;
Cæsar shall never say, I've conquer'd Cato.
But oh, my friends! your safety fills my hea
With anxious thoughts. How shall I save my
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!
Luc. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.
Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you; let him kno
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,—
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,—
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—
Juba. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may Heav'n abandon Juba!
Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
ill one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
will be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
rtius, come hither to me.—Ah, my son!
t me advise thee to withdraw betimes
o thy paternal seat, the Sabine field;
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues, and a rural life;
There live retired;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway
The post of honour is a private station.
Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.
Cato. Farewell, my friends!
Who dare not trust the victor
Know there are ships prepar
Their sails already openin

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